

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



VOLUME 168 NUMBER 5

NOVEMBER 1941

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN CAPITALISM AND DEMOCRACY

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At the present moment it is not possible to predict whether the Western nations who are now fighting Naziism will be able to develop an economic society as efficient, from the point of view of organization and production, as the collectivist war machine created by Germany without renouncing the principles upon which these nations are founded.

The general aim of the Western democracies, and more particularly of the United States, has been to ensure more social justice and 'more abundant life' for the largest number of citizens. Regardless of whether the results achieved in this direction have been good or bad, or merely mediocre, the fact remains that this aim has not been disputed — and that it cannot be disputed — as long as the general lines of democracy, such as we understand them, are maintained. The idea of sacrifice and restriction cannot be accepted in a democracy except as a temporary expedient — that is, in time of war. Democracy, in other words, can only function and justify itself on the presumption that peace is the normal

condition of mankind, that war is an exceptional phenomenon, and that the purpose of civilization is to eliminate it.

This is in complete contradiction of the theory of the 'biological' struggle supporting the National-Socialist doctrine that considers that war, not peace, is the normal condition of mankind.

But, in spite of this fundamental opposition between the democratic philosophy and the totalitarian, both forms of society are conditioned by the possibilities open to the modern man to produce goods in vast quantities. Whether the production is destined to feed a war machine for the purpose of conquest and domination, or whether it is destined to improve the material conditions of life in a peaceful community, the methods of production imply a constant improvement of the available industries, their coördination, and an efficient distribution of the goods produced. To build machines and keep them fed is not an aim in itself, but the fact that we have learned how to do these things creates the imperative urge to go on doing them.

Democratic society has constantly

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struggled to iron out the contradictions involved in the pursuit of its two major objectives: to obtain the maximum efficiency from industrial technology and mass production, which implies a strong centralized organization tending toward collectivism, and to safeguard the liberties of the individual.

Roughly speaking, modern democracy has oscillated between two possible solutions of the problem: the capitalist solution and the socialist solution, the former emphasizing the necessity of preserving 'free enterprise' even if it means permanent inequalities, the latter recommending the repudiation of capitalism for the sake of a more even distribution of the available production.

It is obvious, however, that the capitalist doctrine and the socialist doctrine both tend towards the same general results. Henry Ford may stand for the incarnation of 'rugged individualism,' but the system of mass production which he has perfected and popularized has done more to destroy individual initiative among his workers and the consuming public than all the teachings of the doctrinarian socialists. The political and philosophical conceptions are antagonistic, but the practical human consequences are identical.

The proof of this is to be found in the efforts of most big industrialists to demonstrate that under the system of private ownership workers enjoy as much security and protection and as high salaries as they would under the control of the state. Neither Henry Ford nor any other big industrialist is proposing to give up the basic principle upon which they operate — which is mass production.

On the other hand the socialists, whatever may be the particular school to which they belong (including the Communists), accept as axiomatic the extension of collectivism as the natural consequence of the technological progress of industry during the last two centuries. Modern capitalism and socialism are

both products of the machine. Both claim to offer better protection to the worker and to ensure him not only decent living conditions but a guarantee that he will preserve the privileges of a free man in spite of the moral and economic restrictions which industrial production imposes on the laboring classes. Both pretend to be fulfilling the fundamental objectives of democracy, though both accuse each other of denying them. Capitalism denounces the evils of collectivism and of the socialist state, although a collectivist society could not even be conceived without the industrial and technological developments of the past century which came into being through the enterprises of the capitalists themselves. The socialists, for their part, accuse the capitalist system of retarding human progress and preventing a more even distribution of wealth through an excessive concentration of this wealth in a few hands and through oppression of the workers, although it has not been demonstrated anywhere that state socialism would not eventually end up in a stale or paralyzing bureaucracy. Many socialists reject the radical formulas of Communism, but the example of Soviet Russia has not been encouraging as a pure socialist experiment.

The conflict between the various brands of socialism and capitalism has been growing steadily since the beginning of the industrial era. It is now so acute and so far-reaching that it cannot be dissociated from the other causes of the war, and there are many who are infinitely more concerned with the social and political outcome of the war than with the survival of the nation to which they belong. But it should be noted that if capitalism and socialism are in conflict with one another they are also — though not consciously — in conflict with democracy. And it is because both capitalism and socialism have failed to solve the inner contradictions of their respective doctrines that Fascism and Naziism are

now threatening to destroy both and to impose on the whole world the simplified solution of pure force.

II

Like all systems that are based on practical experience and are the result of a long historical evolution, capitalism cannot be reduced to a few simple definitions. The Western world has been evolving capitalism such as we know it today over too many centuries for us to dissociate ourselves completely from it. We cannot take 'capitalism' out of our consciousness to examine it objectively the way we can analyze a scientific theory or a form of art. The economist or the sociologist may be able to talk of capitalism in the same manner as the physicist speaks of the quantum theory or the archæologist of Persian ceramics. But the average man can do no such thing. Capitalism to him is a word with varying connotations according to his own status in life, his own prejudices and emotional reactions.

The man who has \$1000 in a savings bank does not consider himself a capitalist, although he may recognize that his ability to save \$1000 and dispose of it more or less as he pleases is made possible by the existence of the capitalist system. Were he to invest the \$1000 in securities or bonds in the hope of receiving some interest on this 'capital,' he would participate in the functioning of that system in the same way as the man who invests \$100,000 or \$1,000,000. In fact, the theory of capitalism is that there is no reason why the man who starts with \$1000 or less should not end up with \$1,000,000 or more, provided he works hard, shows ability, and encounters the right opportunities. The association between capitalism and democracy is based on this assumption. The system does not guarantee that everybody will become rich, but it guarantees that anybody *can* become rich or at least emerge out of poverty. This is why both

capitalism and democracy agree on the preservation of individualism, the former on economic grounds, the latter as a matter of philosophical and political doctrine. Unfortunately the happy marriage between our economic system, capitalism, and our political philosophy, democracy, has been constantly deteriorating for the last one hundred years and more rapidly in recent years because neither of them has really been able to fulfill the promises inherent in its doctrine.

Democracy, by proclaiming that all men are born equal and free, is not gratuitously reasserting the 'eternal truths' upon which our Western civilization is founded. Freedom and equality cannot remain philosophical abstractions as far as the ordinary man is concerned. They must be translated into positive, practical terms. That they are applied in the political field is a fact. All men are free to vote as they wish, to express themselves according to their conscience, and they are equal before the law. Such at least is the theory, and the promise of democracy is that practice should correspond to it. But long historical experience has demonstrated that minorities, financially and economically powerful, tend to exert an influence over the affairs of the state completely disproportionate to their numerical strength. Men of great wealth, and especially big anonymous corporations, are politically privileged in spite of the periodical efforts of 'progressive' governments to curb their power and reduce the abuses that stem from it.

That this should be so is no condemnation of the principles of democracy. It merely proves that there is an incompatibility between the existence of real equality and real freedom for all and capitalism, as it now exists and functions.

The inability of democracy to establish equality and freedom by purely political means might have been compensated if capitalism, on its side, had

been able to fulfill its own promises. But this has not been the case.

During the nineteenth century, and up to the war of 1914-1918, the middle classes and even the working classes tolerated social and economic inequalities as they existed in Europe and in America because the capitalist system was constantly expanding. It created work, it increased production, it improved the conditions of life of all the community at such a speed that its inability to distribute the products of labor equitably was not very perceptible to the ordinary citizen. Moreover, it guaranteed fixed incomes to an increasing number of people. During my youth, before 1914, no section of the population seemed more stable and more secure than the *petit rentier*. The general conviction then was that the number of people who lived partly or wholly on their *rentes* would increase constantly. The small bourgeois was gradually identifying himself politically with the big capitalist.

Even as late as 1925, when I first came to America (that is, after the German and French *rentiers* had already seen their security completely or partly destroyed), I found the prevalent idea that the ultimate end of the American system was to make every man a capitalist. I was given many times the illustration that the shares of this or that big corporation were held, not by a few rich men, but by hundreds of thousands of 'small people' who were therefore becoming capitalists themselves.

It would be tedious to recall how this dream collapsed after 1929 and how the small capitalists as well as many big ones suddenly found themselves reduced to a condition of insecurity from which they have not yet emerged in spite of the recovery that followed a few years later.

The psychological shock produced by the depression, both in Europe and in America, cannot be overestimated. It has not destroyed capitalism as a system, but it has certainly shaken the

faith — to say the least — of millions of men, all over the world, who up to then showed an implicit confidence in an economic order founded on the principle of equal opportunity for all. The association between capitalism and democracy, although still solid, — especially in the Anglo-Saxon countries and more particularly in the United States, — has ceased to be a smooth one. The man with \$1000 in the savings bank has lost hope of becoming a millionaire, and, in spite of the valiant efforts of the Big Business man to redeem himself from the condemnations that had been piled upon his head after the Hoover era, he has nowhere regained his lost prestige. He is asked to coöperate; he is refused the right to lead.

III

This does not necessarily mean, as so many people are apt to think, that capitalism is at an end. It is my belief that the vitality of capitalism is underestimated not only in America but in Europe, and that it can still undergo many transformations and adapt itself to many changes.

The fate of capitalism is tied to the evolution of circumstances which at the moment are beyond our power of speculation. But there is no doubt that capitalism will have to contend either with the extension of totalitarianism or with an intensification of the democratic process in the field of finance and economics. In either event, capitalist methods will have to undergo important modifications, but there is no reason to suppose that the complicated system called capitalism will necessarily disappear as such.

This is why, for instance, the liberal and progressive thinkers who denounce the unholy alliance between certain capitalist interests in the democracies and Fascism as suicidal for the capitalists may be wrong. If Hitler should achieve the conquest of Europe, it is perfectly conceivable that he would utilize the

structure of capitalism, and more particularly the big trusts, the large corporations, and the cartels, to help him in the exploitation of the natural resources outside his immediate sphere of influence. This would mean, of course, that the leaders of large interests, such as those controlling oil, steel, wheat, rubber, shipping, and so forth, would agree to 'coöperate' with the new masters of the world. There is little doubt that they would.

The editors of *Fortune* magazine conducted a poll among 15,000 American business executives, asking this question: 'If cessation of hostilities leaves Germany with a large economic bloc, would you favor doing as much business with this bloc as possible, or as little as possible even if it means the sacrifice of considerable profits?'

The replies were: 'As much as possible,' 33.3 per cent; 'All that comes our way,' 12.5 per cent; 'Depends on circumstances,' 37.5 per cent; 'As little as possible,' 10.6 per cent; 'None at all,' 2.6 per cent; 'Don't know,' or no answer, 3.5 per cent.

As can be seen, a large percentage of American business men are strongly inclined towards some form of appeasement, because they are quite convinced that they would survive and even benefit in a Nazified world. And those who try to demonstrate that these calculations are erroneous — citing as precedent the practical annihilation of free capitalism in Germany and in Italy — may well be wrong. Hitler's purpose is to destroy democracy and the whole system of thought associated with it, and he might find that the best way to destroy it in its last stronghold, England and America, would be to maintain the mechanism of the large corporations and even guarantee their existence in exchange for an acceptance of his New Order. They might have to pay heavily for this 'protection,' but they might get it — for a while. Even if the survival of capitalism at such a price were only tem-

porary, it would appear to some leaders of big business preferable to the continuation of the dangerous conflict with democracy in which they are now engaged.

During the time that the Popular Front was in power in France, I heard financiers and business men say quite openly, 'We would rather have Hitler than Blum.' Others — more sensitive — said, 'We would rather have Mussolini than Blum.' The defeat of France made their wish come true, and although the disaster that has struck that country is of such magnitude that it is difficult to foresee how anyone can profit by it, the fact remains that these same people are not offering any visible opposition to the advent of the New Nazi Order. If anyone is to profit by French collaboration with the Axis powers, it is a few big industrialists, and Hitler is bending his efforts on utilizing them. Through them, and whether by threat or persuasion, the Nazis have already gained control of all major French industries.

If England were to be defeated, the same thing would happen there, but on a larger scale. The economic mechanism that binds together the British Empire (and with it practically all the portions of the world not under Axis domination, including the United States) is a complicated affair, and the National-Socialist leaders might find it expedient to preserve the City of London, and its personnel, as a clearing centre and an intermediary with the Empire and with America. The experience of British financiers and merchants in the field of international trade could not be easily replaced, and, provided that conquered England could be made to serve the general Nazi aims (by the imposition of a British Pétain or Laval as subdictator), British capitalism could be offered survival under the protection of Berlin.

Such an arrangement would reinforce the American appeasers. Many American leaders of Big Business would find that this situation offered them also

protection and strengthened their hand against the persecutions of their own 'democratic' administration.

IV

On the other hand, it is now becoming clear that a defeat of Nazi Germany can only be achieved if the mass of the people in the democracies — and that includes organized labor, of course — can be made to understand that this war is their war and that in fighting it they are not merely trying to maintain the capitalist status quo.

France succumbed, among many other reasons, because Daladier and his government, having sought the support of the conservative, Fascist, and defeatist elements in the country, could never explain to the people and the army their war aims in terms that the common soldier and the common worker could wholeheartedly approve. These war aims were negative and uninspiring. They did not go beyond the 'stop Hitler' idea and the vague notion that if Hitler were stopped things would remain pretty much as they were. In fact, Daladier and his supporters took the occasion of the war to fight democracy inside France with even more energy and consistency than they fought the Germans. Having chosen to lay the blame for unpreparedness on the Popular Front alone, and repudiated without promise of restoration all the social legislation achieved under that government, they forgot that the Popular Front had been elected in 1936 by 55 per cent of the electorate, and that, in spite of the German-Soviet treaty of August 1939, the chances were that one half of the French population were still hoping that the war would have another purpose than to consolidate the power of the conservative and reactionary groups that had regained control of the French Government.

Daladier was too blind to understand that one cannot fight a total war with a divided country, one half of which re-

mains suspicious of the motives of its leaders while the other half is more or less in moral and political sympathy with the ideology of the enemy. Because so many leaders in France were — and still are — obsessed by the Communist peril, and because they could not forgive or forget the Popular Front with its sit-down strikes, its forty-hour week, its attacks on the '200 families,' and so forth, Daladier could never bring himself to form a government of national union, as had been done in the war of 1914-1918.

The fate of England might have been the same as that of her ally if Chamberlain had not been forced out. Chamberlain followed the same course as Daladier. He too could not bring himself to 'share the war' with the mass of the people. He too wanted to defeat Hitler, — and he was undeniably sincere in his purpose, — but he could neither agree to go 'all out,' which would have meant a disruption of capitalist economy in England, nor promise anything better to the English people than the return to the Birmingham policies when and if England won the war. In fact, Chamberlain was frank enough to express the most undisguised fear at the kind of world that might emerge after the war, even if England won it.

The result is known: Chamberlain lost his war as clearly as Daladier lost his. But, luckily for England, she found a leader in the person of Churchill who was willing to fight the total war with total means — that is, with the full coöperation of the whole population, and regardless of future consequences.

Roughly, the same pattern exists in the United States. In spite of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt has been reëlected for a third term, and that, according to a Gallup poll, he enjoyed at the beginning of 1941 the greatest popular support in eight years (72 per cent), in spite also of the fact that his former opponent, Wendell Willkie, has endorsed the President's foreign policy, we see many con-

servative Republicans and many representatives of Big Business persist in an attitude of systematic opposition which is curiously reminiscent of the attitude of the corresponding groups in England and France between 1936 and 1940.

The alleged motives of this opposition are varied. In the matter of helping England through the lend-lease bill and other methods implying a gradual mobilization of all the forces of the country, the principal arguments against the policies of the President can be grouped as follows: —

1. More open aid will lead to war with Germany.

2. It is too late to save England anyway, and the United States should concentrate on its own defenses.¹

3. To increase the powers of the Executive is to prepare the advent of dictatorship in America. What is the point of fighting totalitarianism abroad if one has to appoint a dictator at home to do it?

4. Even if England should win, it will not be an unmixed blessing. England has already gone totalitarian, and — as Mark Sullivan has suggested — one should find out right now whether it is the intention of the British leaders to establish 'socialism' after the war. If such is the case, should America help England to make the world safe for socialism? (The answer implied by Mark Sullivan being, of course, an emphatic 'No.')

There are, of course, many other arguments used by the conservatives. But, as far as most leaders of Big Business are concerned, those listed above seem to be the most important. Naturally they reveal only in an indirect way the real motives of those who put

¹ Mr. Hoover arrives at practically the same conclusions, though his premises are different. He believes that England will hold out indefinitely, that Hitler will collapse, and that there is no reason, therefore, for America to overstrain itself. The isolationists of the Lindbergh and Hoover schools obviously do not consult the same oracles concerning the outcome of this war. — AUTHOR

them forward. But these motives are easy to bring to light because the behavior of social groups all over the world is conditioned by forces which transcend frontiers and follow everywhere a recognizable pattern.

V

The real reasons why important leaders of American industry and business are opposing the foreign policy of Roosevelt can be summed up as follows:

There is resistance to the recognition of the now obvious fact that the defeat of Naziism can only be assured if the *masses* are persuaded that the efforts and sacrifices required from them will benefit them. Roosevelt has constantly sought the support of these masses and obstinately refused to admit that the effort required for defense might entail a suspension of the social gains achieved under the New Deal.

Whether the United States goes formally to war or not, Roosevelt has therefore intimated clearly that he does not intend to turn over the direction of the war to the conservative minorities and to Big Business interests. This is what Daladier did in France and Chamberlain in England. Roosevelt seems determined to follow another course.

The accusation that Roosevelt is seeking dictatorship is merely the expression of a fear that the perennial struggle between the underprivileged majority and the vested interests will be carried on through the present 'emergency,' and that if the President has anything to say in the reconstruction of the world after the war he may use his huge prestige to consolidate his New Deal ideas on a world-wide basis.

By denouncing 'appeasement' as synonymous with treason, Roosevelt has committed the United States to a policy that must assure the defeat of National Socialism. He has gradually but consistently cut behind him the bridges which — through the fiction of neutrality — might permit the United States to

make a deal with the Nazis in the eventuality of their victory. This, from the point of view of the 'realistic' business man, is unsound. It tends to develop a spirit of crusade, as in the last war, to the detriment of practical interests, at a moment when the odds in favor of a universal triumph of democratic ideals are not overwhelming. In other words, Roosevelt is taking a bad business risk for the sake of ideology.

Finally, unlike Mark Sullivan, Mr. Roosevelt does not seem to be perturbed by the possibility that England might go 'socialistic,' and it would appear that his capacity for nostalgia of a less insecure world is alarmingly small.

To sum up, the cleavage between capitalism and democracy has been sharpened by the increased danger which confronts America if the Nazis succeed. The approach of the peril has accentuated an alignment analogous to the one that existed in France and in Chamberlain's England. The American conservatives do not say, like the French, that they would rather have Hitler than Roosevelt, but their preoccupation is of the same nature and no less acute. They have to choose between two solutions, both dangerous and unpleasant. The first is the formula of appeasement. The second is increasing participation in a war that will probably be long, exhausting, and may at any moment transform itself into a series of revolutionary processes, the outcome of which it is impossible to predict.

VI

The first solution implies the acceptance of a Nazi domination over Europe, Africa, and Asia. It means taking the chance that Hitler will not refuse to 'protect' those who control the power and the resources of the United States. It is a dangerous risk, but the business man has difficulty in conceiving that one cannot make a mutually advantageous deal even with the Devil.

Like Chamberlain, he cannot believe that Hitler's great power is that he has effectively subordinated economics to politics. The imperatives of business are still supreme and undisputed in America. Business men tend to minimize or deny the existence of any other category of imperatives.

But the great incentive in the appeasement theory, from the capitalist and Big Business point of view, is that in dealing with the Nazis one will not be troubled with such complications as labor laws, the obstructions of unions, and other 'democratic' difficulties. If the Nazis control the world, and if America is to survive their competition and deal with them, a revision of American economy and business methods will have to be achieved. This revision can be oriented in only one way: labor will have to be disciplined and integrated in the new order of business Fascism. This is not particularly displeasing, as a prospect, to many business men, either in America or elsewhere.

The other course means the acceptance of the ultimate aims of American foreign policy as they have been defined by President Roosevelt in several speeches and particularly in his message to Congress of January 6, 1941. In that message, the President expressed himself as follows:—

Our national policy is this: First, by an impressive expression of the public will and without regard to partisanship, we are committed to all-inclusive national defense.

Second, we are committed to full support of all those resolute peoples, everywhere, who are resisting aggression and are thereby keeping war away from our hemisphere. . . .

Third, *we are committed to the proposition that principles of morality and considerations for our own security will never permit us to acquiesce in a peace dictated by aggressors and sponsored by appeasers.*

Further on in the same message, the President was even more explicit when he outlined the conditions of peace which might be acceptable to America. These

conditions, according to him, are as follows:—

Freedom of speech and expression — *everywhere in the world.*

Freedom of religious worship — *everywhere in the world.*

Freedom from want, through economic understanding — *everywhere in the world.*

Freedom from fear, through world-wide reduction of armaments — *everywhere in the world.*

‘Freedom,’ concluded the President, ‘means the supremacy of human rights everywhere. Our support goes to those who struggle to gain those rights or keep them. Our strength is in our unity of purpose. *To that high concept there can be no end save victory.*’

At the time that this message was delivered, this part of it caused less comment than the more immediate recommendation for practical aid to Britain. Nevertheless it was, and still is, the most important part of the presidential declaration because it sets the ulterior objectives of American foreign policy, as President Roosevelt conceives them. If those aims were really accepted nationally, as the President assumed they were, all other problems, such as aid to Britain and the complete participation of the United States in the war, would become means of achieving those aims.

The program outlined by the President implies not only that England and other ‘resolute peoples’ must be supported by the United States in their struggle against the ‘aggressors,’ but also that America is committed to the defeat of these aggressors, even if it should stand alone to face them. By stating that freedom must be reinstated ‘everywhere in the world,’ President Roosevelt has indicated that he did not repudiate the inheritance of Woodrow Wilson. He did not offer a new League of Nations, but he certainly proclaimed that peace could not be established if the American concepts of freedom did not prevail universally. Democracy, according to him, is, like peace, indivisible. It must exist

universally or perish. President Roosevelt has thus committed the United States to an extension of the kind of democracy which the President himself believes in — that is, one definitely founded on popular support and not on the preservation of oligarchic control.

It is because the opposition to the Administration senses that this is the root of the conflict that the struggle against President Roosevelt remains so bitter and so personal. He, like Hitler, subordinates economic imperatives to his political conceptions. And, if such is the point of view of the President of the United States, it follows that he has less fear of the further ‘socialization’ of a democratic world than of the fictitious peace that might be bought through appeasing a victorious Hitler.

It follows also that, from the point of view of the business man, the course recommended by Franklin Roosevelt offers risks which are no less great than trying a deal with the victorious Nazis. Moreover, the two sets of risks are difficult to weigh with the same scales. If the rest of the world should be dominated by National Socialism, it is conceivable that American capitalism could deal with these new masters in a position of relative equality, at least for a while. They would still be outside the American fortress, and the American traders would remain physically out of their reach. But the program of Roosevelt implies a continuation of the internal conflict between American capitalism and American democracy.

Business, in America as elsewhere, has a philosophy of its own. It is materialistic and apt to visualize all human problems from the angle of competition, which is another way of subscribing to the doctrine of force. This does not mean that capitalist society is run by gangsters, as the Nazis and Communists and many Democrats assert. It does mean, however, that most business men usually experience difficulty in believing that there are other forms of

power besides the control of economic forces.

The irresistible trend towards collective organization of national production, which is as real in democratic countries as in the totalitarian states, forces upon the leaders of Big Business a painful dilemma. In spite of the fact that the last war did not destroy their effective control over the governments that ruled in these democracies, that control has been constantly threatened during the last twenty years by such movements as the Popular Front and the New Deal. In the minds of many conservatives there has thus been created a real psychosis: the growing conviction that democracy was fatally tending towards state socialism and possibly Communism. Liberal thinking, and the principle of individual freedom which had enabled capitalism to flourish, became less attractive when they were turned into arguments to justify social legislation in favor of the common man. The growing power of the labor unions, and the tendency of the workers to consider that the factories in which they worked and by which they lived were as much their 'property' as that of the absentee shareholders, increased the feeling of insecurity of the wealthy classes. In Europe, and especially in France, the fear and hatred engendered by the class struggle produced a veritable condition of panic among the propertied classes, who reached the conclusion that nothing could save them except a counter-revolution. This they finally achieved in the political no man's land left after the military defeat.

In England and in the United States the crisis which opposes capitalism to democratic processes has not as yet developed to the point where anyone is seriously thinking of an anti-democratic revolution. But the example of France is instructive. It proves that among the

reactionary and propertied classes there are elements who are in a mood, given a favorable opportunity, to discard democratic government and democratic thinking, and that their fear of the Nazi rule is no greater than their fear of what they imagine to be the unavoidable evolution of democracy — namely, state socialism.

In the final report of the Temporary National Economic Committee, published in March 1941, one can find the following lines, subscribed to by the twelve experts who worked on this laborious fact-finding survey of American economics: —

'We know that most of the wealth and income of the country is owned by a few large corporations, that these corporations are owned in turn by an infinitesimally small number of people and that the profits from the operations of these corporations go to a very small group with the results that the opportunities for new enterprises, whether corporate or individual, are constantly being restricted.'

Such a discovery is not new, but the fact that it is restated by such a body, and especially at a moment when the United States is becoming daily more involved in a war that is at the same time a world revolution, shows that the long-drawn-out conflict between capitalism and democracy cannot be evaded or camouflaged much longer. As I have indicated before, the example of France and England proves that this war cannot be waged successfully without the total support of the mass of the people. And, in turn, the support of the people cannot be obtained without the promise that if the so-called democratic nations win the war it will mean in fact a tangible victory for democracy.

As the same report of the TNEC points out: 'Political freedom cannot survive if economic freedom is lost.'

WILLIAM RILEY AND THE FATES

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

I

THERE are quite a few proverbs and such about a young man going out to meet his fate. But the only one I ever heard of who did it was a boy named William Riley. And he didn't really intend to. It just happened to him.

He lived in a town called Snapperville, in the days when Big Bill Taft was President, and he worked for the *Snapperville Gazette*. That is, he did so summers and after school — next year, when he'd graduated from high school, Mr. Slater was thinking of hiring him regular. He'd started out by delivering papers and worked up to local items and odd jobs around the plant. And once or twice a year, because he intended to be a real journalist and a power in the community, he'd get his nerve up and write a slam-bang editorial about civic corruption or how Wall Street preyed upon the farmer or some new subject like that. He never got them printed, of course, because Mr. Slater wrote the editorials himself, but he had the satisfaction of writing them.

Once he did show Mr. Slater the one on civic corruption, and Mr. Slater read it and grunted and said, 'Well, William, I'm getting on in years and I'm sure I've seen worse. I must have. But next time you talk about flinging the gauntlet in the teeth of an abysm, just hold yourself in and count ten. Because an abysm with teeth is a pretty unusual object for Snapperville.' This encouraged William and he bought a dictionary next day, to find out more about abysms. He had

a great respect for Mr. Slater's opinion because, as everybody knew, Mr. Slater had once worked for Dana on the *Sun*.

Of course, if you looked at it one way, William's job wasn't very important. And yet it was to him. To be sure, the *Gazette* came out only once a week, but it covered the whole county, and they had one subscriber who lived as far east as Chicago. And over Mr. Slater's desk hung the framed front page of the extra he'd gotten out for McKinley's assassination. William used to look at that often and hope something like it would happen in his time. He could see himself dashing into the office with the news. And sometimes on make-up night, when the cranky old press started wheezing, he'd shut his eyes and imagine it was the *Twin City Standard* or the *New York Times* or some big paper like that. Then he'd usually get yelled at by Mr. Slater. But other times Mr. Slater would grunt and allow that he might make a newspaper man yet, and William would be pleased.

Often and often he wondered about the future. Of course, he felt pretty sure how some of it would be. He liked Mr. Slater a lot, but he didn't intend to be just like Mr. Slater. He intended to go to New York and be a great journalist and make a million dollars and reform society and marry the handsomest girl in the world and vote the straight Republican ticket and have his name printed on the front page of the *Snapperville Gazette* as 'our leading citizen.' At least

these were some of his intentions — they didn't include the times he was going to be President or the times he was going to be a world-famous ventriloquist, but they covered most of the ground. The only thing that really bothered him was what to do first. For suppose he started after the million dollars and missed the girl — or started after the girl and missed the million dollars? He wished he could get a little guidance on that — but he knew if he asked Mr. Slater Mr. Slater would just grunt and ask him if there'd been any new arrivals on the 5.30 train. And yet William wanted to know. You generally do, when you're young.

He was thinking about it one make-up day — maybe that's one reason why things turned out as they did. He'd about decided that, sensible or not, he'd have to have a straight talk with Mr. Slater about his prospects, if any. But when he got back to the office, after covering the registrations at the Palace Hotel (there weren't any), Mr. Slater was in a stew. Mr. Slater was generally in a stew on make-up day, but this one was something special. He looked up as William came in.

'Do you know what a man is, William, when he tries to edit a small-town newspaper?' he said. 'He's a fool, that's what he is — a congenital, Billy-be-damned fool!'

'Yes, sir,' said William, respectfully, for he knew that only meant that Mr. Slater was having dyspepsia again.

'And to add to that,' said Mr. Slater, 'to add to the congenital Billy-be-damned foolishness of the world, we're short all the way through the paper. I never knew such a dry week for news in my whole life. Our special correspondent at Goose Creek — the dear old she-buzzard — writes in that she's suffering from summer complaint and hasn't been able to supply her usual string of fascinating information on Goose Creek society. Our special correspondent at Fernville — that's the new girl — sends me in a story I can't make head or tail of.

She says it was a festive occasion, but I can't make out if it was a progressive euchre party or a popular hanging — she writes the worst hand in seven counties. The tax commissioners were going to meet, but they didn't. The Spanish War Veterans were going to parade, but they haven't. The mayor's off fishing. T. R.'s in Africa. Nobody's died, nobody's been married, nobody's in jail. Not even a local hen has laid an egg with "Bryan" on it. I don't know what's happened to the world. Oh, God, if they'd only send me a couple of massacres and a tornado! Then they'd find out I used to work for Dana's *Sun*! As it is,' and he tossed a scrap of copy paper over to William, 'there's some Billy-be-damned organization from nowhere having a basket picnic at Snapper's Grove. Ted Jenkins was supposed to cover it, but he's got a lame back again, and I can't spare Hod from the press — it's acting up. So go get the story, William — it'll fill up the paper.'

'Yes, sir,' said William, feeling excited and pleased, for he'd wakened up that morning thinking 'Something's going to happen today,' and now, sure enough, it had. 'How much space can I have, sir?'

'Space?' said Mr. Slater and yawned. 'You can have the whole paper as far as I'm concerned — there's no news in the world or the universe. String it out, William — string it out — it's good practice for you.' He glanced at the scrap of copy paper again. 'Call themselves the United Sons and Daughters of Destiny!' he said. 'Lodge, I guess, and a new one on me — but if they're a lodge they've got members, and they like to see their names in print. You can step by the window and get your trolley fare and twenty-five — no, thirty cents lunch money — I won't have it said the *Gazette* isn't a generous journal. But come back with something or I'm liable to skin you alive.'

'Yes, sir!' said William, and put out from the office as if he had wings on his

feet. But, after he'd drawn his expense money, he decided to jump on his bicycle instead of waiting for the trolley. He'd never had an expense account before and he didn't mean to waste it.

II

It was a five-mile ride to Snapper's Grove and a hot August day and William was sweating when he got there. But the ride gave him a chance to collect himself and put his ideas in order, which was a good thing. Because, even when he first touched that scrap of copy paper, there'd been a queer little shiver in his mind. Of course, as Mr. Slater had said, the United Sons and Daughters of Destiny was bound to be just another lodge — though it sounded like a queer one. But that didn't prevent his wondering and speculating about it.

A little while before he got to Snapper's Grove he stopped and put on his nickel-plated badge. It said 'Press' on it and he'd never dared wear it around the office. But this was an important occasion and he felt he could.

It was a big shady grove of trees by the river — Snapper's Grove — and the whole town was proud of it. There were picnic tables and rustic benches and a stone fireplace and a bandstand, and picnic parties came there from all over the state. It was well kept up, too — the town saw to that — and, if parties didn't behave as parties should, those parties never got another permit. There were trees in Snapper's Grove that had been there before there was a Snapper-ville, and you could still find Indian arrowheads down by the river. It was a pleasant place and people enjoyed themselves there, but always, to William, there was a great sense of Time in it — Time flowing by like the river, rustling and flowing by like the wind in the trees. You could look at some of the trees and see initials cut there by hands that had long been dust. You could lie by the river and wonder how

things had been when the first settlers came.

When William got to the gate — sort of rustic entrance it was, beyond the trolley stop — Hi Summers, the caretaker, stopped him.

'Sorry, Willie,' he said. 'No private picnicking today. Grounds rented to a party.'

'Oh, that's all right, Hi,' said William in an offhand way. 'I'm here for the paper,' and he swelled out his chest so Hi could see his badge.

'Paper, eh?' said Hi Summers. 'Does Ed Slater know about it?' But he grinned, just the same, and let William leave his bicycle by the gate.

'Say, Hi,' said William, 'you might kind of start me off. Want to make a statement or anything?'

Hi thought for a minute. 'Well,' he said, 'if you put anything about me in the *Gazette*, just remember the name is Summers, spelt with a *u*. And of course you might say something about our popular custodian of the grounds. Not that I've got much time for reading, myself,' he said, 'but Mrs. Summers subscribes.'

'I'll certainly do that, Hi,' said William, for he'd done enough work by now to know how people were. 'But I mean about this particular picnic.'

Hi thought some more. 'Well,' he said, 'they've got a permit and they're well enough behaved. They got ten gallons of cream from Ike Schaefer's and I've got nothing against them. But I'm not mixing in any of it' — and his mouth got thin and set.

'What do you mean by that, Hi?' said William, feeling rather excited.

'I mean what I say,' said Hi, and his voice was stubborn. 'They may be foreigners, and then again they mightn't be. They may be just what they say or they might be otherwise. But I'm not mixing in any of it. There's a little wizened-up fellow who claims he knew my great-grandfather. Well, everybody knows my great-grandfather died before the family

moved West. And there's three ladies in an oxcart who say they came from Wisconsin. Well, maybe they did, and they look to be respectable ladies, but the ox has flowers on his horns. Decoration, probably, but there it is. I'm not mixing in it at all. And if you had the sense of a June bug neither would you, Willie — paper or no paper.'

That was a pretty long speech for Hi, and William thanked him politely. But, as he tried to explain, the Press was the Press and not to be hindered. So he went in and left Hi scratching his head. But as soon as he entered the Grove he began to get the feeling.

III

It wasn't anything he could put his finger on, just at first. He'd seen the Grove crowded, before — and naturally, with any lodge meeting, some people would have regalia and badges and such. But there didn't seem to be any rhyme or reason to the regalia these people wore. A good many of them were dressed like anybody else — and then there was one old man in a leather suit and moccasins who carried a long, old-fashioned gun in the crook of his arm. William rubbed his eyes at that, for he knew guns weren't permitted in Snapper's Grove, but nobody else seemed to be paying any attention.

The three ladies with the oxcart were there all right — very handsome they looked in their bright costumes, with their long yellow braids of hair and their icy gray eyes. They seemed to be knitting all the time, but you couldn't tell where the knitting began or finished. Then there were the people who looked like pictures out of old books — and the conjurers and the sleight-of-hand men and the pitchmen. William couldn't see how they got in — games of chance and such weren't usually allowed in Snapper's Grove, but there they were. Only these were different, for as soon as one fellow had finished some sort of trick

somebody else would step up from the audience and do it better. He'd never seen that done before, and it bothered him to see it now.

And yet, at the same time, he felt a queer exhilaration. He couldn't make head or tail of these Sons and Daughters of Destiny — he couldn't even find anybody who seemed to be in charge. And yet, in spite of the oddness of the occasion, there was something exciting about it. For some reason the light seemed brighter and the air sweeter and the sky deeper than he'd ever found them before, even at Snapper's Grove. There was something in the air that reminded him of Spring and Fall — and yet it was neither Fall nor Spring, as he knew. 'It's outside of Time,' thought William Riley, though he couldn't have said how the words came into his mind. And suddenly he felt a little afraid.

For, if these people were outside of Time, then he was outside it, too — and he couldn't see a soul around that he'd ever seen before. For a minute he wanted to run out of the Grove as fast as he could, jump on his bicycle, and pedal back to town. And then he remembered the badge on his coat and that he was there for the paper. 'Well, whoever they are, they can't intimidate the Press,' said William to himself, and he looked around for some reasonable citizen to interview.

There weren't many who looked just like that. But he finally picked on a wizened little fellow because he had merry eyes. He had a sort of booth rigged up between two big trees and he was spinning a dingy old wheel-of-fortune.

It seemed to be mostly for his own amusement, for nobody stopped by to take a chance. So William stepped up to the counter.

'Excuse me,' he said, 'but I represent the *Snapperville Gazette*, and —'

'Fortune — try out your fortune — step up and try it — everybody gets a

prize,' said the wizened old fellow in a singsong voice. Then he stopped and looked at William.

'Great Jumping Jehoshaphat!' he said. 'Where on mortal earth did you spring from? I haven't had a customer like you in a hundred years.'

'I told you,' said William, patiently, 'I represent the *Snapperville Gazette*, Lincoln County's Foremost Newspaper. And if you'll just stop whirling that wheel for a minute — it makes me dizzy — and give me some firsthand impressions of this highly interesting gathering —'

'I told them!' said the old man, nodding his head. 'I told them it was bound to happen! But they wouldn't pay attention. Of course, I'm only a third-degree man, myself — never could pass through to the fourth degree, though I've studied and studied. But I told them just the same. "If you want to have the convention in a grove," I said, "that's right and fitting. But for goodness' sake pick a grove that isn't all tied up with human living and dying. Otherwise," I said, "somebody's likely to walk in without an invitation and then there'll be a pretty kettle of fish!" But they wouldn't listen, of course, and so here you are.'

'Well, that's very interesting,' said William Riley, who hadn't understood a word of it, 'but —'

'Don't interrupt me!' said the little man. 'The Rileys always were great interrupters. Why, your great-great-great-grandfather, Theophilus — fleshy man, he was — interrupted a cousin of mine, just because he didn't like the fate that seemed to be laid out for him. And what was the consequences? Well, he had to emigrate anyway — that was laid down for him — but he had to do it as a bond-servant instead of a moneyed man and he didn't like that at all. On the other hand,' said the little man, thoughtfully, 'if he had come with money, *which* was possible — you'd now be named De Lancey Fayerweather Riley III and look

quite a bit like an educated codfish. So that turned out all right, on the whole. But in general I don't advise interruptions. Our work's hard enough as it is.'

'It must be pretty interesting work,' said William, 'and if you could just give me an idea of —'

'Oh, you'll see that,' said the little man, and chuckled. 'And you'll get what you came for — yes, you're bound to get that. You've come at the one time you could — the time between boy and man. So you'll get more and less than you bargained for — and what it will do to you, I don't know. But we might as well start with the wheel. Pick a number!' he commanded.

IV

Well, William Riley didn't much feel like doing it, but he picked a number all the same and the little old man spun the wheel and spun the wheel till William felt dizzier than ever. Sure enough, in the end, William's number came up.

'There,' said the little man, triumphantly, as if he'd done something extraordinary, though William knew about wheels and how they could be fixed. 'You see — that's your number, first crack out of the box! And now you get a prize — a prize' — and he scrambled among a lot of little boxes.

'There,' he said, and gave one to William. 'Now open it.' So William did, and inside there was a nickel-plated badge, just like the one he had on his coat.

'What does it say on it?' said the old man, eagerly.

'It says "Poultry Inspector,"' said William, and he didn't sound pleased.

The old man looked terribly crestfallen. 'Dear, dear!' he said, clicking his tongue against his teeth. 'There must be some mistake — some mistake — I can't imagine how that happened. Daughter!' he called, and a girl came out from the

back of the booth. And, after the crowd and the dizziness and the talk of the little old man, William felt very glad to see her, for she was a nice-looking girl. She had brown hair and brown eyes and she looked like all the girls he'd known and liked in high school. She even had two little golden-brown freckles on her nose.

'Daughter,' said the old man, 'this is William Riley and there seems to be some little mistake about his future' — and then his voice dropped as he mumbled to her and scrambled among the boxes. But the girl, apparently, was used to her father's ways. She picked out another box, while he was still scrambling, and gave it to William Riley.

'Don't mind Father,' she said in a low voice. 'He gets a little mixed, sometimes. But this is the right one.' And she pinned the new badge on his coat. This one said 'Editor and Publisher' and William felt better pleased.

'There, I told you so!' said the little old man and beamed. But William Riley turned to the girl.

'Do you go around like this all the time?' he said. 'Excuse me — I didn't mean it to sound that way.'

'I don't mind,' said the girl and smiled. 'Why, we travel a good deal — yes. But Father's work is really quite light.'

'Oh,' said William, rather disappointedly, and fingered the badge with 'Editor and Publisher' on it.

The girl smiled again.

'He always talks about wishing he'd passed the fourth degree,' she said. 'But, honestly, he likes this better. A new town every week or so, and new people, and a little good luck or bad luck to pass out along the road, because that's the way of the road. And sometimes Father cheats just a little — he's so kind-hearted — and gives out more good luck than the invoice calls for. That's really why they've never let him take the fourth degree. Well, I suppose it does make

trouble with the accounts. But there have to be a few of us like that.'

'I'm glad to hear it,' said William, but he fingered his badge uneasily. 'You mean, if your father wasn't kind-hearted — well, maybe I *was* intended to be a poultry inspector, and of course if that's really so —'

The girl looked at him with wide brown eyes.

'Good heavens, young man,' she said, and her voice was sober, 'don't you ever think about anybody but yourself?'

'I'm sorry,' said William, humbly, for the more he looked at the two little golden freckles on her nose, the more he wanted her good opinion. 'I guess I am pretty selfish and pretty heedless. But, well, I always wanted to know how things were going to turn out for me. And now —'

'Don't I know!' said the girl. 'Why, that's just the way I often feel myself!' And they stared at each other.

'But you — you can't feel that way,' said William Riley. 'Because, if you are what you are — you're bound to know!'

The girl shook her head.

'Not a bit,' she said. 'I'm new. I'm young. I'm beginning. I was born in this country. I'm not very wise, but I'm growing. I don't know all I can do yet, but I want to try. I'm not like one of the Eastern Seaboard destinies — not that they aren't very fine stock — but I like all kinds of people.' She hesitated a moment. 'You see, it's this way,' she said. 'All sorts of different people have been coming to this country for years and years — and of course, as they came, they brought their fates and their destinies with them. That's reasonable, isn't it?'

'As you say it, it sounds reasonable,' said William Riley.

'Well,' said the girl, a trifle impatiently, 'they couldn't very well leave them behind. And some were weak and some were strong and some were wise

and some were silly — just like the people themselves. But, weak or strong, wise or silly, they had to learn American ways. They couldn't sit around in damp caves and wait for people to come to them. They had to take care of their people and grow up with the country. But it's too big a country for any one of us to decide about all by ourselves — that wasn't the idea of it — and, as old destinies die and pass away, new ones are born. And so, every few years, we meet — but I've kept you talking too long. Father's packing up the booth.'

'All packed, daughter,' said the little old man, and, when William looked around, there wasn't any booth or any wheel-of-fortune — just a pair of battered black sample cases stacked under a tree.

'You aren't leaving?' said William Riley, with a pang at his heart.

'Oh, no,' said the girl, with a laugh. 'But we always like to have things neat and shipshape before the meeting. But there's time left for you to get your story. Come with me.' And she took his hand.

V

William Riley followed her and her father, half in a dream. As they passed through the crowd he heard queer names and queer words. He heard every language and accent that people use in America — the clipped New England speech and the Western drawl, the lilt of Italian and the lilt of Spanish. He'd never realized the country was so big and various before. He heard words that were meaningless to him; he heard people talked about as important whom he'd never heard of in his life. He realized, of course, that it was bound to be so. But it dizzied him and confused him, try as hard as he would to keep up with it. He tried to make notes on his copy paper, but he knew the notes didn't make sense. Finally he drew the girl aside, while her father stopped

to chat with the man in the leather suit.

'What's a preview?' he said. 'And a tabloid? What's something called insulin — does it insulate things? What's *spurlos versenkt* and strict accountability? Oh, well, you don't have to tell me. I wouldn't remember.'

The girl smiled at him but didn't say anything. He tried again.

'I don't understand anything,' he said. 'Those two men over there — and they look like sensible men — are just as worried as can be. And what are they worried about? Well, they just got news that some youngster named Schicklgruber back in the old country is growing up just about the way they expected. Now — does that make sense?'

'I wish it didn't,' said the girl.

'Oh, come on!' said William Riley, and his voice was exasperated. 'A youngster named Schicklgruber! It sounds like delicatessen. Suppose he does turn out bad. I can see it might worry his folks, at home. But I'm here in Snapperville. What on earth has it got to do with me?'

The girl looked at him a little sadly.

'Yes, you'll think that for quite a while, William Riley,' she said. 'But you're not one man alone — you're part of a nation and a time. And that nation and that time are going to be changed and altered by all sorts of things and people. You're going to wake up in the morning and wonder what's happened in China; you're going to lie down at night and wonder what's happened in Egypt. You're going to make efforts you never thought were in you, and be helped and hindered by men you'll never see in the flesh. For Snapperville isn't just Snapperville, William Riley. It's part of the world. And now we'd better be getting our seats for the meeting,' she said.

Well, William Riley followed her, still in a dream. He hadn't taken in a great deal of what she said, and what he had taken in was a worry to him. But the

meeting itself was like most meetings. There were resolutions and reports and committees and appeals to the chair — and all that helped to steady him down. He took notes about it and hoped he could read them afterwards, when he wasn't thinking about those two little golden freckles on the nose of the girl beside him. Only then they began to throw the pictures on the screen.

He didn't know how they did it — he'd never heard of movies in the open air before. But he always liked the movies and he settled back to enjoy himself. Only pretty soon he was sitting up straight in his camp chair.

For these weren't like any movies he'd ever seen — they were real, somehow, though he knew the things in them hadn't happened yet. The years began to flicker by, on the screen — the years of the future for America and the world. At first William was very excited and his pencil wrote like mad. When the man was shot at Sarajevo, he strained his eyes and his ears to remember the names and the dates. Then the film went on. It went on, year after year, with the tumult and the confusion, the waste and the striving and the hope. And here and there William groaned, and at a couple of places he covered his eyes.

'But they can't do that!' he said passionately. 'Human beings can't act that way!'

'Some can,' said the girl beside him. 'And hiding your eyes doesn't help it.'

'But they shot that little fellow over there!' said William. 'I saw them shoot him! And he wasn't doing them any harm.'

'I thought you were only interested in Snapperville,' said the girl, and William Riley groaned again.

Of course that wasn't all he saw. There were places when his cheek flushed and his eye glowed. He saw men stand up against tyranny, he saw men stretch out their hands to help other men. He saw the discoveries and the inventions — he saw things that touched

his heart like music. But the future's a hard load to bear for any son of man.

Toward the end, the film got vaguer and more disjointed. There were shouts and cries and confusion, the drone of planes in the sky, and the struggle of ideas and nations. He didn't know quite where it ended. He just knew he was walking with the girl toward the gate of the Grove — and they two were alone.

'Well,' she said, 'have you seen enough?'

'Too much,' said William Riley. 'I don't see how a man can bear it. I don't see how men live through times like that and come out on the other side.'

'No one ever sees till he himself has to do it,' said the girl. 'And then, if he's worth his salt, he finds that he can.'

William Riley turned and faced her. 'But why does it have to be me? Why does it have to happen in my time?' he cried out, in a cry as old as the world.

The girl looked at him. She wasn't smiling now, but her face was grave and sweet.

'I can't tell you that,' she said. 'That's beyond my knowledge. But I can tell you this. There's fate and there's destiny — and there's man as well. And too many people make fate an excuse for failure. They're bright and they're tired and they see something bad might come, so they just lie down and let it walk over them. Or else they're all wrapped up in their little concerns and hates and they won't listen to anything till fate grabs them by the scruff of the neck. But you — you stand up, William Riley! Because you were born a free man.'

'But what can I do?' said William Riley. 'What can I do?'

The girl smiled a little now.

'Why,' she said, 'you can print the news as it comes and see people's names are spelled right — that's part of your

job. But you can do more. You'll hear a lot of talk in the days to come. You'll hear this country is finished — well, we've heard that right from the first. You'll hear things will never be the same — well, they never have been quite the same, to my knowledge, since John Smith came to Jamestown. You'll hear people say that they can't bear to have children with times so unsettled — well, if they feel that way, let them — I don't want their children. I'm young and I'm free and I'm growing, and I want the bold and the merry and the enduring. I want the laughers and the thinkers, the strong-hearted and the daring. I've a need for them and I'll use them and their bones will be dust in the graveyards, but their fate and mine will go on. And now, good-bye, William Riley.'

'But — won't I ever see you again?' said William Riley.

'Oh, you'll see me again,' said the girl. 'But not as you think. You'll see me in the faces of your children and the look of your town, in your dreams at night and in the things you find worth keeping. But those will be what you make them — and it's up to you, William Riley.'

Then she left him, and William Riley went out of the Grove and got on his bicycle. He wondered how long he could remember what he'd seen and heard. He knew, somehow, that it couldn't be for long. But the girl hadn't said anything about not printing the story. Not, of course, that folks would believe it — he knew enough to know that. But he wondered just how the Fates would get around it.

VI

William Riley woke next morning and knew that something important had happened. Then he knew what it was — he'd written his first big story for the *Gazette* and it would be in today's issue. So he dressed as fast as he could and ran downstairs to get the paper.

He looked at the front page eagerly. Yes, there it was — and Mr. Slater had given it a nice position. His eyes screwed up as he read it — he couldn't quite remember some things in it, but he knew he must have written it, because he remembered the assignment.

'Destiny Picnic Well Attended,' he read. 'Sons and Daughters of National Fraternal Body Enjoy Outing at Snapper's Grove.' His eyes skimmed down the lines.

Our popular picnic ground, Snapper's Grove, was again the scene of mirth and revelry yesterday. An estimated 150 members of the Sons and Daughters of Destiny, a national fraternal body with chapters all over the Union, enjoyed the social distractions of the Grove and the beautiful weather for which our State is famous. . . . A number of interesting speeches were made, dealing with national and international problems, and an al fresco lunch was greatly enjoyed by all. The long-distance cup for the family traveling farthest to attend the convention was awarded to the Mesdames Norn, of Wisconsin, who also presided over the cake table. . . . Our popular confectioner, Ike Schaefer, supplied ten gallons of ice cream which added greatly to the festivities, and Hiram Summers, our popular custodian of the grounds, performed his duties with his customary tact and thoughtfulness.

William Riley put down the paper and frowned a little. It was a good story, all right, a first-class story, and he felt relieved that he'd gotten Summers spelt with a *u*. And yet, there was something else that he ought to remember.

'So that's how they got around it,' he said to himself, and then wondered what he was talking about. But whatever it was that he ought to remember still bothered him, and after he'd finished breakfast he went down to the *Gazette*. Mr. Slater was there, as usual, but, this not being make-up day, he had his feet cocked up on his desk.

'Well, William,' he said, when William came in, 'we ran you on the front page. Nice story, too. We'll make a

newspaper man out of you yet, William.'

'Yes, sir,' said William, and hesitated. 'Mr. Slater,' he said, 'did I turn in any other copy last night? I was pretty tired when I got back and I can't quite remember.'

'Oh,' said Mr. Slater. 'Why, yes, William, seems to me you did turn in an editorial — about future developments in the world and such. That what you're thinking about?'

'Yes, sir,' said William, and waited. 'Did you read it?'

'Oh, sure,' said Mr. Slater. 'Read it all the way through. You're improving, William. Why, some of the things you talked about might actually happen. You've got quite an imagination, William.' And he chuckled. 'Had a European war break out at some place I never heard of — Sarawitz, or something.'

'It wasn't Sarawitz,' said William. 'It was Sara — Sara —' And then he stopped, for he couldn't remember either. 'Have you still got it, Mr. Slater?' he said. 'I'd kind of like to keep it. It might do for a school composition next year.'

Mr. Slater looked guilty. 'I'm sorry, William,' he said. 'If I'd known you set any real store by it! But, as it is — well, I'm kind of afraid it got mislaid.'

William stood in front of him silent for a moment, while a chill wind blew against his cheek. He'd forget, — he was already forgetting, — but things had been shown him, all the same. And even Snapperville would be changed by those things. For a moment he hated the thought of it; then his back straightened.

'It's all right, sir,' he said. 'It doesn't matter. Fate's fate, but a country's what you make it. And we're going to need the bold and the free.'

Mr. Slater stared at him. 'Why, William, you're growing up,' he said.

'Well, I guess it was time,' said William, and went out of the office. He knew he ought to feel terribly disappointed about something, but he didn't. Already the last memory of that other story was fading. He supposed he'd have twinges about it the rest of his life, but he guessed he could stand the twinges.

Then he crossed the street, and down by the market square he passed a girl named Ellen Chesney and stopped to speak to her. She was a nice girl with brown eyes and brown hair, like a lot of girls in high school, and he'd known her all his life and never paid much attention.

But today, as they stood there talking, he saw that she had two little golden freckles on her nose.

WILL CONGRESS RESCUE THE UNIONS?

BY ROBERT S. BINKERD

I

ACCORDING to the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, during the first seven months of 1941 a total of 2505 strikes, engaged in by 1,327,000 union workers, caused a loss of 15,750,000 man days of useful labor. This was five times as many man days as were lost through strikes during the first seven months of 1940, and 44 per cent more than the average loss of time through strikes during the first seven months of the five preceding years (1935-1939 inclusive).

The needs of our growing defense effort have not reduced strikes, but on the contrary have stimulated them.

With sons drafted for national service at \$21 per month, and the prospect of lessening employment in non-defense industries, a growing proportion of American fathers and mothers are viewing this development with rising resentment — wondering as to the cause of it, and insisting that something be done about it.

At Kearny, New Jersey, they have just recently seen one of the great shipyards of the country, busily engaged on urgently needed ships, shut down because the management would not agree to discharge any workman who did not pay his union dues.

In Los Angeles last spring the Harvill Aircraft Die Casting Corporation, manufacturing 30,000 parts a day for six big aircraft companies, was struck by the local union for reasons that even its own national union would not approve. In attempting to enforce their demands

the strikers would not permit the delivery of parts already manufactured on national defense contracts, nor access to the plant by designing engineers and managers.

In Detroit the Ford plant was struck as part of a campaign to induce or intimidate workers to join a union which at the time had not even attempted to qualify itself legally to speak for them.

In practically all cases increased wages were demanded, and generally granted. Most defense contract workers now receive more in a month than a boy drafted into the army will receive in a year. All too frequently there were also demands for unheard-of vacations with pay, just when we need the largest amount of working time from all our skilled labor.

But the fundamental issue was always essentially the same: namely, the giving to a labor organization of the right to control all those who may be employed in a given enterprise, backed up where possible — as at Kearny — by the right to require the discharge of workers who do not keep up union dues or otherwise comply with union requirements.

Obviously there must be more to this than meets the eye. It is clear that the right to control the employment of thousands of workers, and to enforce the collection of union dues and assessments, is considered a very valuable right — so valuable, in fact, as to outweigh even the considerations of patriotism in the minds of all too many labor leaders.

Many wonder why William Green,

President of the American Federation of Labor, and Philip Murray of the CIO do not put a stop to all this. But their organizations have only certain limited powers, mainly for legislation and propaganda. The most important questions of labor policy are decided by the individual labor union in pursuit of the assumed self-interest of its particular body of workers. With regard to such questions the American Federation of Labor and the CIO have no authority and sometimes little influence. Beyond and behind each of them is a long line of constituent national and international unions, each independent, each with its own particular constitution, each a law unto itself. And behind these national and international unions are the thousands of their own locals, each with its own business agent, its own treasury, the ambitions of its own local leaders — and, all too frequently, its own racketeers. And even between the national unions and their own locals there are constant conflicts and usurpations.

And behind all this what is there? Well, that's the story.

II

I have just come from the bedside of Julian Scholly in Temple University Hospital, Philadelphia. Julian Scholly is a skilled boilermaker, thirty-three years old, who lives at 2414 Sergeant Street, Philadelphia. But — alas! — he will probably never do another day's work as a boilermaker. On December 3, 1940, in front of his own home, he was shot in the back. One of the bullets went through the spinal canal and is so lodged in the backbone that it cannot be removed. Julian Scholly is paralyzed from the waist down — the result of union bullets.

What was Julian Scholly's offense? Was he unwilling to work? No, indeed. After ten depression years, with little employment in his line, he was ready and willing to work full time. Was he a

scab? No, indeed. He was a leading member of Local #13 of the International Brotherhood of Boilermakers.

Julian Scholly's offense was great, nevertheless. He had the naïve idea that the constitution of the boilermakers' union meant what it said, and was supposed to be obeyed. One of its provisions was that candidates for membership should be posted, and admitted by a vote of the existing members. Another provision called for a monthly report of all moneys collected and disbursed. Still another provided for the annual nomination and election of the officers of Local #13.

In 1937 the parent international union sent an organizer to Philadelphia. When this organizer started taking in new members without posting their names or giving the existing members their lawful opportunity of voting on these candidacies, Scholly protested. When — in the absence of any authority or authorization — this same organizer arranged to have the timekeepers on the various jobs deduct a 5 per cent assessment from the pay checks of the various union members, Scholly again protested. And finally, when on top of both of these unauthorized policies it was impossible to find out what was being collected from the members of Local #13, and repeated requests for a full financial statement were ignored, Scholly demanded an outside audit by certified public accountants.

This was the situation in 1939, when the organizer from the international fell sick and had to retire. Although he had violated the constitution in his method of taking in new members and collecting assessments, it was generally conceded that he had been energetic in uncovering new work and increasing employment. The new members all came from the Philadelphia district — in contrast to the later importation of outsiders, as will appear — and most of them were apparently reasonably well-qualified boilermakers and helpers. So far as I can

learn, up to this time there were no charges of favoritism in distributing the opportunities for work among the members of Local #13. In short, at this point the application of the simplest rules of fair play, and a resumption of the constitutional procedures with regard to electing members, collecting assessments, and making regular financial reports, would have harmonized all differences.

But just at this point a new organizer appeared, Lee Denny by name. He was said to be a relative of the president of the international union, who is up for reelection this fall, and had a possible interest in controlling the vote of the Philadelphia local in the convention. In any event, on Denny's advice, President Franklin of the international union, by a letter dated September 15, 1939, superseded the locally elected administrator of Local #13 with a Board of Control selected by Denny. This Board refused the members of Local #13 their constitutional right to nominate and elect their own officers for the year 1940, leaving the Board in full control of the affairs and income of the local.

The previously elected business agent of the local, McShea, had not been removed from office as yet, but Denny gradually usurped his right to apportion among the members the new opportunities for work as they came along. In the course of this struggle Denny imported, and illegally placed upon the membership roll of Local #13, more than a hundred men from out of town. Among them were strong-arm men and criminals. One was a professional burglar, through whose detection and arrest the Philadelphia police cleared up some sixty-five robberies. These illegal importations from out of town were given work in preference to Philadelphia members who had the courage to protest against continuing illegalities. Thus, on a boiler installation in the plant of Henry Disston & Son, in North Philadelphia, twenty-one outside boilermakers were imported by the usurping man-

agement of Local #13, while dozens of protesting members of long standing — all residents of Philadelphia — were forced to go without work.

Finally, on May 12, 1940, McShea resigned; and — effective May 27, 1940 — William Allison, brought in from Montana, was appointed acting business agent by the Board of Control in place of the locally elected representative of Local #13.

Meanwhile, on the day following McShea's resignation, the charter of Local #13 was suspended at Denny's request, and its members were thus automatically deprived of their rights to meet and vote on anything. Scholly and his associates advised the members to refuse to pay any further dues or assessments until their charter and right to local self-government were restored. On November 18, 1940, Scholly and all those who had followed his advice were suspended from membership; and on December 3, 1940, Scholly was shot and crippled for life, inadvertently winning the esteem and respect of all persons capable of honoring courageous opposition to high-handed and lawless administration.

But before he was shot Scholly and his associates filed a petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia, demanding reinstatement as members of Local #13, the restoration of its right to self-government through an election to be ordered by the Court, and an audit of the local's financial affairs.

This petition was arbitrated for the Court by James L. McDevitt, Chairman of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor. On February 6, 1941, McDevitt ordered that Scholly and his associates be restored to membership; that jobs be found for them in thirty days, if available; that thereafter local members should have the preference for all available work until the Philadelphia membership was fully employed; that Local #13 should be entitled to nominate candidates at its June meeting, and to elect

a complete set of officers at its July meeting — and an independent outside audit of the local's finances was filed. McDevitt further found that 'in his determination to eliminate business manager John McShea from office and gain complete control of Local #13' Denny had filed untruthful reports with the President of the International Brotherhood of Boilermakers.

In the later stages of this small but illuminating struggle there is not a scintilla of comprehension, on the part of those in power, of the obligations of decent administration. On the contrary, there is an utter lack not only of respect for the constitution of the union and the law of the land, but of the simplest elements of fair play. This effort to control one local of an international union did not even stop with padding the membership and depriving bona fide members of the union of the right and opportunity to work. It went far beyond this to conspiracy to commit assault and battery with the intent to kill. Of the five men indicted for that crime on Julian Scholly, one pleaded guilty; two were convicted of the offense as charged, one of a lesser offense; and one was discharged for lack of proof.

III

Lest it be thought I have picked out one isolated example, let us shift to the present equity term of the New York State Supreme Court at Albany, and call the case of *Frederick W. Dusing, et al. v. Samuel Nuzzo, et al.* Frederick W. Dusing et al. are members of Local #17 of the International Hod Carriers, Building and Common Laborers Union, suing for the membership generally. Samuel Nuzzo et al. are the business agent and administration of Local #17, who have been holding office for at least four years without going through the formality of being elected annually in accordance with the constitution. During these same four years, thanks to the prosecu-

tion of New York water supply projects in the territory of Local #17, its membership had grown to about 6000. The complaining members of Local #17 assert that about \$600,000 had been collected in dues, assessments, and initiation fees between 1936 and 1940, which had not been accounted for in monthly financial reports required by the union constitution. They also allege that Nuzzo and his associates conspired to avoid the annual election required by the constitution; that members who objected to the irregularities of administration were threatened with violence, sometimes deprived of jobs, and at other times paid less than the prevailing rate of wages.

The defense was, among other things, that elections had been suspended and the affairs of Local #17 had been conducted under the direction of the International Union. Mr. Justice Bergan found that '*the International itself has not had an election of officers in thirty years*, and defendant Nuzzo, who has been active for years in its affairs, was unable to say by what authority its officers occupy their offices. The futility of applying to an organization thus antipathetic to the elective process for failure of a subordinate union to comply with the directions of its charter in these respects need not be labored.'

Judge Bergan also said: 'The right to membership in a union is empty if the corresponding right to an election guaranteed with equal solemnity in the fundamental law of the union is denied. If a member has a "property right" in his position on the roster, I think he has an equally enforceable property right in the election of men who will represent him in dealing with his economic security and collective bargaining.'

Judge Bergan likewise found that 'certainly the admitted violations of the fiscal directions of the local constitution, existing over a long period, require that the officers account to the members for their money.' Accordingly he ordered

an election of officers and an accounting by the present officers of the moneys they had collected and disbursed.

At St. Louis on September 15, 1941, the International Hod Carriers Union opened its first convention in thirty years. The president, Joseph V. Moreschi, who had held office since 1926 without ever having been elected by the membership, attacked Compressed Air Workers Local #147 of New York and the North California District Council, and reported that both were under investigation by the parent body. These two locals were leaders in the movement to force a convention and to have an election of officers of the international union. That antipathy 'to the elective process' mentioned by Judge Bergan as having characterized the international for the previous thirty years was apparently still flourishing; and once again outstanding elements of union membership that challenge undemocratic conduct of union affairs were threatened with punishment.

On January 31, 1934, the United States Senate committee investigating racketeering took testimony on the relation of the American Federation of Musicians, the parent union, to the Associated Musicians of Greater New York, its New York City local. The president of the parent union apparently has the power to appoint officers of the local, as a result of which its affairs are run in practical disregard of the wishes of the New York City membership. For years no financial reports were made to the local membership, although dues and fines were said to have amounted to \$300,000 in a single year. One individual fine was for \$2000.

Readers of the *Atlantic* will recall that during the past year Thomas E. Dewey, District Attorney of New York County, secured the conviction of the president and a second high official of another international union for the theft of funds from its treasury.

But, even if we pass by cases of out-

right theft, it is clear that violent competition is going on for the control of various labor organizations; that in this competition the rights to local self-government and an equal division of the opportunities for work, the provisions of union constitutions, and the most elementary requirements of fiscal accountability, are all being violated.

Why should this be? The answer is simple — for the power and place resting on the control of an enormous income, which for the year 1941 may exceed half a billion dollars.

At first blush this may sound preposterous. Didn't we read last fall that the annual income of the American Federation of Labor had been less than \$2,000,000? We did (\$1,983,483 receipts and \$1,768,836 expenditures for the fiscal year ending August 31, 1940). But the various national and international unions that make up the membership of the American Federation of Labor probably collected and disbursed more than a hundred times these amounts. What they paid into the American Federation of Labor was a very small part of their own receipts.

At its 1940 annual meeting, the CIO 'by the advice of counsel' made no financial statement. But here again whatever the central organization collected was negligible compared with the income of the constituent unions.

IV

While nowhere are the facts collected and put together in one place, yet it seems possible to make a reasonable approximation of the membership and income of our American labor organizations.

First, as to membership. As of August 31, 1941, the American Federation of Labor reports that its constituent unions had 4,569,056 dues-paying members, an all-time high. In 1940 the CIO reported approximately 4,000,000 members, and the number has probably not declined

during the present year. The great railroad train-service brotherhoods have approximately 500,000 members. So in these three groups alone we find approximately 9,069,000 members — possibly about $9\frac{1}{2}$ million. This does not include a number of strong independent unions (like the Typographical Union) affiliated with none of the above groups. It is therefore conservative to conclude that at the present time more than 9,000,000 American workers are contributing to their respective unions.

Second, as to income from dues. Monthly dues are practically never less than \$1.00. A common figure is \$2.00, but \$3.00 and \$4.00 dues are also encountered not infrequently. Perhaps \$2.50 a month, \$30 a year, is the most reasonable estimate. Hence the dues income of American labor organizations for 1941 must come pretty close to \$270,000,000.

Third, as to income other than dues. In many trade-unions, assessments, consisting quite generally of 5 per cent of weekly wages, are much more important than dues. With full-time employment at present wages these assessments run from \$100 to \$150 per member annually. This source of income is especially high among the older unions of the American Federation of Labor. It is smaller or nonexistent in the younger unions of the CIO group. Nevertheless, assessments collected in 1941 will probably amount to more than \$150,000,000. Then the income from initiation fees is far from negligible at present, although in times of low employment it falls away rapidly. In Julian Scholly's union the fees are \$75 for a boilermaker and \$60 for a boilermaker's helper. Testimony before Judge Bergan in the case of the International Hod Carriers Union indicated an initiation fee of \$36 in the earlier years, rising to \$76 at present. The carpenters who built Camp Meade are estimated to have contributed more than \$400,000 in initiation fees alone to one local of the carpenters' union. The 1941 income from

such fees may approximate \$50,000,000. There are also special and strike assessments levied, fines imposed, and, in the older unions, some considerable income from investments.

For the year 1941, at least, it seems reasonable to conclude that union income from sources other than dues will be not much less than the \$270,000,000 collected from dues. Hence total union income will probably equal \$500,000,000, and may exceed it.

Perhaps a third or a fourth of this amount will be fully reported and properly audited by the better-run national and international unions, the American Federation of Labor, and organizations like the railroad brotherhoods and the Typographical Union. Some of these reports will compare favorably with the best corporate accounting and publicity. But two thirds or three fourths of these enormous receipts will never know an independent audit. Perhaps \$300,000,000 will be retained by local unions, many of whose officers and business agents will never make a report worthy the name, and some of whom look upon demands for audits and financial statements as personal affronts, to be answered sometimes — as in the case of Julian Scholly — by attempted murder.

The pot of honey which attracts the insects is this large proportion of union income that has never hitherto been adequately accounted for. For the year 1941 it will probably substantially exceed \$300,000,000. This is what the racketeers and gangsters in the labor movement are fighting for. As things stand today, those who contribute this enormous amount out of their wages will never know why or how a large part of it was spent.

But three things we do know, without any audit: that the great conspiracy of silence and concealment covers purposes which do not wish to see the light of day; that one of these purposes is financing the widespread use of force and violence, and the maintenance of a loose standing army of gangsters; and, finally, that this

violence is directed not only against public peace and order, not only against scabs and members of rival unions, but against the most sober and responsible elements in the union membership itself. The first recourse of every labor union administration that is usurping power and spending money without accounting for it is the threat of violence and intimidation against that portion of its own membership which has the courage to demand correction of abuses.

In the 1933 Convention of the American Federation of Labor a delegate named Suny, from a cleaners and dyers' local, introduced a resolution which read in part as follows:—

In the American Federation of Labor unions there is a new use of gangsterism and racketeering — the numerous trials of union officials on charges made by the dues-paying membership reveal only to a small extent the scope of this corruption. These exposures by rank-and-file members are followed by reprisals organized by gangsters paid from union funds by corrupt officials in which union members are killed and maimed in large numbers. . . .

This resolution, together with the entire discussion of it, was expunged from the record, and does not appear in the final printed proceedings. But Professor Norman J. Ware, in his *Labor in Modern Industrial Society*, says that there is nothing in the above statement that wasn't true, and nothing that had not been proved in court. He points out that 'the numerous trials of union officials' referred to were of local, not national, union officers.

This is a condition of long standing, the correction of which has been evaded. Why, then, should we wonder at the numerous current evidences of irresponsible labor leadership? What else have we a right to expect? We have done many things to inculcate the belief that labor leadership is above the law. We have done practically nothing to establish by law the most elementary requirements of responsible union management.

By this failure we have deprived the rank and file of union membership of any effective opportunity to direct and control that management.

By law we have taken the union into a respected and important place in our organization of industry. By law we owe it not only to the public interest, but to those millions of our fellow citizens who must now perforce belong to these unions, to require that they shall be fairly and honestly administered.

Each step toward the closed shop, compelling union membership as a prerequisite to employment, each step toward making the employer deduct union dues from wages, or to discharge workers who do not pay them, or to uphold union discipline, simply makes more imperative the necessity of seeing that union administration is fair and honest. If it is not, then we have subjected the livelihood of our workers to unbridled tyranny and corruption.

For the use of fraud, violence, and intimidation is not confined to the election of union officials, or their perpetuation in office without elections in violation of union constitutions. When a violent labor leadership has determined to call a strike, the same fraud, violence, and intimidation are resorted to. Last winter the Secretary of the Navy offered proof that some thousands of fraudulent votes were cast for the strike in the Allis-Chalmers plant at Milwaukee. In connection with the recent closing of the Federal Shipbuilding plant at Kearny, New Jersey, apparently no proper strike vote was taken.

All true believers in free institutions will long balk at the virtual slavery that lies behind denial of the right to strike or even of compulsory arbitration. Neither is it any answer to have the government seize industrial plants because needed work has been stopped by an unreasonable union demand. Our first answer must be to make it as plain and easy as possible for the great majority of union members to establish and maintain

union managements that are law-abiding and responsive.

Besides — if we are going to come out of this war situation a stronger and more united people, as the English apparently are on their way to doing — we must rely as far as possible on freely given coöperation, and as little as possible on force. Although I have been an executive of a big corporation, and my whole business experience has been on the employing side, I assert my confident belief that the overwhelming majority of our fellow citizens who are members of labor organizations are just as patriotic as the rest of us. They deserve the opportunity of showing that this is true. We all need the spiritual strengthening that would flow from their doing so. There is a method of conducting affairs that is not only consistent with the democratic way of life, but far more effective with free men than constant recourse to unadulterated force. A strike vote, for instance, is a serious matter. We have a right to throw safeguards around it. But let us pass laws adequate to enforce responsible administration of our unions before we turn a willing ear to the denial of the right to strike under any circumstances.

Why shouldn't annual union elections be required by law?

Why shouldn't union members have the protection of a secret ballot in union matters as well as in political matters?

Why shouldn't it be a felony to stuff a ballot box at a strike vote, or a union election, just as much as to stuff it at the polls?

Why shouldn't regular financial reports of union moneys collected and spent be required by law?

Why shouldn't such statements be verified under oath, and willful misrepresentation be punished like any other

form of perjury or fraud?

Why shouldn't independent outside audits of such statements be required by law?

Why shouldn't union officials be required to distribute the opportunities for work fairly among their members, and the failure to do so be a crime?

Why shouldn't the use of force, intimidation, or misrepresentation be just as illegal for union leadership as it already is for the employer?

Why shouldn't each labor organization be required to file with the National Labor Relations Board, at least annually, its place of business; the names and addresses of its officers; their term of office and compensation; the date of their election; the scale of dues, assessments, and fines; latest financial statement; constitution and bylaws; and any other information necessary to maintain an open and aboveboard relationship with its own membership, the government, the press, the employer, and the general public?

In short, why shouldn't the management of organized labor now be required to take its place in the sun with the same degree of publicity and accountability as the management of corporations or of political parties?

Just and able administration of union affairs is as honorable and important a job as corporate management or public service. Nothing that I have said is meant to imply that we do not have such leadership in some of our unions. But of itself it cannot cut down the brushwood of concealment and irresponsibility in which unfair, violent, and lawless management finds today so extensive a cover. That is a job for the lawmakers.

LITERATURE FOR SALE

The Agent Speaks

BY ANN WATKINS

I

It has taken me twenty-five years to learn what I know about being a literary agent, for when I started there was no one to whom I could go for advice, no school of apprenticeship I could serve; so most of my knowledge was acquired through the trial-and-error method. Fortunately the casualties were few, for in those days the literary world was governed by simpler rules and regulations. To do a proper job of agenting in 1941 one must have a knowledge of contract and libel law; one must be an expert on copyright technicalities, an authority on tax law, with its constant changes, a public accountant — as well as a guide, philosopher, and friend to authors and publishers alike.

I had spent two years on the editorial staff of *Everybody's Magazine* in the halcyon days of Lawson's 'frenzied finance' and Lincoln Steffens. It was soon after the merger of *Everybody's* with the Butterick trio: the *Delineator*, the *Designer*, and the *New Idea*. Erman Ridgway, John O'Hara Cosgrave, Theodore Dreiser, Charles Hanson Towne, Gilman Hall, and George Wilder were my bosses — and grand bosses they were. From more than one I got an intensive training in fiction values and the business of magazine making, from the buying of the story to the actual putting to bed of the issue.

These editors took their jobs seriously;

they made a sincere effort to give their publics the kind of mental food they sought — readers who ranged from the simplest home-cooking housewife and mother to the more politically minded readers of *Everybody's*. Reading for these magazines, a group soon to be augmented by the addition of *Adventure* magazine, under the editorship of Trumbull White, each representing a cross section of American thought and feeling, was the apprenticeship I served.

In the United States at that time there were the *Atlantic Monthly*, the old *Century Magazine*, *Harper's*, with its step-child *Harper's Bazaar*, and *Scribner's*. Aside from these there were the Hearst group, the *Metropolitan Magazine*, *McClure's*, the Crowell and the Curtis publications, with the large and impressive Street & Smith and Munsey publications covering both the pulp and the slick market. Outstanding among them all was the *Smart Set* under George Jean Nathan and Henry Mencken. There was not a writer of the period who would not willingly sacrifice the larger prices paid by the other magazines for the prestige brought him by publication in this distinguished journal.

Those were the days when a story was sold outright. There was no author-consciousness of subsidiary rights. I assure you it did not require a \$50-a-week bookkeeper to enter the figures in the three columns ruled on a large sheet of

white paper. Fewer writers made possible a closer personal relationship between the editor and the author, and there existed an almost standard rate of payment, with a gentleman's agreement — I use the word advisedly — to keep out of the other fellows' territory. It was thus that Frances Hodgson Burnett, along with Edith Wharton and Margaret Deland, could be found in the pages of *Harper's*, *Century*, *Scribner's*, the *Atlantic*, and so forth, with other types of writers gravitating to their own accepted magazine mediums.

Among American authors, book contracts for the most part were made directly with the publishers. Legal records will give ample evidence of rights which in certain cases had no existence at the time the contract was made and which were subject to later negotiations and occasional lawsuits.

Those were the days when the attitude of the publisher toward the agent was one of antagonism. He felt that as simple a transaction as the publication of a book needed no intrusion of a third party. As a matter of fact there were three steps in book publishing: the trade edition, printed in about the same numbers as now, but retailing at the standard price of \$1.50; a dress-up and gala edition, illustrated by such men as Maxfield Parrish, Charles Dana Gibson, and Howard Chandler Christy; and the reprint, which sold at fifty cents a copy, published by Grossett and Dunlap, who leased the plates and paid the publisher ten cents a copy. After the war and through the early twenties until the lending libraries became widely established, the reprint edition was a source of considerable revenue to both author and publisher.

It was about this time that E. L. Burlingame, who from its inception had been the editor of *Scribner's*, warned his son, who was seeking to establish himself as an author, to have nothing to do with a literary agent under any circumstances. Roger wasn't a very obedient

son, for some years later he married one and has since been heard to say that he has only one complaint — the frequency with which he is hailed as 'Mister Watkins.' Had Mr. Burlingame, Senior lived longer, he would have been the first to recognize the necessity for an agent if the fiction writer is to survive. Like many of the old school who were brought up on the tradition of the past, he was reluctant to see the old order pass.

Then came the lush twenties and the beginning of big prices, increased circulation, and heavy competition, with the advent of the motion picture, perhaps the chief influence in developing the importance of the agent. Overnight Hollywood was born. The days of the slapstick comedy and Buster Keaton, *The Perils of Pauline*, had passed; Marguerite Clark, Valentino, Marion Davies, the Gish sisters, Bill Hart, John Gilbert, with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks topping them all, were headliners. This was the day of Charlie Chaplin's first important film, *The Kid*; the day that Sam Goldwyn made the first grandiose gesture to sign up important writers; and the day when English writers were for the first time lured by dazzling sums to cross the Atlantic and brave the new world of Hollywood.

From 1918 to 1921 they came. From New York and London they came: Mary Roberts Rinehart, Compton Mackenzie, and Fannie Hurst, Peter B. Kyne, Rupert Hughes, Gouverneur Morris — to receive, as the contracts read, '\$5000 down and expenses' and a percentage (I think it was 20 per cent) on further picture profits, giving the producer complete rights to any and all material they wrote during the period of their contract.

There were a few more cautious people: Somerset Maugham, Rita Weiman, Sir Gilbert Parker, Gertrude Atherton, who refused to jump at the golden Goldwyn opportunity. And they got the first important money to come out of Hollywood, while the 'Eminent Authors,' as

Mr. Goldwyn labeled them, returned to the East sadder but wiser people, for there were no further profits!

At that time there was no agent in the East who actually knew anything about movies. As in radio today, an offer of \$50 for the picture rights of a story was considered generous, the attitude of the movie companies being 'Look what a helluva lot of good advertising and publicity we give you.' Like Squeers in *Nicholas Nickleby*, who said that the way to learn to spell 'window' was to wash it, I decided to trek West and see for myself how the wheels went round.

II

No Klondike gold rush was ever more spectacular than those early Hollywood days: Nazimova — whose contract included a bungalow, and who promptly bought the bungalow in Hollywood and received rental for it in her regular weekly pay envelope; Fatty Arbuckle — whose solid silver automobile license plate, reissued every year, flashed the numbers '606' as he came tearing down Wilshire Boulevard; Maurice Maeterlinck — arriving to do *The Life of the Bee* in celluloid.

A Russian, whose sensational novel on life in the ghetto had been bought for a picture, was summoned. Arriving in Hollywood, she was conducted to the royal suite in the big new hostelry. Unable to adjust herself to its magnificence, and completely overawed by its gold-leaf bathroom, she was thrown into a tail-spin, wherein she couldn't eat, sleep, or, what was worse, write — until, even in this city whose streets were paved with gold, she discovered a ghetto where she could buy an inexpensive tin substitute for the gold-leaf bathtub.

Overnight, authorship, in addition to being a profession, had become a business. Quality, ethics, tradition, were obsolete words; profit, exploitation, commercialism, took their place. There was no protection for an author save in

copyright, and, while I honestly think the important people in the companies in that day were not guilty of theft, the organization was so young, still so unorganized, that it was almost certain some ambitious young assistant or super-secretary would be unable to resist the temptation to take what pleased him from an uncopyrighted manuscript. Not infrequently a so-called 'original' would be presented and sold to the boss, a yarn containing not only the characters, the outstanding situations, but indeed the entire plot of another man's novel.

After one or two near-disasters of this kind, I conceived the idea of synopsisizing the unpublished and therefore uncopyrighted material that came to me for picture sale. The novels of Oppenheim, Walpole, Lewis, and others I systematically synopsisized and distributed in printed form which made it possible to secure pre-publication copyright.

In all the years that I have sold to the movies, there has been no change in the technique they employ. Today, as in 1920, the telephone rings in my New York office. One of the New York executives of a picture company is on the wire. I am greeted cordially, if not, indeed, affectionately, and invited to stop in sometime when I am in his neighborhood. 'There is one of the younger directors on the lot who for some reason, God knows why, has read a story in the current issue of one of the magazines.' (My friend is always a little uncertain as to *what* magazine or the author's name and invariably gets the title twisted.) We spend five minutes in pleasant conversation about the weather, the latest Walter Winchell gossip — anything, in fact, but the story in which the younger director has so impertinently expressed an interest.

It happens that I'm not in my friend's neighborhood for several days. Presently a second telephone call comes — this time from his secretary, who is in many cases, it may be said, his alter ego. An even more casual conversation en-

sues, in which I am asked if I remember that her boss wants to see me. By this time it has become evident that the gentleman in question, who takes his orders from the head office in Hollywood, has had a second more insistent wire asking for a report. In the meantime I've learned from my Hollywood spies that the company is keen to get the story for Norma Shearer, Margaret Sullavan, Claudette Colbert, or another star of equal brilliance. This means a high price, for the companies budget their productions according to box-office value of their stars. When I finally 'drop in,' it is to be told that his company might be willing to gamble 'a coupla thousand berries,' perhaps, for something that would undoubtedly be a Grade B, C, or *E* picture — but they aren't particularly interested in it anyway. I thank him, tell him he's looking well, and leave. The game is on!

If a competitive interest develops, there is no price in or out of reason that I may not ask — and *get*. If only the single company is interested, it becomes a matter of horse trading. For let there be no doubt that through the grapevine method my prospective purchaser knows as much about the attitude of his competitors as I do. More than once I have sat in a producer's office and heard a telephone conversation ending with 'All right, Bill, we'll withdraw from the bidding if your crowd want the story as much as that. But remember, the next time this kinda deal comes up you guys'll do the same for us.'

Three things govern picture prices: the author's reputation, the number of copies of the book sold, and the success the agent has in working up a competitive interest on the part of the picture people. There is, in addition, a very human element that cannot be disregarded and that sometimes completely upsets all one's calculations — the author's need of money. (And was there ever an author who didn't need money?) For there comes a time in the negotiations for a

picture sale, as on an auction block, when the bid should be accepted and the gavel brought down or the sale may be lost. And so many factors must enter into one's judgment as to when this point is reached that to analyze it is impossible.

The confidence of an author in an agent's ability to get the most that the traffic will stand in the selling of his wares is of prime importance.

Indeed, it is only when I have an author's complete faith that I can do my best work for him, for the relation of author and agent must be a close personal partnership. To judge fairly of an author's work, one must know his mind, his personal life, his domestic ups and downs, his financial setup, with its ever-changing conditions, its periods of good and bad — all of which are reflected in his creative work. There are days or even weeks when to get the best results I've had to use the big stick, when I've been ruthless and unrelenting in my criticism, only to recognize the necessity of a 'There, there, little boy,' as he weeps on my shoulder the following day.

Being an author's representative has been fun for me — always. The human part of it — the probing into the hearts and souls and minds of my people, and my small part in the direction of their destinies — has been its fascination.

III

In the beginning my office was in my hat, or rather a hat that was represented by desk space at ten dollars a month, with telephone privileges. To this desk came the few good boys and girls who had known me in my editorial capacity and with whom I had talked over my plan of going in for myself. They were not important writers then, with the exception of one or two. Inexperienced as I was, all I had to offer was youth and energy and a great enthusiasm, with a kind of vitality that invariably wore down the other fellow's resistance. But after all I had worked behind the scenes

and knew how the editorial wheels went round! And so the partnership started.

It was not long before the near-mahogany-top desk (it *had* to be that) was moved into a small office, with a secretary for good measure. Since then I have moved twice. Today I find myself guiding a high-powered machine, with the able assistance of a most proficient group of young engineers. We have a system in the office by which no single one of us can become indispensable. All incoming and — through an extra set of carbons — all outgoing mail is read carefully and checked by the entire staff each morning. All of us know what goes on; any one of us can pick up the telephone and give a reasonably intelligent answer to any question.

There is no departmentalization. We work as a team, and toward a single goal, and semi-annually there is a bonus based upon net profits in ratio to the period of service and salaries. After a particularly large sale is made I have my hands full keeping order, for the very natural tendency is for everybody to declare a legal holiday and go out to celebrate. It is true, however, that there are certain key people on the staff whose activities are directed toward special branches of the work, although at no time can there be a clear line drawn between any of their activities. My young vice president's particular interest happens to be in the book end. She also handles with great success our English list in its various ramifications. But there is an inevitable overlapping into the serial field, the picture and play end of it, as well.

As a unit, therefore, we function on a single property, each bringing to it his or her special knowledge. For we think in terms of properties, and are thus able to play the long game, building each property into its greatest values. For example, within the last two months one of the big European correspondents returned to this country for the

first time in five years, during which he had been completely out of touch with the American markets. It was almost like the General Staff mapping a campaign — not the smallest part of which was to determine how he could best capitalize on the vast amount of important material waiting to be written — before we felt justified in tackling the job. Was the magazine market primed and ripe for material such as the story he had to tell? Had anyone beaten him to the gun in a book of the kind he could write? Or was the correspondents' field of published memoirs too flooded? No time was to be lost. This was deadline stuff. We had to work fast. We did. Within two days the returns began to come in: insistent luncheon invitations resulting in assignments from the publishers of the *Reader's Digest*, *Cosmopolitan*, and other high-paying magazines.

Where I have known a story was good I have refused to be discouraged by rejections. Faith in my own judgment has increased as the years have passed, but actually one has only to get two diametrically opposed editorial opinions on a manuscript to know that one editor's judgment is as good or as bad as the next. Without boasting, I may say I have never failed to make a sale of any property in which I had complete faith, although sometimes it requires a long time and more than once a manuscript has had to be filed away until here or there a new editor is appointed.

Early in my experience I handled a beautiful story of a difficult length, being neither a short story nor divisible into short serial form, and it went the rounds. Thirty-six magazines turned it down — to several it had gone twice, each time to a different member of the staff. Temporarily I gave up. Much later I pulled it out and reread it, finding it to be even better than I had first thought. I gave it a new title, and when I asked Tom Wells, the editor in chief of *Harper's Magazine*, to tea one afternoon

he arrived to find me buried under freshly typed pages of the manuscript. I hardly saw him come in. When he spoke I said, 'Ssssh! Wait. I'm reading the most exciting yarn that's ever come into the office!'

It was obvious that Tom was in a state. He fumed and fretted and finally grabbed the manuscript literally from my hands. I sold it to Mr. Wells on its third submission to his magazine, which broke all precedent and ran it as a two-parter. The author still has the framed record of its rejections.

I was a cub agent in those days. Since then much of the red tape has been cut. The important thing is to know the personal likes and dislikes of the editor, almost without regard for the magazine policy, for there is no rule that hasn't its exceptions, no precedent which may not be broken. And I knew Tom Wells well enough to realize that once I succeeded in getting him personally to read the story he would agree with me as to its value for *Harper's*.

But an agent's service is not limited to the author. More and more as the years have passed publishers and editors have come to rely upon us not just for material in general but for the particular kind of material they need at the particular moment they need it. They recognize that the work of an agent saves them a vast amount of time in sifting through the run-of-the-mill stories, for they have come to rely upon our judgment, our sense of discrimination.

A young European explorer returned from three years in the Arctic. He was not a professional writer. But he had kept a diary of his experiences in the Arctic — written, however, in his native language. He was a photographer of sorts, it seemed. When I looked through his portfolio I saw that they were tremendous — those pictures. Did I think they would lend themselves to publication as a book, perhaps with captions? He was starting that night for Canada, thence home to Europe, and would

leave the pictures with me to see what could be done. I saw what could be done, and what I saw was far more than a picture book. But I had at the most five hours in which to work, for apparently nothing could divert him from his schedule.

You have heard the phrase 'editorial conference.' You know, of course, the multitude of sins it covers, for the editorial conference supplies the average publisher with the alibi to end all alibis for postponed decisions, reversed judgments, and delays. And the possibility of delay which such a conference would necessitate eliminated most of the New York publishing group. Actually, there were only about three to whom I could talk who had the power to make a spot decision; who would give me an immediate yes or no on a possible book to be written around the diary and pictures — material which could only be talked by the explorer himself, in his broken English. We did it — over a lunch that lasted four hours, sealing the contract with sufficient money in advance of publication to keep him in America while the book was written. And the book, which had to be translated, edited, and arranged, was selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club and hailed by critics as one of the great human documents of the year.

The 10 per cent? It's been nice to have earned it. (And don't let anyone tell you an agent doesn't *earn* it!) But, as I look back, it has been the small achievements with the little people out of which I've had the greatest kick.

A boy whose father sold coats and suits in the Bronx had pleaded for a year's grace to see if he could write, before going into his father's business. Each night he had gone home to hear his father's scoffing until eleven months had passed, and the first sale was made! It was only a little sale — \$150. That was three years ago. Since then his father has had to take additional loft space to make room for the copies of the

magazines he orders containing his son's writings.

A girl who wanted to be a writer had come down from Canada literally starving. I put her on the payroll on a half-time job with just enough salary to give her a roof and the one essential meal a day. The book finally came through a year later — the book that was published as a Harpers' 'find.' We closed at \$40,000 for the picture rights two weeks after publication and I called her up at the Y. W. C. A. where she lived, to tell her I had some good news. When she was able to come up for air the next day, she took a taxi to Peck & Peck and, indicating a couple of dresses hanging on the rack, disappeared into the fitting room. The saleswoman found her a few moments later sitting stark naked on the chair, her clothes, including her shoes, in a little pile beside her. 'Please send next door and have shoes brought in. Supply me with stockings and underwear, a hat — a complete wardrobe. For five years I've worn nothing except hand-me-downs — and take these out and burn them!'

IV

To establish and build price is a thing which calls for a very particular knowledge of the markets, their fluctuations, sudden needs, and overnight openings, plus wide, friendly editorial contacts. Much of an agent's business is done as the result of the cordial attitude of the editors and their knowledge that they can count on the agent's coöperation and quick service in an emergency. For example: space in a magazine is being held for a 'lead' article which at the eleventh hour an author is unable to deliver. The agent is told of the need — and gets on the job. There have been days when my office routine has been completely thrown out of gear that I might have the time to follow up and produce the article to meet such an emergency deadline.

For many years George Horace Lori-

mer paid \$500 for a first story for the *Saturday Evening Post*. His theory — and that of other editors since — was that a writer became valuable to his magazine in direct ratio to the frequency with which his stories appeared in its columns. In other words, the author built up his own public and created a demand for his work. In a general way Mr. Lorimer figured that \$500 was a fair price for the first two or three stories, with an increase of \$100 each on the next few until the price of \$1000 had been reached. This method of standardized prices won loyalty and allegiance for Mr. Lorimer from many of his writers. This was, of course, in the good old days when the personal contact between author and editor ran smoothly along its hallowed path.

Then came the *Blitzkrieg*, in the new Hearst policy which took as its slogan 'Big Names at Any Cost.' Prices soared; the sky was the limit. Mr. Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan*, was the little Napoleon of magazinedom, and the Klondike days of the Goldwyn era had spread to Publishers' Row. In contrast to the early twentieth century, when \$100 to \$150 was the standard price paid by the quality magazines and \$500 to \$1000 represented the big-circulation magazine prices, it was not unusual now to receive \$5000 to \$6000 a story from the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, and in one instance I know of a definite contract for an *unwritten* serial signed by one of the women's magazines at \$75,000!

There were a few of the old guard who remained faithful to Mr. Lorimer, and who can blame those who strayed, for gold has always glittered. But even the loyal few who clung to the older traditions of editors were victims of the tidal wave of commercialism of the post-war days, as witness the case history of one of my earliest clients.

Mr. Lorimer liked to deal directly with his authors. He felt, and rightly, that the minute an agent came into the picture the personal relationship was

threatened, and being an astute and able business man, as well as a great editor, he resented the intrusion of this third person. He made this resentment very clear to his contributors.

I had been selling a red-headed young man's first stories to *Everybody's Magazine* and getting what was considered in those days a very high price for them. Then one day we 'made' the *Saturday Evening Post*. My young author soon became a favorite of Mr. Lorimer's. He was a slow producer and did no more than ten stories a year — eight of which Mr. Lorimer purchased. At the end of the year my client said, 'Look, Ann, "Uncle George" and I get along fine. We talk over my ideas together and I'd rather be with the *Saturday Evening Post* than any other magazine. What you made in commissions this year would buy me a motorboat.' (He was a down-Easter and lived in Maine.) The next year the red-headed young man saved the price of his motorboat by the simple process of eliminating an agent. Fifteen years later, however, he came back and asked me why the *Post* was paying him so much less than certain other authors, for he was still getting only \$1000 per story instead of the \$2500 he would have been getting had competitive interest been built up.

There is a special rivalry among women's magazines — a rivalry stemming frequently from the head of the circulation department, which in turn is working with the advertising department; for it is these two departments which govern and control the editorial policy of big-circulation women's magazines. The heads of these departments are the real bosses — the people 'higher up' whose names are whispered by editors. Actually the blood stream of the women's magazines is their departmental or 'back of the book' material: advice to the housewife on cooking, fashions, etiquette, babies, education, and the like — departments that are looked down on by the editors whose job it is to supply the

'literary' matter. The resultant conflict comes as close to hair-pulling as anything I know. The executive offices are well aware of the importance of the departmental material, and to keep things under control calls for a diplomacy and tact worthy of a Disraeli.

Though it is true that many writers have had their start in the pulp or adventure type of magazine, it is equally true that there is no such thing as writing down to an audience. To find a sustained market, an author's work must represent the best he or she is capable of. While it is possible to take a story of adventure — a story of plot and action — and introduce into it the elements that lift it to a higher literary plane, it is virtually impossible to take the finely written so-called literary or 'cerebral' story that would find its natural market in one of the quality group of magazines and give it the plot structure and fast pacing demanded by the editors of the slicks.

V

One of the first decisions an agent has to make in taking over a new author is the market toward which that author's work is most clearly directed. There are three prime questions: Are you dependent upon writing for a living? Have you the necessary patience and the industry? And, most important, have you the perception, the power of interpretation, the capacity for reflection, that are the basic requisites of authorship? Anyone can master technique, and style will develop in time, but few are sufficiently endowed with the fundamentals to qualify as professional writers. At best writing is a long, heartbreaking, uphill game.

The wisest of book publishers told me that it was his policy to let someone else take the headaches and risk on the first *three* novels, during which period of apprenticeship a writer would theoretically have learned his trade and gained in the process some understanding and appreciation of the publisher's prob-

lems. Many of the younger publishers would do well to be guided by this advice, particularly those publishers who make a point of covering the magazines containing new writers' names and automatically sending form letters of solicitation, an obviously unfair if not indeed silly practice, for it is my conviction that there are two or three *best* publishers for a certain type of book and to get on the wrong list is to start off under a handicap. That means not only no profit for the author but an actual loss for the publisher, with all the resultant headaches on both sides.

Perhaps the most conspicuous example of astute publishing in my experience was that of the Carl Sandburg books. Nearly twenty years ago Mr. Harcourt asked me what I thought the chances were of a magazine serial sale in *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years*. He and Carl Sandburg had been long-time friends, and Mr. Harcourt had worked out a writing program that promised to keep Mr. Sandburg busy for life. *The Prairie Years* was a three-decker manuscript, some 300,000 words, and, to make matters about as difficult as possible, there were two other Lincoln biographies in the offing, with one appearing even then in magazine form. I knew that to present a manuscript of this bulk (it was before the days when books were valued by their poundage) by an author who until that time was recognized only as a poet was to invite certain rejection. So the author, the publisher, and I put our heads together and selected six chapters — those dealing with Lincoln's relation to his mother, stepmother, and wife — and, thus armed, I paid a call upon that most courageous of editors, Arthur Vance.

Two weeks later Mr. Harcourt and I found ourselves seated at a long directors' table facing Mr. Vance, his fiction editor, Helen Walker, and the business heads of *Pictorial Review*. Why should they be asked to pay \$30,000 for the privilege of publishing 30,000 words of a

poet's life of Lincoln? It was a game of poker that we played that day, and for high stakes, but I had Mr. Harcourt's complete support and backing. It was his answer to this challenge that won us the pot — the highest price ever paid up to that time by a magazine for a non-fiction feature. 'It may be,' he said, 'the only thing your magazine will ever publish for which it will be remembered a generation later.' The business office for once was wise enough to let its editors have their way, and Mr. Sandburg was shortly in possession of his first taste of economic freedom, while his publisher had succeeded in creating a ready-made market for his book.

We have come a long way from the early days of selling a story or a book outright. Today there are multiple markets which, before Hitler, extended all over Europe. There is a definite sequence — if one is to get the full possible revenue for an author — beginning with the sale of magazine or first serial rights. These first serial rights sometimes (as with the magazines that have wide Canadian distribution) cover both the United States and the Canadian market. With certain publishing groups the syndicate or newspaper rights — called 'second serial rights' — are automatically a part of this initial sale. There is also the matter of English serial rights, which may or may not be included in the original purchase price.

These are all matters of agreement and clear understanding, together with the order of their release. There is not space here to go into the highly involved details of dramatic, radio, and television rights.

But there are and continue to be book rights, subject to a publisher's contract packed with clauses having to do with subsidiary rights — including Canadian and British book rights, foreign and translation rights, right of entry into English-speaking countries, Book Club, reprint, popular edition, and often a percentage of dramatic and picture sales.

Incidentally my attitude toward giving the publisher a percentage of picture sales has changed. With the increased costs of manufacture and the important part that book sales play in determining picture prices, it seems to me that a publisher is justified in expecting his share of picture money, all of which will go back into the book in promotion and advertising and, theoretically at least, increased sales for the book, which in turn profits the author.

So the career that I carved out for myself over a quarter of a century ago has taken on the proportions of complex and important business — with all the responsibilities it involves. The relationship of the agent to the author is one of financial trusteeship, of father confessor, in many instances of collaborator, of family lawyer and banker.

It is a profession in which the ethics, like the physicians', demand that one may not advertise, may not charge advance or reading fees. From the first we gamble with the author, backed by no other judgment than our own on how great a gamble it may be.

Of the agency group, which has its annual mushroom spread, there have survived possibly half a dozen agents of sound financial integrity. The Authors' League, the publishers, and the editors know these agents, and upon request will supply their names. In spite of this many a poor deluded and inexperienced youngster who writes a story goes to the first agent whose name he hits upon by an 'Eeny, meeny, miny, mo' method in the Classified Index of the telephone directory.

An author's funds must be treated as trust funds, kept in a special account regularly audited. Those agents who have not done this (and there are some, unfortunately) have gone down — with

the author's money. One at least has landed in Sing Sing.

It is time that the agency business be recognized for what it is: an important adjunct of and supplement to the publishers' world. New rules and regulations are urgently needed, and those of us who have come through with banners flying are the first to recognize these needs. Banking references should be required, credentials from publishers, and perhaps a bond should be posted. Bookkeepers are bonded; department stores demand references for the opening of a charge account; you can't get a year's lease on a \$30-a-month flat without supplying them. And yet the sums involved in these matters are peanuts in comparison to the literally small fortunes which are entrusted to the care and bookkeeping of an author's agent. There have been times when, in the absence of an author traveling abroad, we have had in our safe-keeping for months as much as \$100,000 of his funds; for, mind you, all monies are paid to us, and by us handed over with an accounting to the author, less the agency fee of 10 per cent.

It must have been an instinctive recognition of the need of credentials which sent me, when I first put out my shingle, to George Horace Lorimer, George Doran, John O'Hara Cosgrave, George d'Utassy, Erman Ridgway, and others for sponsorship. And it was these names I used on the little folder I circulated to the list of contributors of *Everybody's Magazine*, which was the nucleus of my business.

The day will come, and soon I hope, when agents will be licensed by the government. I trust I may live long enough to point with pride to a framed certificate — License Number One — which will hang, I promise you, in the most prominent place on my office wall.

THE LAST BEST HOPE OF EARTH

A Philosophy for the War

BY HARRY SCHERMAN

'We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth.'

— ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABOUT 83 per cent of the American public, according to Dr. George Gallup, expect us to be in this war before it is over. What shall we be fighting for? On this question his investigators find far less certainty, and yet a widespread craving for it. There is a deeply felt need, among most people, for a philosophy concerning the war more satisfying than inclusive words like 'freedom' and 'democracy' and 'security' and 'defense' provide. There is need for a philosophy so basic that no wedging doubts can shake it.

For it is only with a sort of inarticulate common sense that so many Americans have come to the belief that this is 'our war' and so many others are on the verge of believing it. They cannot, except haltingly, tell why.

It is impossible, I myself believe, to acquire an unshakable philosophy about the war until one great simple truth about modern human society is understood: that all the diverse peoples on this planet are now bound together, inseparably, in an economic world union.

The evolution to this state began in the earliest days of recorded human history and has proceeded inexorably in spite of many retardations. Less than two hundred years ago it received an enormous impetus with the beginning of the Steam Age. Within the past fifty years undreamed-of inventions and magic means of production and quick trans-

portation of goods have speeded its tempo. It is now at an advanced stage. There are plain imperfections in it, and they have been properly emphasized by men of good will, but this needed improvement does not mean that the evolutionary trend itself can be reversed. This is what 'human civilization' has become; indeed, it is almost what we mean by the words.

While this economic and cultural world unification has been speeded up, political unification has lagged. That lag has meant endless obstruction, and the economic interests of the greater portion of mankind now demand that it must cease. There can be no end to periodic world-wide war until the peoples of the world use their intelligence to make as much progress toward political unification as, quite plainly, they have made in their economic and cultural relationships.

With this conception as a background, the issue between the American and the German people is clear and deep. It seems insoluble except by a decisive war, or unless the Germans totally change. For we shall not.

Is this more advanced political unification of human society to be imposed by armed force, or achieved by a meeting of minds?

Is it to be maintained 'for a thousand years' as a military world state, in a new global Pax Romana run from Berlin as a centre, or is it to be maintained by

some means of peaceable and equitable collaboration among the diverse peoples of the earth?

That is what the war is about, and herein lies the service that the British, as the centre of resistance to the Nazis, are rendering to the human race. For this bedrock issue is what their suffering, and that of all their allies, will settle.

I

Most of us are only dimly aware — many of us not at all — of the *actuality* of this earth-wide economic unification of mankind. Specialization of occupation has become so refined in the modern world that only the most inquiring — until a great crisis makes us all more inquiring — come to any deep awareness of how all the human inhabitants of the earth lean upon one another, delicately, like two billion playing cards.

There is a pertinent historic fact here which should be in all primers — and is probably in none. Since 1750, about the beginning of the Age of Steam, the human population of the earth has more than tripled. It was then about 660,000,000; it is now well over 2,100,000,000. This increase has not been an evolutionary phenomenon with biological causes. Prior to it, the scholars find, for long, long centuries there was no such 'definite population trend. Periods having an excess of births must have alternated with periods having an excess of deaths.' Yet there was an evolution — it took place in the world's economic organization. Thus the true import of this great fact is plain: 1,500,000,000 more human beings can now remain alive on the earth's surface, can support themselves by working for others who in turn work for them. This extraordinary tripling of human population in six short generations finds its final explanation in the rapid progress toward earth-wide economic unification which took place during the same period.

Thus most of us are now alive — and

most of us are kept alive — by this vast coöperative world society that has evolved. If it were conceived that tomorrow the infinite variety of goods that men produce had to be confined within the national boundaries where they were produced, tens of millions of men, women, and children would swiftly die of starvation; hundreds of millions more would be in the last extremes of destitution and misery.

Goods are the great travelers over the earth's surface, far more than human beings. Little men can be conceived of, fancifully, as merely convoying the goods in their now well-settled streams. Endlessly these streams of goods crisscross, as on Martian canals, with hardly an inhabited spot on the globe unvisited.

From our own boundaries, for example, — taking merely the principal items, — grains and other foods flow endlessly to feed numberless foreign mouths; tobacco products to solace hundreds of millions; moving pictures to amuse them; cotton to clothe them; oil to keep countless machines moving; and, in larger quantity than anything else, machines themselves in fascinating variety, the best in the world. While this is happening — since the United States is the largest station for incoming goods on the globe — other great streams of goods cross these outgoing ones: sugar, cocoa, coffee, bananas, spices, and a hundred other foreign-grown foods; rubber from the East Indies; tin from there, too, and from Bolivia; furs from Russia; timber and pulp from Canada; from all the seven seas, metals and minerals to keep our myriad industries whirring; silk from Japan and flax from Ireland; luxuries from Europe. And the same is true of other countries, of course.

As raw material for reflection, let us enumerate the principal exports of the different nations of the world. Of course there are many other articles exported in every case, some of them, though their quantities are small, indispensable for keeping industries going and men

employed; but these are the major items: —

Argentina.....	Cattle, hides, and wheat
Australia.....	Food and wool
Austria.....	Timber and paper
Belgium.....	Food, textiles, coal, and machines
Brazil.....	Coffee and cotton
Canada.....	Grains, metals, and minerals
Ceylon.....	Tea and rubber
Chile.....	Nitrates and copper
Colombia.....	Coffee and oil
Cuba.....	Sugar and tobacco
Czechoslovakia.....	Food, textiles, metal, and machines
France.....	Textiles, metals, and luxuries
Great Britain.....	Textiles, coal, and machinery
Greece.....	Tobacco and raisins
Haiti.....	Coffee and sugar
Hungary.....	Wheat and livestock
Iceland.....	Food
India.....	Tea, nuts, and jute
Italy.....	Manufactured products
Japan.....	Silk and textiles
Mexico.....	Oil and rubber
Netherlands.....	Manufactured products
Netherlands	
India.....	Rubber and oil
Norway.....	Fish, paper, and metals
Peru.....	Copper, oil, and cotton
Philippines....	Sugar and copra
Poland.....	Wood, fuel, and base metals
Portugal.....	Food and wood
Rumania.....	Oil
Spain.....	Oranges, cork, and olive oil
South Africa....	Wool and gold
Soviet Russia....	Wheat, furs, wood, oil, and metals
Sweden.....	Paper, iron, and machinery
Switzerland.....	Manufactured products
Turkey.....	Tobacco, cotton, and raisins
Uruguay.....	Wool
Venezuela.....	Oil
Yugoslavia.....	Food, wood, and metals

There is one immense fact here so simple that even some 'experts' tend to become unconscious of it: this almost inconceivable variety and mass of goods are ceaselessly being produced within each nation *for others outside its borders*. Multitudes of men are so employed, and it is the needs of foreigners that keep them employed. Indeed, these needs have actually called into being a large portion of the enterprises and occupations.

This, however, is less than half the story of interdependence. The livelihood of hundreds of millions of other people is maintained, very often created, by the *incoming* products from other lands.

It would be hard to find a common article of use in any advanced nation the price, quality, or constitution of which does not in some measure, and often critically, rest upon products emanating from foreign sources. An immediate example is the automobile. It has transformed modern civilization, and particularly American life. What would have happened here in this momentous economic development without rubber from the East Indies? Or, in other lands, without oil from the United States and a few more countries?

The incontestable truth is that there is a clear planetary indivisibility of production and employment. But the bonds among men go far deeper than goods. Culture too knows no frontiers. I do not refer to the arts — to music, painting, great literature. These graces of civilization bind men of all lands together in spirit. But men are bound together more practically, one might say, by the ever-advancing knowledge of humankind, as represented particularly in its science. Scientists have always been and still are the most natural and confirmed of internationalists. They work together over every frontier and shamelessly appropriate from one another whatever new knowledge any seeker, in any field, gains. There is no such trifling conception as plagiarism here.

Neither can the faith of men in one another be confined within national boundaries. I think that I fairly established, in *The Promises Men Live By*, that reliance upon economic promises — what economists dismally call the 'debt-and-credit system' — is at the root of world civilization, the explanation of both its growth and its present intricate organization. Debt and credit have never, from the remotest past, recognized any frontier. They have flowed over all, tying men of one land to men of another. The ceaseless streams of goods now moving between all nations are matched by something invisible — the confidence, perpetually justified by performance, of

all the participants in one another. This closest of all economic relationships, that of debt and credit, has built up and still maintains human society in its planetary economic indivisibility.

Mankind is still moving, and moving fast, on this road of world economic unification. Think how the airplane carrying freight will alone intensify it within the next twenty-five years! Is it any wonder that those rhythmic business cycles, which still have great elements of mystery to the most careful economists, are now earth-wide phenomena? That all the world prospers together, suffers together, — and complains together, — as they occur? Modern human society is an economic whole.

II

When this actuality is once recognized, many blurred notions about the war fall into a more meaningful order. A first step is to make clear the very nature of the war. The Germans started it. To what end? Their political literature for several decades, and the speeches of their present leaders for eight years, reiterate the purpose openly. The Germans propose to be, as a single people, in final control — *for their prime benefit* — of this economic world union which human civilization has achieved.

One of their basic notions, Herr Rauschnig revealed, is that the 'technical means' for such planetary control by a single people now exist. By 'technical means' they imply first, necessarily, the military subjugation of the entire globe.

Allied with this is another basic notion which so far has simply amused men and women of other lands — that the Germans are a 'master race.' But, in minds perverted enough to harbor this anthropological nonsense, who can be surprised that the line between a 'master race' and the 'master race' becomes nonexistent? The notion becomes less amusing when one looks upon the acts it results in; and

it becomes ominous when reflection reveals its true character: that it is nothing but a crazy rationalization, justifying and masking to the Germans themselves the cold purpose to control, for their first benefit as a people, our great economic world union.

The Nazi leaders have made no secret of their conception of the shape of the future, but too few Americans know in detail what it is. For the near future the Nazis' blueprint visualizes three great 'geopolitical' empires, as they call them. The first would be their own, covering most of the great land mass of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Great Britain — as a degenerate people that would never fight again — was to be a sort of willing subordinate partner to Germany, such as Vichy France at this moment has become; the Italians, too, when it was thought that they could be troublesome, were to be permitted by the Nazis to have a sort of sub-empire within their own, covering Southern Europe, North Africa, and part of the Near East. The second great empire would be ruled by the Japanese. It would cover East Asia, all the Mongolian and Malayan peoples. The third great empire would take in the entire Western Hemisphere, and would be ruled by the United States.

But this free-handed apportionment of the liberty, labor, and resources of hundreds of millions of human beings is a mere way station to a grand climax. It is a concession, in terms of time, to distant peoples whose power and resources are at the moment manifest. How could their preëminence remain secure, for the 'thousand years' of glory Herr Hitler has promised, with two great and open rivals in existence? Eventually, in the Nazis' view, there can be but one ruling people of a unified world. They have nominated themselves for this office. They refer to themselves as 'lords of the world.'

The fate in turn of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, France,

Rumania, Yugoslavia, Greece, and now Russia, plainly shows that the Nazi effort is religiously following the grand scheme of this ambition, and following it on a timetable. We ourselves merely come at the end and in due time, if we wait.

This war, then, is best understood as a war to defeat the insane effort of a single people numbering eighty millions to be supreme, for their own special benefit, in an already unified world society numbering over two billions. It has been called a 'civil war.' It has, indeed, likenesses to our own Civil War, but it also has differences, and they are illuminating.

Our Civil War was fought to preserve both a contractual and an economic union of semi-sovereign states. (Incidentally, it is instructive right now to remember — in view of the calls for 'unity' — that the need for that union's preservation was far from being universally recognized at the time; Lincoln was reviled, in the North as much as in the South, far more generally than Mr. Roosevelt has been today.) The philosophy of the seceding states was to break the existing union, and to that end they bent their effort. This is not the philosophy of the Germans; the effect of their effort, as we have seen, is toward greater unification, toward a political unification to match the economic, but one that would be under their sole management and for their prime benefit. On the part of all the opponents of the Germans, however, the present war is plainly an effort to preserve a *free* economic union — well established, even if it is not contractual and even though it is at present a union with plain imperfections.

The final issue, therefore, becomes plain, both as to method and as to ultimate purpose: Are men going to *perfect* an already unified world society under the whip of armed force, or by a free meeting of minds? And is this union to be perfected for the prime benefit of one people, or for the benefit of all?

III

Just as the nature of the war is illuminated by a recognition of the existing economic unity of the world, so also are the differences among Americans, up to this moment, explained by it.

What has really divided the extreme interventionists and isolationists? Who is so intolerant as not to see that they are deeply in unity on one vital point: that in the long view the best interests of our own people are the end to be sought. When one talks for five minutes with any ardent isolationist or interventionist, in a mood of analysis rather than persuasion, the real division between them becomes apparent. One side recognizes that our hundred and thirty million people are not only an inseparable part but the most important part of the existing economic world union. The other side does not recognize the actuality of this unification.

In between the extremists on both sides lies the great bulk of the American public. I think it is a fair appraisal of their viewpoint — and Dr. Gallup's surveys prove it — that in an amorphous way they recognize that we are an ineradicable part of a great world society. They do not in detail see 'just how' but they understand that we are. And to this lack of clearness in popular understanding can be traced the progress of public opinion on the question of how far we shall go in active participation. Events alone, it seems, can sharpen that understanding — not talk or argument.

Looking backward, one can see predominant American opinion changing with the recognition of one thing: the danger of total Nazi success. In the beginning, for almost a year, that danger to most people was nonexistent. The war was 'phony.' This complacency was first brutally challenged by Norway, and then electrified into a complete about-face with the swift subjugation of Belgium, Holland, and France. For the first time in our history, we proceeded to

draft an army before the declaration of a war. Our piddling military and naval preparations overnight began to be transformed into a war effort which, as the months have proceeded, has become as great as that which we put forth at the height of the last war.

Equally revolutionary was the change in our attitude toward Great Britain. The apathy which existed up to that date, with the actual obstruction to Britain, — embodied in the arms embargo, the Johnson Act, the Neutrality Act, the cash-and-carry provisions, — went down the drain overnight. Immediately our national policy became as simple and clear-cut as Lincoln's. In our own interest, not in hers, Great Britain could not be allowed to be subjugated like France by the Nazis. But why not? 'In our own interest' — what does that mean?

Does it not indicate an all-pervasive recognition, even if unclear in detail, that our own long-future well-being would be in certain jeopardy if Great Britain, the last bastion of a free world before our own, were to fall before this onrush of a mad people to control, for its prime benefit, the present economic world union?

Opinion has thus changed and will continue to change with events, and this key — the degree of recognition that exists among Americans of our ineradicable participation in an economic world society — is, in my opinion, the best guide to follow in answering the question, Shall we get into the war, and when? The great mass of American public opinion, as our national policy since Dunkirk indicates, inclines decidedly to intervention. But, clearly also, it inclines that way as the need for shooting seems to become more acute with events. As the likelihood for success of the German ambition increases, the date of our own active participation nears. As that likelihood diminishes, — if it does, — our 'shooting' participation will probably be deferred.

There is here an illuminating parallel with the last war. We did not get into that war until one thing happened: until the outbreak of unrestricted submarine warfare in 1917 made it seem that Great Britain might soon be defeated. Suddenly triumph of the pan-Germans seemed no longer possible but probable. Almost overnight all indecision ended, all division in American opinion — wider then than now — vanished. Within six months of a national election celebrating our abstention from the war, we were in it — 'to save the world for democracy.'

In other words, the same unclear but vital general recognition of our basic position in the world structure was operative then, as it has been in the past two years. It will again bring us into the war only when events make clear beyond any doubt that the unified world society — of which we are so great a part — is on the verge of successful domination by the Germans.

This slowness may be disheartening to the British, but the hard fact is that it is the way all free peoples go to war. It was true of the British themselves. The long, tortuous course of diplomatic finagling, on the part of both Great Britain and France prior to the war, can be best understood as inability to realize that the Nazis meant business when they set their youth to singing 'Tomorrow we own the world.'

The absence of that popular recognition explains Munich and the whole 'appeasement' record. After 1933 a big minority of Englishmen — notably Mr. Churchill — vividly appreciated the ever-advancing threat to themselves, and that it called for 'stopping Hitler' long, long before Munich. But only events could implant this understanding predominantly among the British and French people. It seems that, before a free people can be persuaded to take the final plunge into war, danger must be hanging over them like an immense breaking wave.

IV

Looking at the war from this key conception, we see one heartening fact: the Germans cannot win such a war. The two basic notions which animate them — that two billion human beings can be held in subjugation by a single 'master people' for its prime benefit, and that 'the technical means exist' to make this possible now — could only originate among minds as politically inexperienced as the Germans have always shown themselves to be. The 'thousand years' of the Nazi State which the mad Hitler promises his young people could be nothing but a thousand years of rebellion.

One must laugh, if one is not aghast, at the infantilism that could seriously formulate such political purposes in the twentieth century. Imagine, if one can, all the proud peoples of the earth — prouder, if less arrogant, than the Germans — passively submitting to it for a single year of the thousand. In a thousand days or less, with ourselves actively in the war, the mad theory of a German world state will topple into as deep oblivion as Alexander's empire.

This can be predicted so categorically because that insane ambition is plainly bucking, like a feeble animal, a long, glacier-like evolution still moving inexorably on its way. Human society indeed has unified itself, but that evolution has taken place to an accompanying development of political freedom of peoples from the subjugation of others. There have been exceptions, but the historic rule is plain. The only way this evolutionary development of human society can be continued is still by adjustment and agreement among peoples, but now consciously instead of unconsciously.

The Germans cannot win this war, no matter how great their transitory military successes, because the organized will of all the rest of mankind will never allow them to achieve the control they seek, much less to maintain it.

This impervious will has had its voice.

'We will not permit,' said President Roosevelt, 'and will not accept this Nazi shape of things to come.' Nor did Winston Churchill speak alone for the British in saying, 'We shall go on to the end; we shall fight in France, we shall fight on the seas and oceans . . . we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender.' That is the will, over the world, which the purblind Nazis must meet. The bitter hate they have raised in every conquered people of Europe is a mere reflection of it, momentarily suppressed and biding its time.

The logic-mad Nazi idea that 'the technical means exist' to achieve a world empire held in subjection by force ignores only one thing: two billion human beings.

V

This conception of the nature of the war has a final great value: it clarifies the burning question of the peace that must be set up.

The historic joint Churchill-Roosevelt proclamation maps out a blueprint of broad principle upon which reconstruction must proceed. The heart of that statement remains the simple war aim, and peace aim, proclaimed by both these leaders and all their followers many times: 'Hitlerism must be destroyed.'

But what is 'Hitlerism'? As we have seen, it is an avowed attempt by the Germans to control the existing economic world union for their prime benefit. Necessarily, then, the basic aim of the opposing side must be to defeat that effort so utterly that it will never be tried again — just as the idea of 'secession' in the United States has forever gone from the minds of Americans.

When Mr. Churchill keeps on stating, then, that the first aim of the war is to win it, that is no meaningless aim; it is a great aim. It is on all fours with Lincoln's great simple aim of our Civil

War: to preserve an existing union of states.

Moreover, Hitlerism, when its essence is so understood, must be destroyed inside Germany. To say that this is impossible is mere defeatism. Perhaps it is true that the peculiar quality of the German mind cannot be changed, but the ideas in that mind regarding *what all other peoples will stand for* can certainly be changed.

Neither Mr. Churchill nor Mr. Roosevelt, in their joint statement or elsewhere, has been so unwise as to try at this time to make an exact blueprint of the peace. For it must be a practicable peace; and the *sine qua non* of practicability is agreement and adjustment among peoples. The minds of most men must meet in this next peace, and long be satisfied. That is an infinitely more difficult task than war, and cannot be improvised. The hardest governmental job that ever faced the world will be the next peace. But, while its hard details cannot now exactly be foreseen, the solid basic principle upon which it has to be set up is made plain by this conception of the war.

An economic and cultural world union is in existence. That great fact must determine the nature of the peace effort. This unification is growing closer and more intricate with every year, and it must be matched by a world political organization which, by some general limitation of sovereignty, will allow that union to function and progress without the deep conflicts of interest that end in war.

Whether this partial relinquishment of sovereignty can in the beginning go to the extent of our own federated states is something that only conference and adjustment can determine. Perhaps it is too much to expect that modern statesmen will be as farseeing and audacious in tolerance as our own Founding Fathers. It is fitting, however, for Americans

particularly to remember that these great men were not so fearful of 'limitation of sovereignty' when necessity clearly imposed it. Indeed, they adopted it as their key principle, and the greatest nation in the history of man was the result. Many Americans blanch at the mere words today. Yet they will fully agree that our long welfare as a people requires that world-wide war must end, and that therefore there has to be what is often called a 'peace-enforcement union.' Enforce peace — how? Order is maintained within every boundary by police. That is the first function of 'sovereignty.' When we talk of 'international policing,' then, to maintain a world-wide peace, it is a mere phrase to help the fearful delude themselves; it makes no sense without a higher control, a more supreme sovereignty, that in this one respect at least must limit the sovereignty of each people.

Until such an open-eyed general limitation of sovereignty is achieved, there can be no peace-enforcement union. Until this is done the economic world union that now exists can never proceed to those benefits which human achievement in other fields now so bountifully promises. Until this is done the universally guaranteed 'freedoms' of Mr. Roosevelt are pure delusion. And until this is done there can be no end to periodic world-wide wars, into every one of which we shall be sucked — as we were, seemingly against our will, into the First World War and now again into this.

Is it not clear that a peace based soundly upon this necessity is, as Lincoln put it, 'the last best hope of earth'? The men and women of this generation will 'nobly save or meanly lose' it. To think that it will be meanly lost by no effort to achieve it is, it seems to me, to grade the modern human being lower than all his forbears.

Who but the cheapest cynic will subscribe to that appraisal?

DON'T DO IT AGAIN!

A Liberal Looks at Germany

BY SIR ANDREW McFADYEAN

I

SUCH knowledge of my own countrymen as I have acquired while reaching a ripe middle age convinces me that one of the most cogent reasons against the imposition of harsh measures of repression on the German people as a whole is that the British people will after a very short period refuse to enforce them, and that the counter-reaction may again, as in the few years preceding the present conflict, lead to an attitude of leniency which is almost indistinguishable from careless indifference to consequences.

I lived for more than five years in Berlin after the First World War, spoke German with reasonable fluency, and made a large number of friends and acquaintances among Germans of all classes; I have also made not infrequent visits to Germany since I ceased to live there in 1930. And I have known scores of those Germans, both Jewish and Gentile, who have given up everything to escape from the Nazi madhouse and sought asylum elsewhere with what, alas, is the precarious status of refugees.

In the light of impressions formed during residence in Germany, I have been led to review both the causes of that country's renewed lapse into barbarism and the most helpful means of averting a third world war. (It is, I presume, by now common ground that any war under modern conditions threatens to become a world one.) I fully recognize that to treat these subjects exhaustively would

require an ocean of ink and forests of paper material, but I believe that it is not a barren waste of effort to isolate certain important elements in an exceedingly complex situation.

One factor in Germany 'between the wars' to which sufficient attention has not been devoted is its political immaturity. Germany had had, in the late Hohenzollern epoch, some semblance of a parliamentary system, and superficially, when once the Kaiser had disappeared and a republic been instituted, the transition to full responsible democratic government of the people by the people appeared a simple process of political evolution. The naturalness and deceptive simplicity of democracy in British eyes, and doubtless in American eyes, are the product of centuries of tradition and, what is perhaps even more important, of training. We overlook our own history; we forget the enormous part played in the education of the people in responsibility and in the training of administrators and legislators by a system of local government which itself has a long history; we blink the fact that parliamentary democracy, as the Anglo-Saxon world understands it, has so far proved workable in very few places in the world.

Germans had no tradition of popular government, and no practical experience which would help them to make it function; even local government had been

inspired by the monarchical pattern of the various German states. It is not improbable that Germany would have enjoyed a much larger measure of political and social stability if the transition from absolute monarchy to democracy had not been so violent, but attained more gradually by the establishment of constitutional monarchy as practised in the British Empire. Given conditions as they were, given the fallacious ascription to the ex-Kaiser of responsibility for the war, and the patent impossibility of his mere supersession by another member of his house, the gentler transition would still seem to have been absolutely excluded by the nature of the irresistible forces at work, but the experience should warn us that a change in the form of government will be a specious improvement unless it is accompanied by a continuous process of adaptation and education.

A point forcibly brought home to at least one observer was the necessity to parliamentary government of that much maligned animal, the politician. It was no accident that the one statesman in republican Germany who stood out by his achievements — namely, Stresemann — had had an intensive training as a party politician in the Reichstag before and during the war; as a result he had learned, within limits, to manipulate men and their opinions in order to secure their parliamentary assent and support for the measures which he desired to further. He had acquired, again within limits, that sense of timing, often confused with mere opportunism, which is essential to the success of political strategy. He might, had he lived, and in spite of the suspicions which were cast on the purity of his motives and his international good faith after his death, have held Germany together during the testing years of the economic blizzard; and, thanks to the international position which he enjoyed as one of the architects of Locarno, he could probably have extracted concessions from Great Britain and France

which would have strengthened his internal position, concessions which were denied to his successors, or, if granted at all, granted unwillingly and after such a delay as to deprive them of half their value.

There were statesmen in Germany other than Stresemann who were no politicians; there were politicians (Schleicher is perhaps the outstanding example) so lacking in statesmanship that they have the appearance of mere intriguers. A people accustomed to obey directions received from an élite of sorts were suddenly called upon to guide their own destinies and work out their own salvation under constant external pressure. The statesmen of Great Britain and France showed no realization of the callow nature of the republic or the difficulties under which successive German Chancellors labored. They did nothing by well-timed concessions to strengthen the parliamentary régime; appeasement, which became a word of ill omen when it necessarily appeared indistinguishable from the product of fear, a movement of retreat, and a composition with blackmail and felony, was never wholeheartedly tried with republican Germany.

Some major concessions there were, but not of a character or so timed as to compensate for past mistakes. Concessions in the reparation question, for instance, were little more than an acceptance of the inevitable when irretrievable mischief had already been done; concessions in the occupation question were linked up with and dependent upon a fictitious final settlement of reparations and not granted on their own merits. It is at least possible that a gift to Brüning of a fraction of what Hitler was afterwards allowed to take without more let or hindrance than was contained in a diplomatic note of protest might have maintained him in power and secured the continued existence of the tottering republic. One of the tests in which allied statesmen should have been forced to qualify was the history of the Sibylline books.

II

Let us turn to another factor which has not received due attention — the social stresses caused by Germany's defeat and the social disintegration in which the aggravation of these stresses culminated. The peace settlement in itself — inevitably and properly — made Germany a poor country. The standard of comfort and the values of private fortunes underwent a steep decline forthwith; the restoration of the economic situation both of individuals and of the state required more work and more intensive work. It was an incidental aggravation of the difficulties inherent in the circumstances that a large section, and in many ways the more stable section, of the community was set adrift without the equipment and the knowledge necessary to keep it going.

The army, the navy, the civil and diplomatic services, the ownership and management of landed estates, had been the accepted vocations of the upper classes in Germany; to these we may add the learned professions, in which, however, the privileged classes had to face less restricted competition. With the establishment of the Weimar Constitution and the entry into force of the Treaty of Versailles the military career was substantially at an end; it could absorb only a fraction of the old military class; and it demanded from that fraction a professional devotion and efficiency which further reduced its absorptive power. Other state positions were no longer reserved for members of the old ruling caste, who found their origin and political associations a handicap where before they had conferred a privilege. Business, trade, and commerce were the openings called upon to absorb this class of 'new poor,' and any man over, let us say, twenty-five in 1918 had little chance of finding his feet in this sphere unless endowed with exceptional gifts. These banal pursuits had been left to the Jews, whose success in them had largely contributed

to Germany's industrial and commercial strength and reputation for scientific progress. That they had so successfully cultivated the vineyard which the German Gentile had despised, and the only one to which entry was unhampered, is one element in German anti-Semitism which should not be overlooked.

There was, therefore, a substantial section of the German upper middle classes which became almost overnight disoriented, bewildered, and in a sense homeless. Its situation became immeasurably worse when inflation devoured what was left of savings and to all intents and purposes destroyed the middle class. Not long ago, at a meeting which was discussing the policy to be exercised in relation to Germany after this war, a supporter of General de Gaulle urged that all possible steps should be taken to foster a class of peasants (who were supposed, in spite of the example of Bulgaria and perhaps of Russia, to be difficult to lead into war) and to encourage the growth of a middle class. We often long to restore what we have unheedingly broken, but it was not clear that the speaker realized the extent to which Anglo-French reparation policy, one of the major factors in inflation, was responsible for the disappearance of what he now desiderated.

It is no accident that Hitler's appeal before he reached power was mainly to middle-class sentiment; the appeal of the agitator is always to the dispossessed, and the upper middle classes in Germany were the dispossessed, while the lower middle classes, then in process of re-formation, and the well-to-do industrialist and business man feared being dispossessed by that Bolshevism from which Hitler was to deliver them and into which he has led them. Hitler is himself in part, at any rate, a product of the era of inflation; his evangel could only have been successfully preached to, and his policy could only have been carried out by, people debauched by the demoralizing effect of currency depreciation on a grand scale, which penalizes social virtue, makes

thrift a folly, and rewards antisocial acts. Public and private morality alike in Germany had had no chance to recover when exposed in 1930 to the full blast of an unprecedented economic depression.

We have been glancing at events and tendencies which were by no means within Germany's sole control, and for which the great mass of the German people cannot be held responsible. Great Britain and France (and more indirectly but not less really the United States) have a measure of responsibility to shoulder for a condition of affairs which was only inevitable if we accept a determinist view of history. Impossible reparation demands prevented the restoration of German credit until a dangerously late stage, and the trade policies of the creditor powers ensured that the clumsy structure of international indebtedness should produce an almost utter breakdown in the production and exchange of wealth. Had German credit been nursed from the beginning, had Germany been given a possible task to perform, had the French realized that the demand for large payments and the desire to keep Germany weak were irreconcilable aspects of policy, — above all, had the creditor nations recognized the simple truth that they must import more than they export or pile up claims on the outside world at compound interest, — Germany might have avoided economic breakdown, social disintegration, and political chaos; we should at least have pursued a policy better designed to assist her to avoid them.

As things were, the history of Germany's economic breakdown and its political consequences has, on a backward glance, some of the inevitability but little of the grandeur of a Greek tragedy. The millions of unemployed for whom Hitler found work on armaments were not thrown out of work, and reduced to a despairing readiness to listen to any charlatan, by German mistakes alone, or even primarily.

III

In the years immediately succeeding 1919 there was no widespread popular resentment either against the Allies or, indeed, against the Treaty of Versailles outside the Reparation Chapter. Skillful propaganda in Germany, and careless and ill-informed criticism outside that country, have by now created the impression that the treaty was a harsh and repressive instrument which deserves root-and-branch condemnation. It had grave faults in its financial and economic provisions, but these could have been corrected subsequently, given a proper allowance of understanding and common sense. The territorial provisions, which have borne the brunt of Hitler's assaults, were eminently defensible, and caused relatively little heartburning. The Anschluss movement was almost purely manufactured agitation; it was not spontaneous in Germany, and, if less artificial in Austria, it was because that country would have obtained all the benefit which the transaction might have offered. So far as popular feeling was concerned, the fate of German minorities that fell under the rule of what the ruling classes of Germany regarded as lesser breeds without the law was regarded as painful, but concern for them would never have done much to precipitate a war or, without mendacious propaganda, to poison international relations. Perhaps the one territorial provision which threatened to become a running sore was the Polish Corridor, for the 'sledded Polacks' were not beloved of their ex-masters; but it was not so desperate a grievance that the German people did not acquiesce in what they must have regarded as Hitler's genuine acceptance of the status quo when he seized power.

Nor was there any feeling that Germany had not been fairly and squarely beaten in the field of battle. The legend of the 'stab in the back' had no chance to become implanted firmly in the public mind until the open discussion of other

readings of history became a dangerous occupation. It is again being currently said that the mistake was to stop the war before German territory had been invaded; it is at least doubtful whether the overrunning of Germany by French and British soldiers and a march into Berlin would have done much more than the known shattering of the German army's power to resist. Those who had fought knew that they had been defeated, and none better than the military leaders. The feeling uppermost in the minds of the rank and file, a feeling intensified by the misery of the post-war years, was unwillingness ever to be involved in war again. We may be fairly certain that the fanatical Nazi troops are youthful; it is only young men who have been subjected throughout their formative years to the careful psychological training of the Nazi régime who can have taken the field with any lightness of heart or expectation of glory; they are examples of a conditioned reflex.

So far as the great mass of the German people was concerned, dissatisfaction with the *Diktat* was the cumulative product of subsequent events — and not so much of the treaty itself as of its execution. Let us briefly enumerate the more important of these events. The first in order of time was the partition of Upper Silesia — a vexed problem the solution of which left the Germans with the feeling that there was one law for the victor and another for the vanquished.

The next, and in many ways the most important, was the occupation of the Ruhr to enforce reparation claims. The occupation was almost certainly a breach of international law, and, however it was designed, it was so patently destined not to secure payment but to sabotage the means of payment that democratic Germany could not but regard it as an attempt by French imperialists to obtain what they had vainly sought at the Peace Conference — control of the Rhineland. That natural fear was inten-

sified by Poincaré's ill-advised support, under cover of the occupation, of the Rhineland separatist movement.

A third grievance which became more serious as time passed was the relatively defenseless state of Germany among neighbors who were armed to the teeth with modern weapons of attack. Disarmament had certainly been accepted willingly by the German masses, but it was an honorable understanding that it was merely the first stage in universal disarmament. When, after ten years, Europe as a whole showed no great anxiety to share the benefits to be obtained by relieving overburdened budgets of inflated military programs, the conclusion again drawn was that Germany, having overthrown the absolute monarch, having lost her colonies, having mortgaged her future to pay reparation, was not to be admitted as an equal in the administration of Europe's and the world's affairs, but was to be left without any of the force lacking which diplomacy as it used to be understood, and seemed again to be understood, could not be effective.

But the greatest and most fatal of grievances throughout the decade after the conclusion of peace was the reparation burden. It would take a volume to cover this factor and there is no space for anything but dogmatic statements, which could admittedly be disputed. The sums demanded of Germany were absurd, the sums for which she was nominally liable were grotesque. The attempt to extract the impossible not only impeded the restoration of German credit but resulted in the effective obtaining of much less than would have been forthcoming in response to more reasonable demands. Every honest offer by Germany — so, at any rate, honest Germans thought — was taken as an indication that with good will they could have offered much more. Arguments that seemed good in the mouths of French and British when discussing their debts to America were not admitted as valid when applied to

the payment of reparation by Germany; sauce for the goose was not sauce for the gander. Finally, the natural and artificial impediments to the export of German goods and services were such that every penny Germany paid to the Allies was borrowed, and the process meant the accumulation of an external debt at compound interest. When the artificial prosperity engendered by lavish American lending burst like a bubble towards the end of 1929, Germany's economic and financial situation was as vulnerable as it could be.

As depression spread and deepened, every nation, acting under a panic influence of *sauve qui peut*, indulged in policies which only aggravated the economic ills from which all were suffering. In a world stricken with tariffs, restrictions, and impediments to the production and international exchange of goods, currency instability, and inflated external debts, the only remedy which statesmen could prescribe was a hair of the dog that bit them. The condition of Germany, with unemployment mounting to a dangerous level, became worse and worse until after three years it was desperate.

This was the ground on which the Nazi seed began to bear a harvest, but it should never be forgotten that at no time when a free election was held did Hitler command a majority of the votes of the German people. Admittedly he came near it in 1933, but, in spite of all the headway that extremists had been able to make in years of distress, Hitler's career would have been relatively brief if he had developed and divulged (otherwise, of course, than in *Mein Kampf*, which was considered almost a *jeu d'esprit*) his full policy before he had thoroughly enslaved his own compatriots.

He was powerfully aided not only by his ability to exploit the accumulation of grievances above enumerated but by a consistent weakness in the policy of Germany's ex-enemies. Except by attempts to repress Germany herself they had done nothing to foster the belief that

a new international order had been originated at Geneva; the battle was still to the strong, and the race to the swift. The lesson of Corfu was not forgotten; the writ of the Allies did not run in the Baltic republics; Italy contracted out of international measures for the protection of racial minorities; France could invade the Ruhr, flout British views, and damage British interests without incurring more than an academic protest from British statesmen, whose attitude appeared to be dictated at least as much by a recognition of French military strength as by a desire not to embarrass an ally; Japan could defy the United States and Great Britain and a world represented in the League of Nations, embark on the barefaced conquest of a neighbor, and 'get away with it.'

In 1933 there existed a Nazi conviction and a British state of mind the conjunction of which was fraught with great peril for the world. The Nazi conviction was that force, and force alone, paid, and that the democracies would not resist it; we had done something to encourage that view. The British state of mind was that Germany had had a raw deal and labored under certain grievances that must be removed; our conscience was bad. The existence and significance of these two psychological factors were vividly brought home to me when Hitler invaded Austria. When the news came through I rang up a friend who was an editor of an important Conservative journal and expressed my horror and apprehension; he obviously shared my feelings and sympathized with my view that something would have to be done, but made the illuminating comment that 'we should have to wait for a better wicket.' Shortly afterwards I was in Germany, and in the course of a discussion of recent events one of the most enlightened and intelligent Germans of my acquaintance made the following comment, equally illuminating: 'The worst of it is that that large section of the German public which hates Naziism as much as you or I is being

forced to conclude, in the absence of opposition to lawless acts of force, that after all perhaps the Nazis are right and that armed power is the only thing that counts.'

Austria, the denunciation of Locarno, the militarization of the Rhineland, the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, the invasion of that country, and the attack on Poland were all of a piece and formed a natural sequence; the Japanese attack on China, the conquest of Abyssinia, the war in Spain, and the seizure of Albania were part of the same pattern. So conscience did make cowards of us all, and Heaven knows that Poland was not the ideal wicket for which my conservative friend had been waiting.

IV

What conclusions, however tentative and general, could the above reflections suggest regarding the future treatment of Germany, after that country has suffered the decisive defeat which is as necessary for its salvation as for ours?

Let it be said at once that there are few — and the writer is not one of them — who, however sharply they distinguish between the German government and the German people, would not insist on the total disarmament of Germany. Children should not be trusted with edged tools, and German docility and mass stupidity have created enough widows and orphans to make us take every precaution against a thrice-told tale of aggression. The practical problem, if Germany be viewed for the moment in isolation, should not present any great difficulty. Warfare at present, and until science makes new and revolutionary discoveries, requires a strong air force and a large amount of heavy equipment. If we prohibit the manufacture within Germany of any aeroplanes, tanks, and heavy guns, it ought not to be difficult to make the prohibition effective enough to prevent evasion on a dangerous scale. The limitation of naval forces to a

minimum, with the total exclusion of submarines, should render Germany innocuous at sea.

Nor would it be wise on this occasion to give the Germans any pretext for saying that German disarmament was conditional on general disarmament; when this war is over we shall have learned that force is required to ensure observance of the law, — on this side of Paradise, at any rate, — and someone will have to shoulder the responsibility and expense of maintaining that force. You cannot recruit a reprieved murderer into the police force, even after he has served a sentence; the most you can do is hold out hope that his sons will grow into good citizens, subject to no special disabilities of status, and that when a new generation of Germans have shown themselves fit for membership in an association of civilized nations they may share its duties and responsibilities. In the meantime it is an obvious corollary that the armed powers must solemnly engage themselves to see that an unarmed Germany is treated with scrupulous justice; *arma inter leges silent* must prove as good an aphorism as its converse.

But the mere crippling of German aggressive power is not in itself enough, if for no other reason than that, in the absence of hope and of absorption in peaceful pursuits, German ambition and desire for revenge might once again form an association with Russia which could largely circumvent disarmament and defy all forms of control. The whirligig of time brings in its surprises as well as its revenges. It will be necessary to remember more clearly than in 1918 that a new alignment of forces may disturb any closely calculated balance of power, that life must be worth living if war is to be avoided, and that our whole policy should be directed to the eventual and conditional incorporation of Germany into a peaceful world — not merely a peaceful Europe, for that geographical area has long ceased to be more than a sub-unit. With this end in view we have

economic and psychological problems to face.

There are those who believe, and the writer is among them, that economic unrest is more frequently the parent than the offspring of political discontents, however often, when once the cycle of generation is in movement, they reproduce each other, and that the origin of this war is preëminently to be found in an economic catastrophe that was almost the direct result of inflated reparation claims, aggravated by dead-weight debts to the United States. Whether this view is extreme or not, there will be few who will advocate the renewed imposition on Germany of impossible burdens. Indeed, with the bitter lessons of the 1920's before our eyes, we may be inclined on this occasion to minimize Germany's capacity to repair the damage inflicted on Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Greece, and Yugoslavia. Whatever can be done with German (and Italian) labor and materials to restore those stricken countries should be exacted; if for economic or political reasons any of them refuse, as France refused after the last war, to avail themselves of reparation in the only form in which it is readily payable, they should be left to their own resources.

We shall have to go further, however, than merely refraining from impoverishing Germany. France under Poincaré seemed unable to choose between reparation, which she could obtain only if Germany were prosperous, and security, which she deemed unobtainable unless Germany were economically weak. It will be our interest to encourage a disarmed and powerless Germany to seek prosperity and contentment, remembering that deep-seated and continuous depression in Germany cannot be combined with well-being in Europe. We shall have to recognize, firstly, that the fiscal frontiers of Europe are as much an anachronism as fiscal frontiers between the states of the American Union would be, and, secondly, that a peaceful Ger-

many is entitled, if only by her geographical situation, to great economic influence on the Continent. We shall have to unscramble Hitler's eggs, but we should not be blind to the fact that, by wrong methods and for wrong reasons, he has gone a long way to the unification of Europe — has, in fact, almost realized Napoleon's dream. The same consummation must be sought by peaceful means, not by bilateral trade treaties founded on intimidation and faked exchanges, and not with a view to the economic and political exploitation of the weak, but with the aim of a harmonious development of the complementary activities of free peoples.

To sum up this aspect of a reasonable post-war settlement, we must refrain from imposing any special handicaps on German economic activity and from taking any steps to prevent the restoration of German prosperity, unless we are prepared to forgo prosperity in Europe as a whole.

There are advocates, and even some German advocates, of the dismemberment of Germany and the dethronement of Prussian power. One of the tragedies of the last war was the dismemberment rather than the federal reconstruction of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The victors are often wrongly saddled with responsibility for that dismemberment, when the worst that can be said against them is that they did not strive very officiously to keep Austro-Hungary in existence. The centrifugal forces then operating were of long standing and immensely potent; the exact reverse is true in Germany. Even if that view is not accepted, it cannot be denied that the forcible disruption of Bismarck's structure would be a festering sore in Europe, and a standing challenge to all patriotic Germans (we shall not be able to extirpate real patriotism, even if we are foolish enough to desire it) to reverse the situation. Secondly, any splitting of Germany into its component parts (not, of course, including Austria, which pre-

sents a special problem) that would be in the least degree effective in weakening German capacity to make trouble would involve economic dislocation of an order that war-shattered Europe could scarcely afford. A mere nominal re-creation of the German states would do little to secure their independence, while divided control of German communications, finance, and economic life in general would be ruinous.

The last and greatest task will be political and psychological. We shall have to prescribe for a nation guilty of criminal lunacy, but not, as a nation, proved incurable. We shall have to treat people who, even if themselves sane, have lived for eight years in a mad-house, one, moreover, where all the doctors were demented and all the attendants sadists. Reform and the prevention of further crime, rather than retribution and revenge, must be our main objectives. Let us by all means exercise summary justice on the doctors and warders if their unhappy victims have not relieved us of the duty, but let our first concern be to throw open doors and windows; let us make it our painstaking object, by most skillful and scrupulously honest means, to reveal to the German people the truth about the history of Europe in the last ten years — and the unvarnished truth must include a recognition of our own shortcomings. We shall have to de-intoxicate a whole generation whose minds have been systematically poisoned.

The task before Germany's conquerors will be to secure that country's moral reconstruction. It will be a slow task, and it will expose them to setbacks and disappointments, but it will be infinitely retarded if we do not recognize that it must be a gradual process of reëducation

into a civilized and Christian way of life, and if we are not prepared to trust and collaborate with some Germans who will be our best missionaries. We cannot impose a form of government — we can, indeed, be in a certain measure skeptical about forms of government; but our attitude to Germany in the years to come will necessarily be determined by the degree in which her self-chosen government embodies and expresses a popular will.

Above all we must support by every means in our power a democratic government when and if it is found in Germany. We must show a much livelier realization of the fact that Germany is a comparatively new nation with no parliamentary or democratic tradition, and we must never again find ourselves in the deplorable position of refusing to democratic Germany what we tamely allowed militarized Germany to seize; we must never again give the German people, and even those elements in it who are very unwilling to be convinced to that effect, reason to believe that force does pay and that reliance on a source of international justice provides no dividend.

The kind of peace we shall have to make is one which will not merely give vent to natural feelings of righteous anger, our hatred of Nazi devilry, our hasty and indiscriminate identification of Germans and Hitlerites, but also satisfy the conscience of the world through years of post-war weariness. We must be immune from twinges of remorse that will sap our resolution in moments of crisis. We need not, if we dare not trust ourselves so greatly, temper justice with mercy; we may, if we will, practise just severity — so long as justice, incorruptible by fear, partiality, or indifference, is made steadfastly to prevail.

BEWARE THE AFTERMATH

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

IN the last year of the first World War a friend who had a very gallant son at the front said to me that the young men had attained such an exaltation of spirit as to make them live on a plane higher than we had done. I am afraid it shocked him terribly when I remarked that, on the contrary, this war would be followed by an era of materialism. To a meeting of clergymen the same statement was later made, with the suggestion that the churches should be prepared to meet the condition. Of course they did not believe it, and yet there was historic evidence from modern wars to make it seem probable.¹ The struggle with Napoleon postponed political reform in England for a generation, and the years that followed were marked by the worst abuses of the factory system. In France under the Restoration men's interest turned to amassing wealth; while in central Europe the Holy Alliance repressed all liberal aspirations until they gathered force enough for an explosion. At the close of the American Civil War there were many young men who felt that, having abolished slavery, we were in a position to attack and solve all other vexed questions in our public and social life; but the most conspicuous event was the Tweed Ring.

Few people will now deny that the prophecy of a material age to follow the war was in part, at least, correct; that there was a tendency among the vic-

torious nations to consider their own interests, to return to what President Harding called normalcy, as contrasted with the ideas of international loyalty, security, and mutual help so much talked of during the war. This was neither unnatural nor altogether wrong, but surely must be taken into account by people who aspire to reform the world, and if so they should consider the meaning, the extent, and the causes of such a revulsion in feeling after the close of a great war.

Unlike the armies of earlier times, composed mainly of professional troops or semi-professional feudal levies, modern armies consist essentially of conscripts drawn from the whole community, whose occupation in life is very seriously impaired by any war that lasts more than a year; and this is not only true of the workingman, but often even more so of the professional, who finds it very hard to pick up the threads he has dropped. He feels that he has not only sacrificed his comfort and his work, with his risk of life, but also endangered his career; and this he rightly thinks he is entitled to take up again as soon as his service is over. He does so believing that it needs his first, his chief, if not his undivided attention, and so he often returns to his occupation leaving other matters aside.

Another cause, not less weighty because less measurable, is moral fatigue. Of emotional, as of physical, exertion it is true that when it is over, when the stimulus is removed, the attention becomes wearied and turns to something

¹Some of these tendencies and the reasons therefor I tried to state, in *Public Opinion in War and Peace* (1923), pp. 268 ff. — AUTHOR

else, occasionally to a feeling of a wholly different kind. I recall asking an artist many years ago how Michael Angelo, after creating the beautiful figure of the refined slave in the Louvre, could have carved on the back of the marble that supports it the face of a monkey. The answer was that after working at such an exalted pitch he wanted to do something totally different, trivial, comic or grotesque. It is related of some well-known preachers that after a sermon of especial elevation they showed an inclination to horseplay; and in small ways, if not in great, most men must have felt the sensation of relief after an effort is over in turning to something less. This is no doubt one reason why well-organized churches tend to discourage revivals. Of course any such revulsion of feeling is strongest when the emotion has been violent; and for the public, civilians as well as soldiers, no emotion is more violent than that of a modern war with its airplanes, submarines, and, in Europe, famine staring people in the face.

Should we not, therefore, assume that this war, like the last, will be followed by popular doubts, hesitations, indifferences, and reluctances that will make permanent adjustments to a better world more difficult than some of our enthusiastic planners suppose — that is, assuming that the war is to be won by the Allies? If the Nazis and their partners are to win it, the world will, of course, be radically different from what it has been in the past, but by force and not by consent. If, on the other hand, the democratic nations are victorious, and propose to remodel the world so as to preserve future peace, are they not more likely to succeed if they attempt something within practical reach rather than if they seek the unattainable?

All this does not mean that great and durable changes in the organization of international affairs cannot be made, and made radically, to promote more orderly relations and the reign of law on the earth. But it does mean that such a re-

sult will be more probable, and have a better chance of permanence, if the actual conditions then confronting mankind, and the emotions that will then affect it, are well understood than if the men who make plans about these things dream unwaked in an unreal world. One of the most real matters at the time of making peace will be the attitude of mind in which, after the war has passed, people are likely to receive proposals for changes in their former customary existence; and it is for this reason that I have ventured to suggest these cautions.

Every government has, for good or evil, a tendency to prolong itself — to retain a form supposed to have an intrinsic merit of its own which, if in a healthy condition, alters slowly by a process of development or growth. It is based on a belief in its own inherent value, and, though always capable of improvement, changes in it normally take place within the general pattern of the institutions the country has evolved. This is a quality that fosters human continuity and advance, and it cannot wisely be left out of account in any planning of post-war reorganization. In getting rid of elements and institutions that tend to produce war we must be careful not to eliminate others that tend to prevent it. For example: because the smaller countries failed last year to offer an effective resistance to Hitler some people are inclined to think them useless; but it does not follow that their natural objection to war may not be so organized as to be a strong preventive force. In short, if we are aiming at setting up a law-abiding world we should encourage the law-abiding forces therein. In a search for a law-ruled world, wrecked by a disregard of existing law, the continuity of existing institutions may have an effect that would be lost by a disregard of them.

There is, therefore, a danger of failure to perceive the qualities in a government which impede, if they do not actually prevent, the use of a country in the way

world reformers may think best. Some of these obstacles might in time be removed, but not suddenly, and it is not wise to forget them, for they have a way of taking their revenge if neglected. Americans are liable not to see these things, because their own institutions are in many ways so elastic that they appear capable of being stretched indefinitely.

Let us glance at two of the great representative governments to see what can be learned from their institutions that has a bearing upon the reorganization of the world, and begin with the United States. Begin there because it is a federal organization, and therefore, from the point of view from which we are looking at it, very simple, although for that same reason highly complex. Let me explain. It is complex because it has a large number of officials exercising authority independently, some national, some state, many of the latter selected quite separately from others with whom they work. On the other hand, it is simple in that new territory and new members have been admitted without readjustment or shock to the national government or to the existing members. The new State takes its place and everything goes on as before; and in fact there would have been friction, if not an explosion, in case the territories had not been admitted when populous enough, for they have looked upon it as a right. The result has been that the new States coming in on their own request and without a jar to the fabric have increased the number from thirteen to forty-eight, all under the original Constitution. In short, the tendency of the American system is centripetal.

Nevertheless the admission of new States has been by no means so indiscriminate as it seems, for their inhabitants by the time of admission were, in dominant part, citizens who had wandered from the older sections of the country. Of course we have admitted citizens from every land in Europe, but we have received them gradually, and

in late years have concluded that they were coming too fast.

For practically our whole population, English is the national tongue. A proposal to use any other as generally official would, no doubt, be laughed out of court. In short, we are truly a people: and, while we have differences among ourselves, everyone purports to be an American. The nations to the south of us we want as good friends, but neither we nor they want them to be incorporated in our citizenship. Haiti is now asking admission as a State. Shall we include her as such, and how much farther shall we go? Shall we look forward to a possible pair of Senators from Liberia, or have we expanded as far as is wise?

To take a case that raises no questions of political origins or of language, does anyone seriously believe that we should be willing to receive the whole of Great Britain as a number of new States under our Constitution, to meet in a Congress to sit, let us say, alternately in London and Washington — to say nothing of the British Dominions and various other peoples that might be included in the plan? A military alliance of an effective kind is one thing, a union for domestic or general legislation is quite another; and who will guarantee that such a yoke joining the best of friends will not produce friction between them?

Strong as are the objections that may be raised on behalf of the United States to a union with other nations, it is wise to look also at their point of view.

The other great democratic country that comes immediately into the picture is Great Britain, and about her one would like to ask some plain questions. If victorious, will she not remain Great Britain, with her pride in her past? Will she in that case be willing, for the sake of a better world unity, to give up the parliamentary form of government which has been her great political pride? If not, it would be impossible for her to join the American Union as a State or number of States. In short, the su-

preme responsible parliamentary system of England is inconsistent with subordination under the American Presidential system. Would it be possible, on the other hand, for Great Britain to form a union with some other peoples on the basis of the British system? In other words, would the British people be willing to expand their Parliament by adding any considerable numbers elected to it from outside the British Isles? For practical purposes a similar experiment was tried when the Irish members sat in the House of Commons, and it was not encouraging. Even as regards the Dominions, such a solution of the relations to each other of the mother country and the self-governing members of the Empire has never been brought before Parliament, no doubt because it would clearly not at present be acceptable to either side. In short, the parliamentary system in Great Britain is a delicate instrument, on the whole of a centrifugal tendency; and it is unlikely that, when victorious, she would accept a change contrary to the spirit of her institutions.

Moreover, would not Norwegians, Danes, Dutch and Belgians, to say nothing of the French, object vigorously, when liberated, to being subject to a British Parliament whether represented in it or not? And if they did not object to joining it would not their attitude toward any cabinet make the system too unstable to last, or indeed for any Englishman of experience and capacity to contemplate seriously? If that is the meaning of unity, it would seem quite outside the range of the possible.

Those of us who in the last war were interested in the League of Nations had a grave disappointment, and many reasons have been given for its failure. But the simple fact is that the League in itself had no power (if, indeed, any such organization can have control) over its reluctant members, who in this case from the beginning to the end failed to carry out the provisions of the Covenant when the occasions arose. To ex-

cute them fully involved a sacrifice of national to general interests — or, let us say, of immediate to future interests — which the members were not prepared to make, and thereby opened the field for the aggressors. There is little use in trying to assign blame, nor is it possible to arrange a workable plan of universal peace so long as one great nation (and there are now three) believes its aspirations require totalitarian war. For the time, we Americans must join, directly or indirectly, in the conflict; and, in the view of the writer, the quicker and the more effectively the better. When it is over we must help to prepare the world for a peaceable existence in which men can live the national lives they desire. This is in accord with the agreement of the President and the Prime Minister at sea.

That the present phase of world affairs, like the Napoleonic Era, will pass away there can be no doubt; that it will involve the loss of the lives of a multitude of young men is certain; that it will leave the world as it was before is improbable; but that it will mark a violent and radical change in the trend of human history is also unlikely. Germany, Italy, and for international purposes Japan, are still young nations that feel their oats and see an exorbitant future before them. They are in somewhat the same state of mind as much of the American public at the time of the Mexican War, before we were sobered by the civil struggle. Only they are far more ruthless, and have the use of deadlier weapons. In spite of much talk in the press and in private we have no animosity to their people, but they must learn that they are not the only races in the world deserving consideration. Our basic doctrine is that man is an end in himself and does not exist to be the tool of another's will. This does not mean that we propose to extend our ideas by force over any other land, but we insist on being unmolested, unthreatened, free from danger in our own way of life, which is in essence that for which the British are at war.

POEMS

FROM A PRISONER OF WAR

LANDFALL

(Norway, May 8, 1940)

SEE, this long land has sails of snow,
And at her craggy stem
The silver sheeny water parts in slow
White waves, that come and go
To blue again. We come
Not to admire, to know
The joy of her white solitude, to ride
With her adrift upon the breaking tide.
No, we are trespassers upon this world,
We, men in khaki, with our weapons held
Ready to kill. What right had any man
Ever to break this peace?
Here's no fit place
For our fierce rowdy farce to be performed.
Could men not leave *this* land unharmed?
Oh you indifferent mountains, ice, and snow,
Forgive us where we go,
Pardon our sinfulness in bearing arms
Across this land. Then let us come again,
When peace shall end this pain,
Here to atone for all our sacrilege.

ELEGY

(For T. J., killed May 10, 1940, at Hemnesberget)

REST now, rest: here's an end
To all your pain.
Rest, while we others spend
Our lives in vain.

Here in this spruce's shade
Where snow lies yet,
Alone now but unafraid
Rest, and forget.

About you the forest grows
Careless of you.
There's nothing here that knows
The ill men do.

Above, the white mountains rise
Past the dark hills:
There no man lives, nor dies,
There no man kills.

Rest in this solitude,
Rest, you who can.
No more do you intrude
As that fool, man.

THE PRISONER TO THE SINGING BIRD

(May 16, 1940)

SING on, sing on beyond the walls
That I within may know
Spring is in the woods again
Where you may go.

Sing on, sing on; then in my cage
I shall delight to hear
That you are glad and free out there —
So near, so near. . . .

SONNET (FOR M. B.)

(Germany, July 1940)

Now if I lay a match along the scale
And measure miles out on the map, how far
These six or seven inches say you are!
How many days by water, road, and rail!
The shaded hills are dark, the valleys pale, —
A green land that black spots of cities mar,
That crisscross railways, roads, and rivers bar, —
The lattice in the windows of a jail!
Close up the map, for not by miles, nor days,
Nor anything that maps or clocks can tell,
Can love be measured, or set far or near.
Close up the map: I see your brown eyes gaze
Deep into mine, your tousled hair I smell,
And all my spirit knows of you is here.

JOHN BUXTON

MRS. APPELYARD IN NOVEMBER

BY LOUISE ANDREWS KENT

[The author asserts that any resemblance between Mrs. Appleyard, members of her family, or other characters in this paper, and any real person or persons, including the Scandinavian, is purely coincidental, and she can't think how it happened.]

I

MRS. APPELYARD is about as tall as the Venus de Milo and weighs a little more. That is, of course, if the Venus were not made of whatever she is usually made of. In Mrs. Appleyard's youth it used to be plaster of Paris, and the Venus lurked in dark corners of parlors on Overbrook Hill. The Markhams' Venus — Mrs. Appleyard was Susan Markham — got broken when they moved in 1904. Mrs. Markham kept the head on the library mantelpiece with Mr. Markham's pipe, a Dresden potpourri jar containing tobacco, two brass candlesticks shaped like dragons, and a sepia photograph of Susan in her coming-out dress. There was also a vase with herons on it that supported — to a certain extent — three peacock's feathers. One of them had acute curvature of the spine.

From this inventory it may be gathered that Mrs. Appleyard is now old enough so that she still wears a hair net, and that she is too young to wear a black velvet ribbon edged with steel beads around her neck.

'I may take to it,' she says gloomily over her orange juice, 'but it will have to be baby ribbon. My neck's not long enough for a dowager.'

In this Mrs. Appleyard does herself an injustice. Her neck is quite long enough to reach from her chin to her collarbone.

Mr. Appleyard pointed this out to her and asked her what more she wanted.

'A neck like a swan, blue-white hair with a natural wave, an Appleyard nose — like yours, darling' (Mr. Appleyard tried to conceal a pleased expression by running his forefinger over the handsome aquiline outline of his profile) — 'a voice like a muted cello — I read that in a book — and a flashing green eye.'

'Which one?' asked Mr. Appleyard. 'You'd look like a traffic light. I like you as you are,' he added staunchly.

The nicest thing about Mrs. Appleyard is Mr. Appleyard.

His loyalty is cheering, but still she thinks it is a bad arrangement that people's eyes keep getting smaller and their ears larger. Just keep it up, she said, and we'd all be elephants.

The Appleyards live in a house that was too small for them when the children were small, and that is too big now that the children range in size from five feet four to six feet two. There are four of them. Standish is painting murals in a post office in Texas. Hugh teaches school in Arizona. Cicely is married to Tom Bradshaw, a young architect who would like to build those houses like boxes with inserts of cellophane, but generally has to design Colonial-Byzantine filling stations. Sally is away at college.

They are naturally very remarkable children. Even Mrs. Appleyard admits it, and she ought to know if anyone does. She has no favorite: she simply likes best

the one whom she happens to be thinking about. Of course she thinks about them most when they are the most trouble, so she loves them for some slightly odd reasons.

Stan has always been admired anywhere he happens to be for his wit and charm and good looks. He has that Appleyard nose before mentioned, very blue eyes under heavy black brows, and hair that sunburns in summer so that it is dusty gold. These, however, are not the assets that appeal to his mother. She loves him because in school he drew caricatures of the masters on the blackboard, and once filled his roommate's washbasin with strawberry Jello just before going home for the week-end.

Hugh earned affection with the world outside by sweetness of temper and strength and willingness to turn his clever hands to almost anything. Mrs. Appleyard did not undervalue these qualities, but what she really enjoyed most were Hugh's earaches and the struggle he had with fractions. Another thing about Hugh was that he was one of those adhesive children to whom dirt sticks at the slightest contact. And he made the Appleyards popular by building a cat hotel in the back yard.

Cicely was a frank and honest and friendly child, and the most companionable creature alive. She called herself to her mother's attention — and affection — by her habit of reading by whatever light was available: daylight, lamplight, candlelight, the light from a street lamp outside her window, or a flashlight under the bedclothes. She read in the bathtub too. Tom Bradshaw is still trying to break her of it.

Sally won public approval by playing hockey with the energy of several swarms of bees and by turning out verses at a minute's notice and by the effective use of a well-placed dimple. Her eyelashes have been favorably mentioned too. It is not for any such solid achievements that Mrs. Appleyard adores her youngest child, but because Sally has hives if she

eats cucumbers and because she scatters her garments over northern New England and refuses to drive a car, on the ground that she would rather be driven.

'Terrible children!' thought Mrs. Appleyard. 'How did they ever grow up?'

Well, they did, and people often say to Mrs. Appleyard: 'It must be lonely for you with all the children gone.'

Just to be annoying she will never admit that it is. She says that she is glad she doesn't have to bring them up any longer: they bring her up now instead. They drop in often enough from points south and west so that Cicely can censor her hats and Sally be firm about her shoes. Both are implacable about the relation between skirts and slips. 'Darling, I see you are wearing a slip,' is a remark that brings a blush to Mrs. Appleyard's cheek.

II

Somehow the first cold days in November always catch Mrs. Appleyard unawares. In spite of past experiences, the ground always manages to harden up before she gets all the narcissus bulbs planted. She wakes in that chilly hour before dawn and remembers that the radiator of the car has not had its winter cocktail. Threatening flakes of snow fly through the air before she recalls that there are such things as overshoes. She has always been mildly resentful of the fact that just when she would really like to start hibernating she has to indulge in the alert sport of hunting up the winter things.

Of course Mrs. Appleyard knows that there are people who file away the flotsam and jetsam left from last winter as carefully as if these interesting prizes were to be collected in the Athenæum. At least she has heard so. She has not, as a matter of fact, ever actually penetrated into one of those impeccable attics where the family property is stored in immaculate boxes of uniform size, classified, card-catalogued, shelf-listed, cross-indexed, and legibly labeled.

When any housekeeper tells about an attic like that, Mrs. Appleyard just takes it on faith. She simply pities anyone for such a monotonous arrangement; for after the first inertia is overcome, and she realizes that there is no use thinking that she can spend the winter before the fire pretending she is reading Pepys's *Diary*, she finds no occupation more thrilling than raising the family property from its summer slumber.

Each bundle is a mystery in itself. Why did she think, on that hot and steaming morning last June, that she would recognize Stan's hockey pads simply by the feeling of the parcel and the fact that it was in a paper decorated with Orphan Annie's unchanging countenance? Mr. Appleyard, she knew, liked the *Transcript*, in those happy days when there was a *Transcript*, or the *Times* for his property, asserting that they were better. That was why, a good many years ago, she thought that a certain flabby package must belong to him. It did, in fact, bear his initials in smeared red crayon. This was a thoughtful, if misleading, provision. When a small scarlet zipper suit slid out, she realized that Sally and Samuel began with the same letter and regretfully relinquished the idea of dressing Mr. Appleyard up as a miniature Santa Claus.

A minor disappointment was the idea that the bundle tastefully gift-wrapped in an episode in the life of 'Terry and the Pirates' might contain something for her own shivering form, and the subsequent discovery that a particularly sunbacked bathing suit of Cicely's was all, absolutely all.

The dark closet under the stairs always used to yield a rich harvest: mittens in groups of three, a plaid muffler, not stolen, but something she had certainly never seen before — just a tribute to her personal magnetism probably. Then there was that splendid, indeed almost unique, collection of overshoes — no two of the same size, shape, or color. Would Henry Ford like them for his museum

of transportation? Mrs. Appleyard wondered. Or would he prefer that particularly well-ventilated pair of rubber boots?

The dark closet was a kind of Appleyard calendar. You could always tell what time of year it was and how old the children were by taking soundings in it. Baseball gloves, tennis rackets, footballs, skates, marked the changing seasons. The children who had once shoved rubber lambs and fire engines into it had gone now, leaving ski poles and photographic enlargers behind them. Their names were on the labels under the four hooks on the door. Hugh's was barely legible. Mrs. Appleyard could remember the small beaver cap with the ear-lappets hanging there. And his first football helmet. And the Boy Scout hat. And the first gray hat like Mr. Appleyard's, worn to dancing school — under protest, of course.

The next hook was Cicely's. It used to have a brown velvet bonnet with a lace frill and mink fur hanging on it. Later a blue sailor's cap with H. M. S. *Valiant* on the ribbon. Then a scarlet beret from Paris. On her visit this year a wisp of gray fur and a velvet strap.

This was the hat Cicely left in the movies. She knew she must have dropped it beside her seat on the aisle. She has inherited this habit of dropping things in the movies from her dear mother. Mr. Appleyard has often had occasion to mention this trait. The usher went hunting for the hat with his flashlight, but he came back and announced in the pleased way that ushers have under these circumstances that there was no hat anywhere near any aisle seat. Cicely has also inherited a certain firmness of character — probably from her father. Mr. Appleyard is the man who single-handed made a certain restaurant restore the ancient custom of serving a piece of cheese with an éclair. His letters make Senators shake in their shoes. He is happiest when conducting a vendetta with a railroad or the telephone company. . . .

Cicely went down the aisle herself the second time, the usher, complete with flashlight, attending.

'There it is,' she said, pointing six rows ahead.

'I saw that before,' announced the usher in a hoarse whisper that drowned the voices on the screen. 'It's only a piece of dust.'

He may have been right, but anyway Cicely wore it home.

Mrs. Appleyard likes to think over the different phases of life in the dark closet. Once she put a bag of bananas there to ripen for Mr. Appleyard, who feels strongly about bananas. He thinks they ought to be ripened on the decks of schooners. No banana, he says, ought to know there is such a thing as ice in the world. Not having a schooner, Mrs. Appleyard has had satisfactory results with the dark closet. Sometimes Mr. Appleyard has said that one of its products tasted almost like a Vermont banana. It seems they grew a very fine type of banana in this remarkable state when Mr. Appleyard was a boy. Unfortunately, in dealing with this particular batch Mrs. Appleyard let two weeks elapse. No bananas, even in Vermont, can ever have been riper.

Mr. Appleyard was very nice about it. All he said was: 'If we got a bunch of deck-ripes and hung them in the kitchen, you wouldn't forget them.'

'I will buy a schooner and moor it in the bird bath,' Mrs. Appleyard said.

There is not much in the closet now but electric light bulbs and cameras and flower vases, but there are other well-stuffed places in the house. There is the old cedar chest with its pungent-smelling blankets and sweaters. Is there a color in the world that the Appleyard children have not had in sweaters? Mrs. Appleyard, in looking over this rainbow before distributing it to people the right size, decided that the only color lacking was that of mustard pickles. She found a silver porringer wrapped up in an orange sweater that had once been

Sally's. The linen closet yielded four silver candlesticks. Mr. Appleyard says it's the first place a burglar would look; she says they were successfully hidden from her, anyway. She thinks there may be something thrilling in the cellar, because there is no doubt that things move around in an uncanny way during the long, lonely summer days. It must be the heat or the humidity, or something.

III

When Thanksgiving arrives, Mrs. Appleyard is always thankful. For a good many years this has made her seem mildly eccentric, because for the most part the holiday has seemed to mean a good deal of indigestion and a small amount of thankfulness. The more people had, the less grateful they seemed. The Pilgrims were appreciative of a few squashes and pumpkins; grateful for the fact that their friends and families had not all died of plague and hunger, for their pleasant social relations with their red-skinned neighbors, for shelter, such as it was, from the ferocity of winter, for freedom to worship in their own way, and to make anyone who didn't very uncomfortable. For a good many years freedom, food, and shelter have been considered too much a matter of course to make much fuss over. It needed something really significant, such as an unexpected Picasso (what other kind is there?) or a new speedboat to arouse much enthusiasm.

Lately Mrs. Appleyard's attitude has become fashionable again. It is like the contents of her attic. No Appleyard ever throws anything away. It was in an Appleyard medicine chest that a bottle was found labeled: 'Calomel, I think.' They know that if you keep a thing long enough it comes back into fashion. What was junk to one generation is a priceless antique to the next but one.

Just now the Pilgrim heritage of thankfulness simply for warmth and food and friends and freedom is being taken out of

a good many mental attics, dusted, polished, and found to be a good piece of furniture. Mrs. Appleyard, though, was thankful all the time. Not from any superior virtue or even foresight, but because she belonged to a class that was always grateful on Thanksgiving Day — the mothers of football players. By dinnertime that day, in those happy regions where winter comes to the rescue, the season is over. The form of mayhem called hockey has not started, so many boys still have their front teeth. Mothers who can sit down with their families intact are as thankful to Providence as any pioneer woman who could look around her table and see her family clothed, fed, and miraculously preserved from sickness and savages.

There is a good deal of Spartan spirit in the mothers of football heroes, and just as much — more perhaps — in the mothers of those whose names and faces never occupy any space in the headlines. Probably there is not one woman who does not inwardly dread every play in which her son takes part; not one who sees a boy knocked out on the field without thinking, first, 'Is it Bill?' and then — if it is some other woman's son — 'How can she stand it?' Yet from the day that her boy goes into his first game — a small lumpy figure, all shoulder pads, his head almost swallowed in a cavernous helmet, his legs like pipe-stems in enormous boots — she keeps a calm face. Her attitude is always 'With your shield or upon it.' It is all she can do for him.

Both the Appleyard boys had come through without much damage. There was that concussion of Hugh's, of course, and his shoulder. Stan emerged from his education with nothing worse than a collarbone that had been broken and very well mended. Stan always claimed that football was a quiet, safe game; the time he broke his leg he was playing ping-pong. Stan was too light to play football in college — a circumstance that gave his mother a warm glow of pleasure

every time she thought of it. Hugh played. He was only a third-string end, but Mrs. Appleyard learned two plays — 'Mother's skull practice' was a Sunday afternoon diversion, in which the right end was supposed to catch a pass. Generally he didn't because of what Mrs. Appleyard could only interpret as personal spite on the part of the other team.

The other men on the field — except the officials in those ridiculous white rompers — always looked a good deal alike, but Mr. and Mrs. Appleyard could always pick out Hugh. Mr. Appleyard recognized Hugh once just by the back of his hand on another boy's shoulder. Mrs. Appleyard knew him by the way he moved and the way he held his head. Mud on the football field — like other dirt — always stuck to Hugh, and if there was a torn jersey on the field it was his. When he sat on the bench, she could tell him by the way his hair stuck up and by his eager but relaxed look. He was never strung tight like Stan.

Mrs. Appleyard did not look at Hugh quite all the time when he was on the bench. Until he began to warm up with that long, springy stride of his, she could enjoy the game. She liked the singing and the antics of the cheer leaders and the large drum that made so little noise when they played 'Wintergreen for President.' She liked the funny hats that the débutantes wore. (It never occurred to her that, if a débutante looked at her at all, she would think Mrs. Appleyard's last year's model was a funny hat!) She liked the cheerful plaids of tweed jackets. She also enjoyed the wrinkled trench coats, whichever side out they were, and often wondered whether the occupants slept in them or whether there was a special beauty parlor in Harvard Square in which the coats were treated in a permanent wrinkling machine. She liked the small girls with bands on their teeth and pigtails sticking out under tartan caps. She liked their fathers, looking benevolent in the coon-

skin coats they had had in college. She even — while Hugh was on the bench — enjoyed the play.

There is something savage in us all. The savage streak in Mrs. Appleyard took pleasure in the tense moment just before the whistle blew, in the strong, swiftly moving bodies, in the thud of feet, and in the hoarse roar of the crowd. The sound of the ball being kicked, the neatness of blocking and interference, the patterns of red and blue on the green and striped field, all helped to make her one of the crowd. When they yelled, so did she. She did not mean to. She simply would discover to her surprise that her mouth was open and that her own voice was part of that great roar.

Mr. Appleyard, of course, always knew what the shouting was for. His wife knew sometimes. At others she forgot the game entirely and watched the crowd. The scarlet jackets and the blue coats, the bright mufflers and the brown fur and the gray hats, the feathers and flowers and the pinkish tan of thousands of faces, would all fade, as the afternoon faded, into a sort of misty purple. Drifts of thin blue smoke would blow across it. Flares from cigarette lighters shone through it like lighthouses in a fog. No, not lighthouses. That was a steady flash. These lights danced and flickered like fireflies in a June mist.

The sun would go down in a clear sky behind the Stadium. They would all be in shadow, but up above them a silver plane would still gleam in the sunlight. People would watch it without thinking much about it except that it was like a fish floating in blue water — a flying fish that had a crimson tail which obligingly advised the hungry that there was food at somebody's Hi-Hat restaurant. Perhaps the spelling may have aroused hostility in some hearts other than Mrs. Appleyard's; but after all, quaintness in spelling, even in the air, is easier to forgive than some other air habits, and inattention was the harshest measure adopted toward it. The sound of its

motor would be loud for a moment; then the crowd would shout again and the noise of the plane would be lost. It would be only a faint drone in the distance when the cheering was over. Suddenly one of those eerie silences that are part of a big game would fall on the cheering crowd. It would last only a few seconds, but they would seem long, and while they dragged on the shadows would grow deeper.

It was in one of those silences that Mrs. Appleyard remembers seeing Hugh drop his blanket and run across the field. She saw his number jiggle up and down as he ran. It was a short number — not the long one he has now. Only football players had numbers then, and automobiles and telephones. Mrs. Appleyard never could remember the number of her car, but she has no difficulty with Hugh's draft number — 1893 — nor Stan's, 2407. She woke the other morning sure that she had just seen them both in large white letters on crimson. . . .

For her the game began with Hugh running on. The figures on the field became only one figure — that of a small boy who always used to smile through the worst earaches, who had a hard time learning to whistle and do geometry, who listened seriously to other people's troubles and never told his own, whose socks had such awful holes in them, and . . .

Mr. Appleyard was thumping her on the shoulder.

'Did you see that? He caught a pass — Hugh caught a pass — Hugh caught a pass!'

She could hear his voice through the cheering. In spite of all that skull practice, Mrs. Appleyard had missed it. She did not dare admit it. Fortunately everyone else in the Stadium had seen it. They were still yelling, so she did not have to speak. She looked at the clock on the score board.

'He's still all right. Only three more minutes to play. Three more minutes . . . and next week's Thanksgiving.'

DRAMA AT THE CROSSROADS

BY NORRIS HOUGHTON

I

OUT across the tableland of west Texas, where the gray-green mesquite sprawls along the earth and the arc of sky seems to fill much more than its half of the circle, thirty miles from Abilene lies Albany. Around it stretch ranch lands. Settled against the side of those promontories that rise and fall away again without rhyme or reason in the vast expanse of landscape stands a ranch house, its corrals close by. Twenty miles to the west or the east is another one. This is cattle country. Here and there is a black oasis; this is also oil country — but mostly cattle.

In Albany live two thousand people. There is a courthouse, with a broad expanse of gray-green grass and dirt, that stands in the centre of town. Along a wide, dusty street a couple of blocks of sand-colored two-story buildings face the courthouse.

Away from the centre a little, set among simple frame houses, are two churches. On the edge of town to the west are the oil company's derricks and engines and sheds; to the east are the houses where its workers live. On the other side of town is a railroad station. It is closed, for no trains come through Albany these days — except once in a while a night freight. Instead a big blue-and-silver Greyhound bus twice a day sweeps along the broad highway, bound for El Paso or Fort Worth.

The oil company and some of the cattle land are responsible for this story — at least for my knowing it. Together they

put money into the pockets of a few of Albany's families. In one of these was a serious lad who liked to study and seemed born for another kind of life than the ranch or the oil field. He was sent away — up north and east to a big preparatory school, and on to Princeton. There the theatre attracted him; modestly and quietly he worked backstage in his first two years, for he was not much of an actor. In his upper-class days he began to assume control, to be appreciated. He directed and became president of Princeton's Theatre Intime; he began to write plays. One, *Time of Their Lives*, was the undergraduate prize play in 1933; it was a drama of Princeton life, and because it has been unequaled for its humorous, compassionate portrayal of student days, it has been revived by every undergraduate generation since.

By the time this young man graduated, with a Phi Beta Kappa key on his watch chain, he knew he wanted to work in the theatre. But he did not go to Broadway, or to the Yale Drama School. Instead he turned back to the Southwest, and for a few years directed a little theatre in one of Texas's prosperous cities. But he was an honest young man and he did not like the pretentiousness of the people in the little theatre, who were self-consciously striving for culture for the sake of appearances, as it seemed to him; so back he went to Albany. Several years later a couple of Broadway directors, always searching for new material and having read or seen a revival of

Time of Their Lives at Princeton, sent a letter to the young Texan, asking him to write some plays again; they thought they could guarantee him Broadway productions. He replied that he was grateful for their interest but much too busy to pen any plays for Broadway.

As my train dragged across the hundreds of miles of treeless range from El Paso east to San Antonio, I looked out of the window and thought of Robert Nail — for that was the young man's name — and wondered what could so busily occupy anyone like him in this desolate no man's land. When I got to Dallas I took a plane and flew out to pay him a call.

That part of Texas, like all the Southwest, is rich in native lore. Indians, Mexicans, soldiers, settlers with their long-horn steers, the first oil prospectors — all this was only yesterday. The story of it is the stuff of which drama is made. Out of this young Nail fashioned a kind of poetic historical epic of the country and christened it a 'Fandangle.' The first one was given in the summer of 1938; in 1939 he wrote another, and in 1940 a third was produced. He would like to do five of them.

A Fandangle takes months of preparation, for not only must it be written, but there are dances to be arranged, parades organized, — all a part of the show, — lines to be rehearsed, music adapted, costumes, scenery, and properties devised, lighting equipment to be secured and set up. Two hundred and fifty people perform in the Fandangle: boys and girls from the high school, townspeople of every age, cowboys in off the ranches. As we walked down the street, a couple of ranch hands were leaning against a street lamp, their rolled cowboy sombreros tilted back to reveal their red leathery faces.

'Hi-ya, Bob,' they called.

'They rode in the last two Fandangles,' the young man told me.

'Who trains the dancers in their polkas and schottisches?' I asked.

'I do,' he replied.

'I didn't know you knew how to do that.'

'I didn't, but I learned. It's really easy, and lots of fun.'

'Who makes the costumes?' I inquired.

'I do,' he answered, 'with some of the women to help. It's funny how you can do all sorts of things you never thought you could when you have an incentive like this.'

The Fandangle takes place outdoors in the athletic field behind the school. Great boughs of mesquite and cottonwood are hauled in off the range to be set up as a background. There are covered wagons and horses galore, pioneers with broad-brimmed hats and sunbonnets, Indians in paint and feathers. Flowing through it all come the words of the young author's vibrant verse. There is only one performance, and the bleachers are filled to capacity with eighteen hundred people, some of them having driven in for miles across the plains.

The Fandangle is only one of the things that keep the young man too busy to write plays for Broadway. At Christmas time, in the larger of the churches, he produces a Nativity play which he also writes himself. I say the larger church, but it seats only two hundred; so ten performances are given in order that everyone in Albany and the surrounding ranches who wishes may have a chance to attend. Tickets are distributed free, so that the capacity will not be exceeded on any one evening. But word of the Nativity play has spread widely. It rained a good deal last Christmas time, nevertheless every night a crowd stood outside on the church steps for an hour or more in the drizzle, hoping that some of those who held tickets would not show up and they might get in.

The Fandangle is in June, but preparations begin in March; work on the Nativity play is started before Thanksgiving. Between times the young man writes a one-act play or two for the high school to enter in the state-wide drama

tournament. Then there are book reviews — *How Green Was My Valley* or *For Whom the Bell Tolls* — which he delivers from time to time to a crowd that packs the movie theatre.

'I don't know what we'd do here if Bob ever went away again,' said the superintendent of schools to me; 'but I guess you can see that for yourself.'

II

Nick Ray worked for the Resettlement Administration. Part of his job was to help people put on plays. One day while he was working in Alabama a letter came from the students in the white high school of a little town about forty miles south of Birmingham. It asked him to come down and help them put on a play. He replied that he'd come as soon as he could. When he got there he found himself in the heart of the Alabama coal mines — the toughest mining region in the country. The high-school class had all ages lumped together. He looked at them dubiously.

'What kind of show do you want to do?' he asked.

'Well,' they replied, 'we don't rightly know. We never did have one before.'

'Have you looked at the catalogues?' Nick inquired.

'Yes, but the stuff they talk about there sounds pretty silly. We had an idea maybe we could write our own — if you'd help us.'

'O. K. What do you want to make a play about?'

'We've been talking, and it seems like most of us'd like to have a show that would tell about some of the troubles of the Negroes hereabouts.'

That set Nick back on his heels: a white high school in the deep South wanting to write a play about the problems of the Negro! But if that was what they wanted — great! They set to work and composed a sort of scenario; around it they improvised dialogue. It lacked all literary quality, but it rang true. To-

gether they worked for several weeks. The time came for the performance.

Into the little hall were packed a crowd of tough, burly miners and their wives; little boys and girls darted in and out. Most of them, young and old alike, had never seen a play before. A sleazy curtain hung across one end of the hall to separate them from the stage. The problem of make-up had bothered the boys and girls: they didn't want to black their faces, and anyhow they hadn't the money for make-up. When the audience had assembled, one little boy came before the curtain to explain this.

'Everybody in the show is supposed to be black except the judge. Since you won't have any trouble telling which he is, and since everybody else is a Negro, we aren't any of us going to be black. Only you must remember that we're all supposed to be.'

Then the show began. It lasted for an hour. When the final curtains closed, there was a heavy pause. Then someone clapped. Soon the long, low room jammed with hot humanity was reverberating to applause, cheers, whistles. Suddenly someone yelled, 'We want to see it again!'

Nick went back to the youngsters. 'Do you want to do it again?' he asked.

'Sure!' they said. In ten minutes the performance was being repeated. No one had left the hall.

III

Concern for this real people's theatre, for the men, women, and children off the beaten path of culture, has prompted several state universities and certain other organizations to undertake the dissemination of drama to gatherings from the hamlets and the crossroads and the solitary farms.

Into the office of the University of Wisconsin's beautiful theatre came Marie Kellogg to tell me the story of the University's work out through that state. Mrs. Kellogg is one of the few full-time drama specialists in the country attached

to an agricultural college; for in this field we do not deal with a drama department, but with the Department of Rural Sociology in the College of Agriculture.

For years the University has held farm group meetings to discuss cattle breeding, dairy methods, soil enrichment, and allied agricultural problems. In 1926 playlets were introduced into these conference programs. As interest and enthusiasm in dramatics grew, Ethel G. Rockwell of the University Extension Division was pressed into service to help train people and to arrange a state-wide program of activity. Miss Rockwell has now retired and the work has reverted to the Rural Sociology Department.

This theatrical program is carried on through three organizations: the Farm Bureau, the Farmers' Equity Union, and the state Grange. Working through the County Agricultural Agents, Mrs. Kellogg and her colleagues reach into Homemakers' Clubs, Community Clubs, 4-H Clubs, and churches to bring the glad tidings of Thespis. The County Agents set up one-day institutes for Mrs. Kellogg in courthouses, normal schools, church basements — in any place large enough to hold the group of from fifteen to fifty who come to learn to be dramatic leaders. These institutes are repeated in the same spot every month or six weeks, so that in the course of a season there is time to bring up a number of subjects: choice of plays (which is a real problem throughout this field, where the maximum royalty that can be afforded is five dollars), casting, direction, and principles of stage movement, make-up, stage equipment, and scenery.

From these institutes the farm people (most of them women) go back to their clubs. As the days grow shorter and colder in the Wisconsin autumn and as the evenings grow longer, groups of boys and girls, men and women, gather in grange halls and schoolrooms and farm kitchens to make plans and rehearse for the state one-act play tournament. Approximately ninety plays are offered all

over the state in county contests and the best are brought to Madison for Farm and Home Week in January.

The gala opening of the Wisconsin Union Theatre was in October 1939, with the Theatre Guild production of *The Taming of the Shrew*. In January it was opened in a sense for the second time — this time to the people of Wisconsin. To celebrate the occasion the people gave a 'pastorale of Wisconsin rural life,' called . . . *Of Folks and Fields* — a play with music, in which a chorus of sixty and two hundred others participated. The program notes that 'this play seeks to demonstrate what rural people can create out of their own history and express for their own entertainment. Each of the three acts is played by rural community groups from different counties, yet preserving the continuity of "the Chester family"' whose life on Wisconsin's farm land through three generations became the theme of the play: 'the farm family, 1895; the community, 1928; youth, 1940.' Music and dance were provided by a Yuba band, Bohemian Folk Dancers, a student orchestra, the Cottage Grove P.T.A. Chorus, Sauk County Male Chorus, Dane County Farm Bureau Chorus.

I do not suggest that the theatre is more concerned with . . . *Of Folks and Fields* than with the Guild production of *The Taming of the Shrew*. This rural drama is new and young and halting; it stands unsteadily on spindling legs. To minds set upon Broadway and to tastes whetted by the Lunts it seems unfamiliar and easily shrugged off. I should not be surprised, however, if the theatre that rises from . . . *Of Folks and Fields* may in another ten years be as familiar an ingredient of American culture as adroit Theatre Guild productions. We cannot do without the Lunts; neither can we do without these spontaneous expressions of the people.

The story of Cornell's rural extension work in drama parallels Wisconsin's:

there is the same coöperation through 4-H Clubs, Farm and Home Bureaus, and occasionally the Grange; there are comparable institutes, except that Miss Mary Eva Duthie's are three-day affairs and sometimes as many as two hundred leaders attend — schoolteachers, ministers, farm wives; there are extension libraries, and play lists are sent out, as in Wisconsin. At Cornell, too, the dramatic program for these rural groups comes to a head during Farm and Home Week and during the 4-H Congress. The four best plays among the adult community drama groups of fifteen counties are presented, and the three best out of 250 4-H Clubs from thirty counties.

As early as 1919, Alexander Drummond was taking the Cornell Dramatic Club to the State Fair at Syracuse to give performances, in the hope that by that example rural communities might be stimulated to produce plays themselves. Mr. Drummond is a stickler for excellence. The choice of plays of many of these groups displeased him. When *Orville's Big Date*, *Aunt Jerushy on the War Path*, *When Paw Has a Fit*, *Who Gets the Car Tonight?* and plays of that kind were repeated year after year, Mr. Drummond felt that something should be done. The most desirable procedure, he felt, would be to persuade upstate New Yorkers to make use of their own rich material, the folklore indigenous to the mountains and valleys of the Empire State. Thus the New York State Play Project was established under a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation.

For the past three years a young playwright, Robert E. Gard, has worked on this project under Mr. Drummond's supervision. Mr. Gard has written a number of short plays himself or in collaboration with Mr. Drummond; the full-length *The Cardiff Giant* has been the most pretentious and successful of their collaborations. A number of plays have been submitted by various amateur dramatists inspired to the task by Mr.

Gard's field trips. These plays Mr. Gard has edited or revised or simply passed out in the form in which he received them.

Some idea of the results of the theatrical pioneering of Miss Duthie and Mr. Drummond may be gained from a survey conducted for three years by H. Darkes Albright at Cornell. For the purposes of his survey, Mr. Albright concentrated on the 'small community' — 'a village of less than five thousand population.' In 1939 he reported that there are in New York State's small communities a minimum of 2300 producing units yearly, and that they publicly present between four and five thousand plays. The number of active workers (that is to say, actors as well as production assistants) involved in these productions has, in recent years, approached thirty thousand annually.

Delaware is a tiny state; yet here in 1939 eight amateur theatre groups produced forty-five full-length plays and fifty one-act plays to an audience of thirty thousand; more than fifteen hundred persons took part. For much of this dramatic activity the University of Delaware at Newark is responsible. Through its Dramatic Centre, set up by a slight, energetic young man, Professor C. R. Kase, it ministers to the needs of high-school and community groups in the surrounding Delaware hills. In many other states the drama of the crossroads receives its stimulus from the campus. At the universities of Iowa, Indiana, Maine, Washington, and Oklahoma state-wide play festivals are encouraged and play-lending libraries and consultation services are offered.

It's a long jump geographically from tiny Delaware to vast Texas. Everything in the Lone Star State is on a big scale. Notwithstanding, I was startled to learn that 668 high schools, in 1940, competed in a state-wide one-act play contest, one of many in various fields conducted by the University Interscholastic League (again the state university

is the pivot) under the leadership of F. C. Winship, Director of Speech Activities. All over Texas these schools meet annually to present their plays. Judges select the eight best, which are brought to Austin; out of them a state winner is determined. Mr. Winship claims that as a result of this contest the production of plays in Texas high schools becomes an end in itself and does not, as often happens in other states, serve as a money-maker for some other cause.

Although it may be true, as critics of the contest idea claim, that the competition takes the emphasis off the values of play production and places it all on the idea of winning, nevertheless, under whatever circumstances so many schools are producing plays in any one state, more people are becoming aware of the stage than would otherwise be the case.

IV

The real pioneers in this movement to bring drama to the crossroads, the two men whose names are enrolled at the head of that band of missionaries who have devoted their lives to the cause of a true people's theatre, are Alfred G. Arvold and Frederick H. Koch. A consideration of their work forms a fitting conclusion to this study of rural and regional drama.

Mr. Arvold's headquarters are in Fargo at the North Dakota State Agricultural College. Upstairs in a Victorian brick-and-stone college building is the Little Country Theatre. From an unprepossessing institutionalized entrance one enters the simple hall; three stained-glass windows, gifts to the theatre, are its only relief; the stage is poor, and its equipment outmoded. Upstairs are several rooms fashioned to look like a log cabin; they are the workshops and social rooms of the Little Country Theatre. The walls and shelves are filled with souvenirs and curios, gifts to the theatre also. Downstairs in a big golden-

oak room is the theatre's loan library, containing thousands of plays.

This rather shabby spot Mr. Arvold looks upon with indulgent eyes as a thing of beauty. On its stage he recalls performances of plays like *Eyvind of the Hills* by young farm lads and girls who came to Fargo, as ninety-five per cent of his students do, never having seen a play at all. In the auditorium his mind's eye conjures up the rows of men and women in off the prairies to see his plays — rough farmers, with the names of that region: Peterson, Severson, Henrikson, Opgaard, Bjornhai, Skonnard. In the rooms above he remembers the informal community gatherings before the fire when he has told a circle of these same farmers what possibilities and impulses for drama lie in themselves.

The 'package library' is not for him just a collection of books to be loaned out. Each copy brings back from its wanderings some story familiar to Arvold — of a little gathering of Scandinavians in the New World plains arranging a home-talent show to present in a grange hall or church. Arvold recalls these gatherings so vividly because he has participated in hundreds of them, has been directly responsible for many. All year round he is off in his car to some outpost or other to hold a one, two, or four day drama institute. By day the women come, in the evening the men join them to hear Arvold read plays aloud to them, to have him tell them how to produce these plays, to listen to his encouragement of indigenous drama.

Sometimes Mr. Arvold stages the production himself. Shortly before I came to Fargo he had presented *Peer Gynt* at Fort Ransom, North Dakota, in a cow pasture, which he euphemistically called in the program 'The Hall of the Mountain King — a natural outdoor theatre.' There were fifty participants, and more than a thousand people assembled in the pasture to see the two performances. Neighboring farmers had blown out the stumps that cropped up in

the pasture where audience and actors needed flat ground.

Mr. Arvold is a real pageant-master. Harvest festivals, May Day celebrations (the non-political kind), lilac pageants, historical and patriotic programs, chase each other around his calendar every year. These are a wise brand to sell, for they require no individual excellence — just hundreds of willing people, big splashes of color, wide spaces, and a simple message as familiar with repetition as 'O, Beautiful for Spacious Skies.'

With Salvation Army enthusiasm Mr. Arvold believes in the country and country people. He has written: 'When the people who live in the small community and the country awaken to the possibilities which lie hidden in themselves through the impulse of a vitalized drama, they will not only be less eager to move to centres of population but will also be a force in attracting city folks to dwell in the country. The monotony of country existence will change into a newer, a more beautiful and a broader life.'

There is one thing about the story of the Little Country Theatre that disturbs me. Mr. Arvold is doing in 1941 just what he was doing in 1929. The missionary zeal and the dedicated faith with which he was serving the students at Fargo and the country people of North Dakota then are as strong today and are wonderful to behold. But I see few signs of progress. Perhaps that is too much to expect in this situation, where one man works single-handed in such a vast area and where there is such a dearth of developed talent; or perhaps I was too much influenced by the comments of a middle-aged, rough-knuckled Norwegian artist-farmer, who had come into Fargo the day I was there to hear Kirsten Flagstad sing. I admit he sounded like one of Job's comforters.

'Arvold is a fine fellow,' he murmured, 'and when he's around everybody is glad to do as he says. But he can't be everywhere at once, and when

he's gone nobody seems to be up to carrying on the kind of thing he says we ought to do to make ourselves happier.'

He paused and sighed. 'It's the young people,' he said, looking at me apologetically. 'They don't seem to like old-fashioned get-togethers any more. Instead of having home-talent shows and such, like Mr. Arvold talks about, they're always running off in twos and threes in cars or going ten miles to the nearest movie. They don't speak Norwegian much any more either; and the choirs in which we all used to take such pride in these parts — singing our folk tunes and Scandinavian airs — they've gone to pieces too because the young people don't care about singing together.'

To restore the flagging spirits of the reader, and of Mr. Arvold should he read this, I must record that I sat next to this Norse Jeremiah at Flagstad's concert that night. He was hearing her for the first time. When it was over, he turned to me sadly and said, 'It's too bad she hasn't a better voice.' . . .

Little, gray-haired, pipe-smoking Frederick H. Koch is such a master of publicity that the story of his 'Carolina Playmakers' manages to work its way into every account of the American nonprofessional theatre. I am consequently loath to reiterate its history and recount the usual anecdotes about 'Proff' Koch and his Playmaker colleagues during their twenty-year missionary campaign to bring the theatre to the natives of the North Carolina bush.

There is no doubt that the Carolina Playmakers, like the Little Country Theatre at Fargo, have had a profound effect on the lives of many untutored folk who would otherwise have never seen a play. Koch's attack has differed from Arvold's in several respects. In the first place, the Dakota leader has gone out into the field to produce plays with the people themselves. Mr. Koch puts his company of Playmakers into a truck and takes the show to the people. Probably the chief difference, however,

lies in the disregard Arvold has had, through lack of personal inclination or talent, for stimulating regional writing, as contrasted with Koch's almost fanatical obsession over original play material.

Mr. Koch believes firmly that 'anyone can write a play.' His corollary is 'Everyone should write a play.' The result has been a plethora of exceedingly bad stuff — vast fields of weeds; for while 'Proff' may be right in saying that 'anyone can,' certainly it is not at all clear that 'everyone should.' Nevertheless his enthusiasm has resulted in widespread awareness of theatre throughout the area in which he has worked. The Carolina Dramatic Association in 1940 included ninety-two member organizations, thirty-five of them directed by Koch graduates, and undoubtedly all of them called into being by his example and propulsion. That is a sizable output even after twenty-one years of tillage, for North Carolina is not a heavily populated state. That tillage has also resulted in basketloads of original plays, most of them one-act, to which the long published series of 'Carolina Folk Plays' bears testimony.

Mr. Koch's approach to playwriting is fundamentally sound and is the only possible basis on which native drama can be built: 'Write of what you know.' His constant preaching of this dictum and his long insistence on 'folk' material have earned him the right to be considered the archprophet of regional drama in this country: a drama devoted to portrayal of simple human experiences in whatever environment they occur.

The pivot around which the work at the University of North Carolina revolves is, as might be expected, playwriting. The courses in acting, directing, technical production, and historical background are neither numerous nor remarkable; the Playmakers' theatre is not above the average. Samuel Selden, who appears to be the power behind the Carolina throne, makes a stab at inculcating some standards of excellence,

but the soft-scented breezes of Chapel Hill and the aroma of 'Proff' Koch's pipe combine to work a critical lethargy for which there are but two antidotes.

The first of these is the presence at Chapel Hill of Paul Green. Most noted Playmaker alumnus, this ex-professor of philosophy, Pulitzer Prize dramatist, and ex-Hollywood scenarist is now on the faculty of the Drama Department to lead seminars in play and radio writing. Among all the artists of the theatre with whom I talked throughout the country, none had greater vision or wisdom than Paul Green. His playwriting is the epitome of all that Koch seeks in the theatre. To young people trying to follow Koch's precepts and in Green's footsteps to write of what they know in the simple folk tradition, the counsel and encouragement of such a master must be very precious.

The second valuable possession of the Carolina Playmakers has already been referred to: Mr. Koch's personal enthusiasm, which is pervasive and indomitable. After twenty-one years at Chapel Hill he retains a buoyancy and relish for the task that must be as great as the day he arrived.

Koch's enthusiasm is a match for Arvold's missionary zeal. In each case, however, it is combined with a joyous disregard for any kind of standard — a situation which I regard as too serious to be overlooked. The Carolina Playmakers have occasionally been compared with Ireland's Abbey Theatre. In so far as each has been concerned with the authenticity of folk expression and stimulating appreciation for native lore they are comparable. Each revealed to its countrymen the untapped resources of drama and poetry in the lives of the simple people among them. Beyond this the Abbey playwrights soared because they had the wings of genius. Except for Paul Green, the Carolina dramatists have remained on the ground, scratching in the earth in search of substitutes for poetry.

Is it simply dearth of genius that has prevented the Carolina Playmakers from releasing the contents of the Pandora's box they discovered? The constant reiteration of the fact of discovery is not enough. Perhaps there are other reasons why in their actual work Koch and his disciples have been unable to realize the folk-play dream adequately. Mr. Koch's own apparent lack of critical acumen, to which I have already alluded, stands in the way, I feel sure. Artistic discipline is not practised at Chapel Hill. William Peery, in an informal but penetrating portrait of Carolina playmaking,¹ puts his finger on several other weaknesses:—

Carolina folk drama has been too largely an escapist drama. . . . Professor Koch's student of the second generation no longer comes from the world portrayed in the first Carolina folk plays. He is a product of the consolidated school, a son of the radio and cinema. He can quote the batting average of every player in the American League. When Paul Green wrote his first play, it is reported, he had never seen a play performed. The present crop of student authors has been acting in plays since childhood. The Playmakers cannot for twenty years take their theatre, as they do in their annual tours, into the isolated hamlets of the state and expect those hamlets to remain dramatically inexperienced. North Carolina has been drama conscious for more than ten years—at the expense of the naïve wonder which made the early Carolina folk play so effective. 'Write what you know,' Professor Koch repeats, and I doubt that anyone will disagree with this part of his doctrine. But recent student authors do not know at first hand, and they are not a part of, the life with which Playmaker plays most commonly deal. They will have to face problems typical of today or lose that creative power of native materials which largely accounts for the success of folk movements in the past. . . .

Many early Playmaker efforts . . . through their strange beautiful dialect, their eccentricity of character, their anti-quarianism, and the earnestness with which

¹*Carolina Playmaking* won the Gray Essay Award of the Dramatists' Alliance at Stanford University in 1939. — AUTHOR

they were first acted, appealed strongly to audiences weary of superficial drama—without ever having to meet high standards of dramatic effectiveness.

Now, however, there remain few uninitiated audiences in North Carolina. . . . Playmaker audiences have seen many a comedy of mountain life, of preachers leaning too heavily on their jugs of corn liquor, of still operators 'het up t' git them revenooers'—comedies very close to farce because of exaggeration in speech and such character traits as punctuating one's sentences by spitting tobacco. Since Harold Williamson wrote *Peggy*, that ancestor of *Tobacco Road*, they have seen many a tragedy of the tenant farmer whose womenfolks 'crave purties' and whose children cry for 'a tech o' fat-back' to eat with their hominy. Shorn of his novelty, the typical folk character is no longer so interesting; the young author may no longer use him for a crutch to a play lacking structural backbone.

Elsewhere in his essay, Mr. Peery speaks of the 'confusion of life with art which has been characteristic of the Playmakers and of other folk writers. At Chapel Hill the stock rebuttal of any criticism of authenticity or motivation is: "But I used to know that man. He *did* do just that!"' This confusion is chronic among our recorders of folkways for the stage. But Synge and O'Casey never suffered from it.

My chief criticism of much of regional drama is that it exploits the idiosyncrasies of a locality without attempting to examine or express their causes. The value of regionalism in the art of a vast country like ours lies in its ability to interpret one part of our people to the rest of us. Most folk drama makes no effort at all to interpret; it is content to portray the superficial oddities of local behavior and to revel in its quaintness. Mr. Koch is right in challenging his disciples to look about them and find the ingredients of drama in their own experience and surroundings. He is wrong in thinking that any formless projection of those ingredients on the stage automatically makes a play.

'ARE THERE ANY QUESTIONS?'

BY JOHN MASON BROWN

I

TO a great many people a public lecture that is not followed by a question period seems less like a piece of apple pie without cheese than like a piece of cheese without any apple pie. And why not? Turnabout is fair play among adults no less than at a nursery school.

The group silence maintained by an audience for an hour or more, and mistaken by the lecturer for interest, is against nature. It may delude the speaker into believing that because he has stilled a sea of upturned faces he has succeeded where King Canute failed. But the waves roared at Demosthenes. And, though audiences are better behaved and far more patient, they too are anxious to be heard from.

The question period is increment, overdue though still golden, which their silence has earned them. No wonder they look forward to it. Then it is that the real fireworks can begin. Then it is that the listeners have at last their chance to turn their hoses on Old Faithful. Then it is that the atmosphere changes from toga to slacks, from Stephen A. Douglas to Brother Bones, from Delphi to the trial of Warren Hastings.

The lecturer now stands noteless before all who choose to remain, his prepared speech finished, and ready for the worst — really looking forward to it. For that, of course, as Mr. Galsworthy put it, is where the fun comes in.

It is seldom slow in coming.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' says the chairman, or 'Ladies' or 'Gentlemen,' de-

pending upon the time and the place. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' repeats the chairman, using the gavel as forcefully as Lincoln must have swung his axe in his rail-splitting days — 'Ladies and gentlemen, may I have your attention? I know it is late — very late — and you have other things to do. But, if any of you wish to stay, will those of you who want to go go now as quietly as possible because Mr. — Mr. — uh — Brown says he will be glad to answer some questions. Won't you, Mr. Brown?'

Whereupon an exodus of Biblical proportions occurs. It has begun before the chairman, after nodding encouragement in your direction, has stepped up to the lectern. Indeed, it has begun the moment, your peroration reached and your bow made, you have been so foolhardy as to turn your back on the audience and walk to the throne-chair.

By the time you are seated, the noise which you had hoped was applause proves to be mainly the scraping of chairs being pushed back and the stomping of feet up the aisles. 'No questions tonight, unless I ask myself some,' you mutter, peering at your shoes as if you had never worn any before and doing your best to seem unconcerned. When you do gather enough courage to look up, you discover that, although a large portion of the audience may have escaped, some of it has stayed behind.

'These good people,' you whisper to yourself, 'are the bright ones — the real seekers after knowledge.' What you

have forgotten is the rain or the snow outside, and the fact that most of those who now face you were trained in their youth to wait patiently for the Wild West Show after the circus in the hope of seeing the freaks again. A few people stand at the back or cluster at the exits, anxious to go, yet reluctant to miss anything if anything is at last going to happen.

II

When the auditorium finally enjoys a quiet such as the prairies must have known after the passage of a thundering herd of buffalo, the chairman settles down to his third public task of the evening. The first of these is, of course, the introduction. The second is trying to serve the audience as a model not only by staying awake during the lecture but by reacting to it, sometimes with disconcerting conscientiousness, while sitting on the stage. Last but not least (to make a new edition of Bartlett unnecessary) comes the matter of raffling off the questions.

Now question periods, like men and women since the Garden, are apt to take one of two forms. Either those who want an answer raise their hands, and voices, face to face with the cornered lecturer, or a batch of written questions, as anonymous as so many Australian ballots, is gathered by the ushers and read aloud at random by the chairman.

Both of these methods have their advantages and their drawbacks. In the case of the thrust direct, the shyness that can overtake the questioner puts him at a decided disadvantage. When order has finally been gained after the hurly-burly of the first tribal migration through the doors, sheer embarrassment can so hush those who do remain that the auditorium sounds as if it were pausing in honor of Armistice Day.

The chairman feels this too. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he begins very amiably, 'are there any questions?' Had he asked if anyone present would like to

give the speaker all his life savings, the silence could not be more stubborn.

'Ladies and gentlemen, I say are there any questions?' By the time he has repeated this twice the chairman cannot be blamed if his voice has taken on the tones of an exasperated auctioneer.

Again the audience is noiseless. By now, however, it has begun to show definite signs of life. Heads are turning with that regular rhythm with which faces rotate at a tennis match. Everyone is looking at the person next to him, urging him or her, with many smothered giggles, to spring up with a poser. And everyone so prodded wears that look of misery which can distort your neighbor's face when you have begged him to heed a magician's call for volunteers.

'Very well, then,' the chairman blurts out, with just the slightest show of irritation, after another silence during which no one has jumped up. 'Very well, then. Since nobody seems to have been interested enough in what Mr. Brown was saying to put him a question, I will ask him one.'

The pause this time is a short one. It comes to a dead end when the chairman, after a moment of agony, smiles and turns directly to you as you rise to join him at the lectern. 'Mr. Brown,' says he with the expression of a man who knows he is inspired, 'Mr. Brown, just what do you think of the movies — that is to say the motion pictures — versus the stage?'

This kind of thing can always be counted upon to start the ball rolling. And rolling it soon gets going, even if the roll is uphill in the Sisyphus manner. By the time you have tried to answer this one as if you had never tried to answer it before, and when both you and the chairman have come through the ordeal unscathed, the shyer people out front have gradually regained at least a part of their courage. Their voices have come back like Enoch Arden, even if, like Enoch Arden, they are still peeping through the windows. Little by little,

after so long and polite a silence, they are reacquiring the speech habit.

A little gray-haired lady in the tenth row wins the chairman's grateful eye. Her hand has slowly fluttered upward, and no less slowly she has raised herself to follow it.

'Mr. Chairman,' she asks in a voice muffled by such fear as has not possessed her vocal cords since at assembly fifty years ago she had to recite 'Crossing the Bar' before the whole school. 'Mr. Brown said, I believe, that he admired Miss Fontanne's Katharine?'

'That's right.'

'Mr. Chairman,' continues the little lady, gaining by the syllable in confidence, and suddenly changing from hummingbird to eagle before everyone's eyes. 'Mr. Chairman' — by now her tones are the resolute ones with which once she fought for suffrage — 'Mr. Chairman, I should like to ask Mr. Brown if he ever saw Ada Rehan in the part? . . . He didn't!' All her timidity has left her. With the triumphant look of a prosecutor who, after winking at the jury, wheels upon the defense to say, 'The witness is yours,' she adds, 'That's all I wanted to know,' and sits down. At this her contemporaries laugh and applaud, while her young neighbors can be heard murmuring, 'Who? What? Who?'

The applause proves so much gasoline both to the little lady's courage and to her curiosity. In a moment she is up on her feet again. 'One other thing, Mr. Chairman,' she says, her eyes sparkling. 'I should like to ask Mr. Brown if he thinks the actors and actresses of today are as good as the players were fifty years ago?'

When you have replied to this as best you can, other questions follow. If most of them are friendly in spirit and in phrasing, it is because the theatre as a subject is not, of course, the hornet's nest of controversy that world affairs, politics, economics, birth control, dietetics, play schools, and flower arrangements are. Since it is a realm where

opinions are facts, and the ultimate right is what each theatregoer finds right for himself, men and women are inclined when discussing the stage, or hearing it discussed, to let another person feed without interference upon the meat which to them is poison. They may hope he chokes, but they are not inclined to tire their own hands speeding him on his way.

Hence it is that the police are summoned with only moderate frequency to defend the admirers of Tallulah Bankhead from the champions of Walter Hampden. Hence it is that no pickets surround those halls in which Chekhov, Odets, George S. Kaufman, and Dodie Smith are being praised or damned; that the constables can — and do — indulge in siestas when Ina Claire is being described as a better comedienne than Bette Davis; that the riot squads are able to catch up with their reading of Proust when Mr. Saroyan and Miss Hellman are being compared; and that, even when they do meet socially, those Montagues and Capulets — the Gielgud girls and the Evans boys — raise their thumbs no higher than to bite them.

For theatre lovers are possessed unconsciously of the wisdom which was painfully acquired by a formidable New York dowager who once had the temerity to cross swords at an opening night with Alexander Woollcott in his reviewing days.

'Mr. Woollcott,' demanded the dowager, obstructing the aisle so that he could not escape, 'what do you think of Miss So-and-So's performance?'

'I think she is excellent,' the good doctor said. 'Excellent — but I think Mr. Blank is every bit as good.'

This not being the reply she had expected, the dowager was infuriated. Mobilizing her physique, she turned upon Mr. Woollcott to snarl, 'After all, that's only your opinion!'

To which Mr. Woollcott's answer was the final one. 'What did you expect, madame — my hair combings?'

Accordingly, it is in an atmosphere for the most part as full of peace as Father Divine's Krum Elbow that such questions as 'Do you agree with Orson Welles on the subject of Orson Welles?' and 'Do you think a little girl of five would enjoy *Panama Hattie*?' and 'In your opinion would Noel Coward's plays have been different if he had married?' are batted back and forth between the lecturer on the drama and those members of his audience who, when his hour has come to an end, have found their voices.

III

That is, of course, unless — as sometimes happens — a man or woman is in the house whose mother was frightened by Marc Antony. It is these non-union speechifiers, these self-starting Ciceros, these uninvited keynoters, who, under the mask of standing up to ask a question, suddenly erupt (with gestures) into endless philippics of their own. There is no mistaking these speakers who are their own managers and audiences. Shyness is not one of their attributes. As the platform is their goal, they like to sit near the front. While 'the speaker of the evening' is talking they pay as much attention to him as a leading actor does to the fiddlers who are scraping out the overture. They are too busy rehearsing their own carefully prepared addresses to have ears for anyone else. They don't want to ask anything. They have something to say.

'Mr. Chairman!' they call, their eyes rolling with frenzy, their voices a cross between Daniel Webster's and Willie Stevens's, and their notes tucked behind their backs. 'Mr. Chairman!'

But the chairman, knowing them all too well from previous sessions, looks the other way. To him they seem not men and women but dreaded ectoplasms. He no more sees them than Macbeth's guests spied Banquo at the banquet. 'Mr. Chairman!' they continue, eyeing the audience as Danton must have sur-

veyed the Convention. The audience mutters, sometimes going so far in its forgetfulness of Emily Post and the Bill of Rights as to cry, 'Sit down,' 'Throw him out,' 'Shut up.'

'Mr. Chairman, is this the United States of America or is it not?'

The chairman, well aware of his Rand McNally, is sorrowfully compelled to admit it is.

'Oh, you, Mr. Ventrelibre,' he says, much as a judge might recognize an old offender. His tones would have chilled anyone else, but not Mr. Ventrelibre.

'Mr. Chairman,' continues Mr. Ventrelibre, whose name is legion, 'as an American citizen I demand the right to be heard.'

And heard he is, while you and the chairman get so tired of standing that finally you have to sit down, and while those in the audience who have remained for the question period begin to run, not walk, to the nearest exits.

One way of silencing Mr. Ventrelibre is to applaud him from the stage in the middle of a sentence in which he has made no point. The audience, being on your side if for no other reason than that, having listened patiently to one lecture, it refuses to listen to another, particularly to one it has heard before, soon takes the applause up. Sometimes this drowns Mr. Ventrelibre out. If it does not, there is nothing for you and the chairman to do but wait until the hall has been emptied, and then steal out, leaving the floor to Mr. Ventrelibre, and both the floor and Mr. Ventrelibre to the janitor to be mopped up.

IV

Written questions do more than muzzle the Ventrelibres of this world. They make it possible for the shyest member of an audience to get a hearing. Moreover, the fact that those inquisitive white slips are given to the ushers unsigned, and that no handwriting experts are on

the stage, can provoke the men and women responsible for them to an audacity and a frankness they could scarcely be expected to achieve were they required to stand right up in meeting and demand answers to some of the things they have on their minds.

Usually the chairman serves these written questions as their editor, censor, and transmitter. His job is not an easy one. Although it has its pleasant aspects, such as being able to peruse at home the questions he has thought best to suppress in public, it calls for quick decisions. It requires a talent for reading scrawls of all kinds with a winnowing eye. It involves protecting the lecturer from those people who have grown so accustomed to trying to stump the experts on 'Information, Please' that they now go to lectures in the hope of collecting a set of the *Britannica* from the speaker during the question period. It necessitates a hasty scanning and discarding of the hurriedly written essays which sometimes bob up with question marks put in where periods should have gone. It means keeping the interests of the Parent-Teacher Association and Legion of Decency in mind, along with the sensibilities of the visiting lecturer, who, after all, is a guest, even though paid instead of paying. In short, it demands a gift for placating while inciting which amounts to being able to wave a

red flag as politely as if it were a white one.

It is when the chairman blushes, and reaches for the speaker's glass of water while quickly tucking a slip of paper into his pocket, that both the audience and the lecturer can be certain that they have been cheated of a hot one. The audience will never hear it. But, if the chairman is a genial soul, the speaker will. Thereafter he will stand both in the writer's and in the chairman's debt.

Although I have tried to answer a good many questions, written and spoken, in my time, my favorite still remains the written one read to me by a professor who was serving as chairman at a university where I had talked about Shakespeare, Maxwell Anderson, and High Tragedy. In such an atmosphere I expected, needless to say, to be asked to discuss the differences between Aristotle and Sime Silverman, to compare the three Greek versions of the Electra story with O'Neill's, or at least to expatiate upon the advantages of blank verse over the Alexandrine as means of expressing the dilemmas and ecstasies of the human spirit. But no — that question which was sent up to the professor to be read was scribbled by a person in search of more practical knowledge.

'Will the speaker,' it demanded, 'be so good as to give me Carmen Miranda's telephone number?'

LITERARY CRITICISM AND HISTORY¹

BY EDMUND WILSON

I

I WANT to talk about the historical interpretation of literature—that is, about the interpretation of literature in its social, economic, and political aspects.

To begin with, it will be worth while to say something about the kind of criticism which seems to be furthest removed from this. There is a kind of comparative criticism which tends to be non-historical. The criticism of T. S. Eliot, which has had such an immense influence in our time, is an example of this. Eliot sees, or tries to see, the whole of literature, so far as he is acquainted with it, spread out before him under the aspect of eternity. He then compares the work of different periods and countries, and tries to draw from it general conclusions about what literature ought to be. He understands, of course, that our point of view on literature changes, and he has what seems to me a very sound conception of the whole body of writing of the past as something to which new works are continually being added, and which is not merely increased in bulk thereby but modified as a whole—so that Sophocles is no longer precisely what he was for Aristotle, or Shakespeare what he was for Ben Jonson or for Dryden or for Dr. Johnson, on account of all the later literature that has intervened between them and us. Yet at every point of this continual accretion, the whole field may be surveyed, as it were, spread out before the critic. The critic tries to see it as God might; he calls the books to a Day

of Judgment. And, looking at things in this way, he may arrive at interesting and valuable conclusions which could hardly be reached by approaching them in any other way. Eliot was able to see, for example, — what I believe had never been noticed before, — that the French symbolist poetry of the nineteenth century had certain fundamental resemblances to the English poetry of the age of Donne. Another kind of critic would draw certain historical conclusions from these purely æsthetic findings, as the Russian D. S. Mirsky did; but Eliot does not draw them.

Another example of this kind of non-historical criticism, in a somewhat different way and on a somewhat different plane, is the work of the late George Saintsbury. Saintsbury was a connoisseur of wines; he wrote an entertaining book on the subject. And his attitude toward literature, too, was that of the connoisseur. He tastes the authors and tells you about the vintages; he distinguishes the qualities of the various wines. His palate was as fine as could be, and he possessed the great qualification that he appreciated a great many kinds of writing. He was a man of strong social prejudices and peculiarly intransigent political views, but, so far as it is humanly possible, he kept them out of his literary criticism. The result is one of the most agreeable commentaries on literature that have ever been written. Most scholars who have read as much as Saintsbury don't have Saintsbury's dis-

¹ A lecture delivered at Princeton University.

criminating taste. Saintsbury has been over the whole ground like any academic historian; but his account of it is not merely a chronology: it is a record of fastidious enjoyment. Since enjoyment is the only thing he is looking for, he does not need to know the causes of things, and the historical background of literature does not interest him very much.

II

There is, however, another tradition of criticism that dates from the beginning of the eighteenth century. In 1725, the Neapolitan philosopher Vico published *La Scienza Nuova*, a revolutionary work on the philosophy of history, in which he asserted for the first time that *the social world was certainly the work of man*, and attempted what is, so far as I know, the first social interpretation of a work of literature. This is what Vico says about Homer: 'Homer composed the *Iliad* in his youth — that is, in the youth of Greece. Greece was then all aflame with sublime passions, with pride, anger and vengeance. These sentiments are incompatible with dissimulation and do not exclude generosity; Greece admired Achilles, *the hero of force*. Homer composed the *Odyssey* when he was old, when the passions of the Greeks were beginning to be cooled by reflection, the mother of prudence. Greece now admired Ulysses, *the hero of prudence*. In the time of Homer's youth, the pride of Agamemnon, the insolence and barbarity of Achilles, were what was pleasing to the peoples of Greece. In the time of its old age, they already liked the luxury of Alcinous, the delights of Calypso, the sensuous pleasures of Circe, the songs of the sirens and the pastimes of the lovers of Penelope. How could one possibly assign to the same age manners so completely dissimilar? Plato is so much impressed by this difficulty that, not knowing how to resolve it, he pretends that in his divine transports of poetic enthusiasm Homer was able to

foresee the effeminate and dissolute life of the future. But isn't this to attribute the height of imprudence to him whom he presents as the founder of Greek civilization? To publish an account of such manners before they existed, even though one condemned them at the same time, wouldn't this be to teach people to imitate them? Let us agree rather that the author of the *Iliad* must have long preceded the author of the *Odyssey* — that the former, who came from the northeastern part of Greece, sang of the Trojan War, which had taken place in his part of the country; whereas the latter, who had been born in the southeastern part, celebrated Ulysses, who reigned in that part of the world.'

You see that Vico has here explained Homer in terms both of historical period and of geographical origin. The idea that human arts and institutions were to be studied and elucidated as the products of the geographical and climatic conditions in which the people who created them lived, and of the phase of their social development through which they were passing at the moment, made great progress during the eighteenth century. There are traces of it even in Dr. Johnson, that most orthodox and classical of critics — as, for example, when he accounts for certain characteristics of Shakespeare by the relative barbarity of the age in which he lived, pointing out just as Vico had done that 'nations, like individuals, have their infancy.' And by the eighties of the eighteenth century Herder, in his *Ideas on the Philosophy of History*, was writing of poetry that it was a kind of 'Proteus among the people, which is always changing its form in response to the languages, manners, and habits, to the temperaments and climates, nay, even to the accents of different nations.' He said — what could still seem startling even so late as that — that 'language was not a divine communication, but something men had produced themselves.' In the lectures on the philosophy

of history that Hegel delivered in Berlin in 1822-1823, he discussed the great national literatures as expressions of the societies which had produced them — societies which he regarded as great organisms continually transforming themselves under the impulsion of dominant ideas.

In the field of literary criticism, this historical point of view came to its first complete flower in the work of the French critic Taine, in the middle of the nineteenth century. The whole school of historian-critics to which he belonged — Michelet, Renan, Sainte-Beuve — had been occupied in interpreting books in terms of their historical origins. But Taine was the first to try to apply these principles systematically and on a large scale to a work exclusively devoted to literature. In the Introduction to his *History of English Literature*, published in 1863, he made his famous pronouncement that works of literature were to be understood as the upshot of three interfusing factors: the moment, the race, and the milieu. Taine thought he was a scientist and a mechanist who was examining works of literature from the same point of view as the chemist in experimenting with chemical compounds. But the difference between the critic and the chemist is that the critic cannot first combine his elements and then watch to see what they will do: he can only examine phenomena which have already taken place. What Taine actually does is pretend to set the stage for the experiment by describing the moment, the race, and the milieu, and then say, 'Such a situation demands such a kind of writer.' He now goes on to describe the kind of writer that the situation demands, and at the end of the description we discover that we are confronted with Shakespeare or Milton or Byron, or whoever the great figure is — who turns out to prove the accuracy of Taine's prognosis by precisely fitting the description.

There is thus an element of imposture in Taine; but it is a lucky thing that

there is. If he had really been the mechanist that he thought he was, his work on literature would have had little value. The truth was that Taine loved literature for its own sake — he was at his best an excellent artist himself; and he had very strong moral convictions which give his writing emotional power. His mind, to be sure, was an analytic one; and his analysis, though terribly oversimplified, does have an explanatory value. Yet his work was what we call creative. Whatever he may say about chemical experiments, it is evident when he writes of a great writer that the moment, the race, and the milieu have combined, like the three sounds of the chord in Browning's poem about Abt Vogler, to produce not a fourth sound but a star.

III

To Taine's set of elements was added, dating from the middle of the century, a new element, the economic, which was introduced into the discussion of historical phenomena mainly by Marx and Engels. The non-Marxist critics themselves were at the time already taking into account the influence of the social classes. In his chapters on the Norman conquest of England, Taine shows that the difference between the literature of the Normans and the literature produced by the Saxons was partly the difference between a ruling class, on the one hand, and a vanquished and oppressed class, on the other. And Michelet in his volume on the Regency, which was finished the same year that the *History of English Literature* was published, studies *Manon Lescaut* as a document representing the point of view of the small gentry before the French Revolution. But Marx and Engels derived the social classes from the way that people made or got their livings — from what they called the *methods of production*; and they tended to regard these economic processes as fundamental to human civilization.

The Dialectical Materialism of Marx and Engels was not really so materialistic as it sounds. There was in it a large element of the Hegelian idealism that Marx and Engels thought they had got rid of. At no time did they take so mechanistic a view of things as Taine began by professing; and their theory of the relation of works of literature to what they called the *economic base* was a good deal less simple than Taine's theory. They thought that art, politics, religion, philosophy, and literature belonged to what they called the *superstructure* of human activity; but they saw that the practitioners of these various departments tended also to constitute social groups, and that they were always pulling away from the kind of solidarity based on economic classes to establish a professional solidarity of their own. Furthermore, the activities of the superstructure could influence one another, and they could influence the economic base.

It may be said of Marx and Engels in general that, contrary to the popular impression, they were modest, confused, and groping where a materialist like Taine was cocksure. Marx once made an attempt to explain why the poems of Homer were so good when the society that produced them was from his point of view — that is, from the industrial point of view — so primitive; and this gave him a good deal of trouble. If we compare his discussion of this problem with Vico's discussion of Homer, we see that the explanation of literature in terms of a philosophy of social history has become less instead of more simple.

Marx and Engels were deeply imbued, moreover, with the German admiration for literature, which they had learned from the age of Goethe. It would never have occurred to either of them that *der Dichter* was not one of the noblest and most beneficent of humankind. When Engels writes about Goethe, he presents him as a man equipped for 'practical life' whose career was frustrated by the

'misery' of the historical situation in the Germany of his time, and reproaches him for allowing himself to lapse into the 'cautious, smug, and narrow' philistinism of the class from which he came; but Engels regrets this because it interfered with the development of the 'mocking, defiant, world-despising genius, *der geniale Dichter, der gewaltige Poet*,' of whom Engels would not even, he says, have asked that he should have been a political liberal if he had not sacrificed to his bourgeois shrinkings his truer æsthetic sense. And the great critics who were trained on Marx — Franz Mehring and Bernard Shaw — had all this reverence for the priesthood of literature.

Shaw deplores the lack of political philosophy and what he regards as the middle-class snobbery in Shakespeare; but he admires his poetry as much as Swinburne did, and describes even those potboiling comedies, *Twelfth Night* and *As You Like It*, — the themes of which seem to him most contemptible, — as 'the Crown Jewels of English dramatic poetry.' Such a critic does far more for a writer by showing him a real man in a real world at a definite moment of time than the impressionist critic like Swinburne who flourished in the same period of the late nineteenth century. The purely impressionist critic approaches the whole of literature as an exhibit of belletristic jewels, and he can only write a rhapsodic catalogue. But Bernard Shaw was able to do for Shakespeare what perhaps no other critic had done: give him a new vitality and meaning for the men of his own day.

IV

The insistence that the man of letters should play a political rôle, the disparagement of works of art in comparison with political action, were thus originally no part of Marxism. They only became associated with it later. This happened by way of Russia, and it was due to

special tendencies in that country that date from long before the Revolution or the promulgation of Marxism itself. In Russia there have been very good reasons why the political implications of literature should be particularly emphasized by the critics. The censorship of Nicholas I was certainly one of the factors which stimulated the marvelous art of implication of Pushkin, an art which set the tradition for most of the great Russian writers that followed him. Every play, every poem, every story, must be a parable of which the moral is implied. If it were stated, the censor would suppress the book, as he tried to do with *The Bronze Horseman* of Pushkin, where it was merely a question of the packed implications protruding a little too plainly. Up to the Revolution and right down through the plays and stories of Chekhov, the imaginative literature of Russia presents the peculiar paradox of an art which is technically objective and yet charged with a dynamic significance. In Russia under the Tsar, all social criticism was necessarily political because the most urgent necessity from the point of view of the intelligentsia was to get rid of the Tsarist régime.

Even the neo-Christian moralist Tolstoy, who pretends to be non-political, leads inevitably to politics, too, because his preaching will embroil him with the Church, and the Church is an integral part of the Tsardom. His pamphlet called *What Is Art?* — in which he throws overboard Shakespeare and a large part of modern literature, including his own novels, in the interests of his intransigent morality — is the example which is most familiar to us of the moralizing Russian criticism; but it was only the most sensational expression of a kind of approach which had been prevalent since Belinsky and Chernyshevsky in the early part of the century. The critics, who were usually journalists writing in exile or in a contraband press, were always demanding of

the imaginative writers that they should illustrate bolder morals.

After the Revolution occurred, this situation did not change. The old habits of censorship persisted in the new socialist society of the Soviets, which was necessarily made up of people who had been stamped by the die of the old despotism. We find the peculiar phenomenon of a series of literary groups attempting one by one to obtain official recognition or to make themselves sufficiently powerful so that they could establish themselves as the arbiters of literature. Lenin and Trotsky and Lunacharsky had the sense to oppose these attempts: the comrade-dictators of Proletcult or Lev or Rapp would certainly have been just as bad as the Count Benckendorff who made Pushkin miserable, and when the Stalin bureaucracy, after the death of Gorky, got control of this department as of everything else, they instituted a system of repression that made Benckendorff and Nicholas I look like Lorenzo de' Medici. In the meantime Trotsky, himself a great political writer, who had always had an interest in belles-lettres, attempted in 1924, apropos of one of these movements, to clarify the situation. He wrote a brilliant and important book called *Literature and Revolution*, in which he explained the aims of the government, analyzed the work of the Russian writers, and praised or rebuked the latter as they seemed to him in harmony or conflict with the former.

Trotsky is intelligent, sympathetic; it is evident that he is really fond of literature and that he knows that a work of art does not fulfill its function in terms of the formulas of party propaganda. But Mayakovsky, the Soviet poet, whom Trotsky had praised with reservations, made a famous joke when he was asked what he thought about Trotsky's book — a pun which implied that a Commissar turned critic was unmistakably a Commissar still; and what a foreigner cannot accept in Trotsky is his assump-

tion that it is the duty of the government to take a hand in the direction of literature.

This point of view, indigenous to Russia, has been imported to other countries through the permeation of Communist influence. The Communist press and its literary followers have reflected the control of the Kremlin in all the phases through which it has passed, down to the wholesale imprisonment of Soviet writers which has been taking place since 1935. But it has never been a part of the American system that our Republican or Democratic administration should lay down a political line for the guidance of the national literature; and as long as we happily remain a non-totalitarian country we can very well do without this aspect of the historical criticism of literature.

V

Another element of a different order has, however, since Marx's time been added to the historical study of the origins of works of literature. I mean the psychoanalysis of Freud. This appears as an extension of something which had already got well started before, which had figured even in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and of which the great exponent had been Sainte-Beuve: the interpretation of works of literature in the light of the personalities behind them. But the Freudians made this interpretation more exact and more systematic. The great example of the psychoanalysis of an artist is Freud's own essay on Leonardo da Vinci; but this is pretty much an attempt to reconstruct a straight case history. The best example I know of the application of Freudian analysis to literature is in Van Wyck Brooks's book, *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, in which Brooks uses an incident of Mark Twain's boyhood as a key to his whole career. He has been loudly attacked for this by Bernard DeVoto, and he has himself since repudiated the general method on the ground that nobody

but an analyst can ever know enough about a writer to make a valid psychoanalytic diagnosis. This is true, of course; and the method has led to bad results where the critic has built a Freudian mechanism out of very slender evidence, and then given us merely a romance based on its supposed working instead of a real study of the writer's life and work. But I believe that Brooks really had hold of something when he fixed upon that incident of which Mark Twain gave so vivid an account to his biographer — that scene at the deathbed of his father when his mother made him promise that he would not break her heart. If it was not one of those crucial happenings from which the complexes of Freud are supposed to stem, it has certainly a typical significance in relation to Mark Twain's whole psychology. The stories that people tell about their childhood are usually profoundly symbolic even when they have been partly or wholly made up in the light of later experience. And the attitudes, the compulsions, the emotional 'patterns' that recur in the work of a writer are of the greatest interest to a critic.

These attitudes and patterns are embedded in the community and the historical moment, and they may indicate its ideals and its diseases as the cell shows the condition of the tissue. The recent scientific experimentation in the combining of Freudian with Marxist method, and of psychoanalysis with anthropology, has had its parallel development in criticism. There is thus another element added to our equipment for analyzing literary works, and the problem grows still more complex.

The analyst, however, is of course not concerned with the comparative values of his patients any more than the surgeon is. He cannot tell you why the neurotic Dostoevsky produces work of immense value to his fellows while another man with the same neurotic pattern would become a public menace. Freud himself emphatically states in his

study of Leonardo that his method does not make any attempt to account for Leonardo's genius. The problems of comparative value remain after we have investigated the Freudian psychological factor just as they do after we have given due attention to the Marxist economic factor and the racial and geographical factors. No matter how thorough and complete our explanations of works of literature may be from the historical and biographical points of view, we must be ready to try to estimate the relative degrees of success attained by the products of the various periods and the various personalities in some such way as Eliot and Saintsbury do. We must be able to tell good from bad, the first-rate from the second-rate. We shall not otherwise write literary criticism at all, but merely social or political history as reflected in literary texts, or psychological case histories from past eras, or, to take the historical point of view in its simplest and most academic form, merely chronologies of books that have been published.

And now how, in these matters of literary art, do we tell the good art from the bad? Norman Kemp Smith, the Kantian philosopher, whose courses I was fortunate enough to take at Princeton twenty-five years ago, used to tell us that this recognition was based primarily on an emotional reaction. For purposes of practical criticism this is a safe assumption to go on. It is possible to discriminate in a variety of ways the elements that in any given department go to make a successful work of literature. Different schools have at different times demanded different things of literature: *unity, symmetry, universality, originality, vision, inspiration, strangeness, suggestiveness, improving morality, socialist realism*, and so forth. But you could have any set of these qualities that any school of writing demanded and still not have a good play, a good novel, a good poem, a good history. If you identify the essence of good literature with any one of these elements or with any com-

bination of them, you simply shift the emotional reaction to the recognition of the elements. Or if you add to your other demands the demand that the writer must have *talent*, you simply shift this recognition to the talent. Once people find some grounds of agreement in the coincidence of their emotional reactions to books, they may be able to discuss these elements profitably; but if they do not have this basic agreement the discussion will make no sense.

How, you may ask, are we to distinguish this élite who know what they are talking about? They are self-appointed and self-perpetuating, and they will compel you to accept their authority. Impostors may try to put themselves over, but these impostors will not last. The position of the people who understand writing (as is also the case in every other art) is simply that they know what they know, and that they are determined to impose their opinions by main force of eloquence or assertion on the people who do not know.

VI

But what is the *cause* of this emotional reaction which is the critic's divining rod? This question has long been an object of study by the branch of philosophy called *Æsthetics*, and it has recently been made a subject of scientific experimentation. Both these kinds of investigation are likely to be prejudiced in the eyes of the critic by the fact that they are often carried on by persons who are themselves obviously deficient in literary taste. Yet one should not deny the possible value of explorations in this domain by men of acute minds who take as their given data the æsthetic emotions of other men.

Almost everybody interested in literature has tried to explain these emotions to himself; and I of course have my own explanation.

In my view, all our intellectual activity, in whatever field it takes place, is an attempt to give a meaning to our ex-

perience — that is, to make life more practicable; for by understanding things we make it easier to survive and get around among them. Euclid, working in a convention of abstractions, shows us relations between the distances of our unwieldy and cluttered-up environment upon which we are able to count. A drama by Sophocles also indicates relations between the various human impulses, which appear so confused and dangerous, and brings out a certain justice of Fate — that is to say, of the way in which the interaction of these impulses is seen in the long run to work out — upon which we can also count. The kinship, from this point of view, of the purposes of science and art appears particularly clearly with the Greeks, because not only do both Euclid and Sophocles satisfy us by making patterns, but they make very much the same kind of patterns. Euclid's *Elements* takes simple theorems and by a series of logical operations builds them up to a climax in the square of the hypotenuse. A typical tragedy of Sophocles does much the same kind of thing.

Some writers (as well as some scientists) have a more specific message: not content with such an effort as that of Sophocles to make life appear more sensible, and hence to make it more bearable, they try, like Plato, to explain the conditions for making it something different and better. Other kinds of literature, such as Sappho's lyrics, have less philosophical content than Sophocles. A lyric gives us nothing but a pattern imposed on the expression of a feeling; but this pattern of metrical quantities and of balancing consonants and vowels has the effect of reducing the feeling, however unruly or painful it may seem when we experience it in the course of our life, to something orderly, symmetrical, and pleasing. It also relates it to the more comprehensive scheme, works it into the larger texture, of the body of poetic art. The discord has been resolved, the anomaly subjected to disci-

pline. And this control of his emotion by the poet has the effect at second hand of making it easier for the reader to manage his own emotions. (Why certain sounds and rhythms gratify us more than others, and how they are related to the ideas which they are selected as appropriate for conveying, are questions that may be passed on to the scientist.)

And this brings us back to the historical point of view. The experience of mankind is always changing; and the writer who is to be anything more than an echo of his predecessors must always find expression for something which has not yet been expressed, must master new phenomena which have never yet been mastered. With each such victory of the human intellect, whether in the language of philosophy or the language of poetry, we experience a deep satisfaction: we have been cured of some ache or disorder, relieved of some oppressive burden of uncomprehended events.

This relief that brings the sense of power, and, with the sense of power, joy, is the emotion which tells us when we are in the presence of a first-rate piece of literature. But, you may say, are not people often solaced and rejoiced by literature of the trashiest kind? They are: crude and limited people do certainly feel some such emotion in connection with work that is limited and crude. The man who is more highly organized and has a wider intellectual range will feel it in connection with work that is finer and more complex. The difference between the emotion of the more highly organized man and the emotion of the less highly organized one is merely a matter of gradation. There are certain books that seem to mark exactly the grade between the definitely superior and the definitely inferior — the novels of John Steinbeck, for example. When I was speaking a little while back of the experts who establish the standards of taste, I meant the people who can distinguish Grade A and who prefer it to the other grades.

THE AURELIAN

BY VLADIMIR NABOKOV

I

LURING aside one of the trolley-car numbers, the street started at the corner of a crowded avenue. For a long time it crept on in obscurity, with no shop windows or any such joys. Then came a small square (four benches, a bed of pansies) round which the trolley steered with rasping disapproval. Here the street changed its name, and a new life began. Along the right side, shops appeared: a fruiterer's, with vivid pyramids of oranges; a tobacconist's, with the picture of a voluptuous Turk; a delicatessen, with fat brown and gray coils of sausages; and then, all of a sudden, a butterfly store. At night, and especially when it was damp, with the asphalt shining like the back of a seal, passers-by would stop for a second before that symbol of fair weather. The insects on exhibit were huge and gorgeous. People would say to themselves, 'What colors — amazing!' and plod on through the drizzle. Eyed wings wide open in wonder, shimmering blue satin, black magic — these lingered for a while, floating in one's vision, until one boarded the trolley or bought a newspaper. And, just because they were together with the butterflies, a few other objects would remain in one's memory: a globe, pencils, and a monkey's skull on a pile of copy-books.

As the street blinked and ran on, there followed again a succession of ordinary shops — soap, coal, bread — with another pause at the corner where there was a small bar. The bartender, a dash-

ing fellow in a starched collar and a green sweater, was deft at shaving off with one stroke the foam topping the glass under the beer tap; he also had a well-earned reputation as a wit. Every night, at a round table by the window, the fruiterer, the baker, an unemployed man, and the bartender's first cousin played cards with great gusto. As the winner of the current stake immediately ordered four drinks, none of the players could ever get rich.

On Saturdays, at an adjacent table, there would sit a flabby elderly man with a florid face, lank hair, and a grayish moustache, carelessly clipped. When he appeared, the players greeted him noisily without looking up from their cards. He invariably ordered rum, filled his pipe, and gazed at the game with pink-rimmed watery eyes. The left eyelid drooped slightly.

Occasionally someone turned to him, and asked how his shop was doing; he would be slow to answer, and often did not answer at all. If the bartender's daughter, a pretty freckled girl in a polka-dotted frock, happened to pass close enough, he had a go at her elusive hip, and, whether the slap succeeded or not, his gloomy expression never changed, although the veins on his temple grew purple. Mine host very humorously called him 'Herr Professor.' 'Well, how is the Herr Professor tonight?' he would ask, coming over to him, and the man would ponder for some time in silence and then, with a wet underlip pushing

out from under the pipe like that of a feeding elephant, he would answer something neither funny nor polite. The bartender would counter briskly, which made the players at the next table, though seemingly absorbed in their cards, rock with ugly glee.

The man wore a roomy gray suit with great exaggeration of the vest motif, and when the cuckoo popped out of the clock he ponderously extracted a thick silver watch and gazed at it askance, holding it in the palm of his hand and squinting because of the smoke. Punctually at eleven he knocked out his pipe, paid for his rum, and, after extending a flaccid hand to anyone who might choose to shake it, silently left.

He walked awkwardly, with a slight limp. His legs seemed too thin for his body. Just before the window of his shop he turned into a passage, where there was a door on the right with a brass plate: PAUL PILGRAM. This door led into his tiny dingy apartment, which could also be reached by an inner corridor at the back of the shop. Eleanor was usually asleep when he came home on those festive nights. Half a dozen faded photographs of the same clumsy ship, taken from different angles, and of a palm tree that looked as bleak as if it were growing on Helgoland, hung in black frames above the double bed. Muttering to himself, Pilgram limped away into bulbless darkness with a lighted candle, came back with his suspenders dangling, and kept muttering while sitting on the edge of the bed and slowly, painfully, taking off his shoes. His wife, half-waking, moaned into her pillow and offered to help him; and then, with a threatening rumble in his voice, he would tell her to keep quiet, and repeated that guttural '*Ruhel*' several times, more and more fiercely.

After the stroke which had almost killed him some time ago (like a mountain falling upon him from behind just as he had bent towards his shoestrings), he now undressed reluctantly, growling

until he got safely into bed, and then growling again if the faucet happened to drip in the adjoining kitchen. Eleanor would roll out of bed and totter into the kitchen and totter back with a dazed sigh, her small face wax-pale and shiny, and the plastered corns on her feet showing from under her dismally long nightgown. They had married in 1905, almost a quarter of a century before, and were childless because Pilgram had always thought that children would be merely a hindrance to the realization of what had been in his youth a delightfully exciting plan but had now gradually become a dark, passionate obsession.

He slept on his back with an old-fashioned nightcap coming down on his forehead; it was to all appearances the solid and sonorous sleep that might be expected in an elderly German shopkeeper, and one could readily suppose that his quilted torpor was entirely devoid of visions; but actually this churlish, heavy man, who fed mainly on *Erbswurst* and boiled potatoes, placidly believing in his newspaper and quite ignorant of the world (in so far as his secret passion was not involved), dreamed of things that would have seemed utterly unintelligible to his wife or his neighbors; for Pilgram belonged, or rather was meant to belong (something — the place, the time, the man — had been ill-chosen), to a special breed of dreamers, such dreamers as used to be called in the old days 'Aurelians' — perhaps on account of those chrysalids, those 'jewels of Nature,' which they loved to find hanging on fences above the dusty nettles of country lanes.

On Sundays he drank his morning coffee in several sloppy sessions, and then went out for a walk with his wife, a slow silent stroll which Eleanor looked forward to all week. On workdays he opened his shop as early as possible because of the children who passed by on their way to school; for lately he had been keeping school supplies in addition to his basic stock. Some small boy,

swinging his satchel and chewing a sandwich, would slouch past the tobacconist's (where a certain brand of cigarettes offered airplane pictures), past the delicatessen (which rebuked one for having eaten that sandwich long before lunch-time), and then, remembering he wanted an eraser, would enter the next shop. Pilgram would mumble something, sticking out his lower lip from under the stem of his pipe, and, after a listless search, would plump down an open carton on the counter. The boy would feel and squeeze the virgin-pale India rubber, would not find the sort he favored, and would leave without even noticing the principal wares in the store.

'These modern children!' Pilgram would think with disgust, and he recalled his own boyhood. His father — a sailor, a rover, a bit of a rogue — married late in life a sallow-skinned, light-eyed Dutch girl whom he brought from Java to Berlin, and opened a shop of exotic curios. Pilgram could not remember now when, exactly, butterflies had begun to oust the stuffed birds of paradise, the stale talismans, the fans with dragons, and the like; but as a boy he already feverishly swapped specimens with collectors, and after his parents died butterflies reigned supreme in the dim little shop. Up to 1914 there were enough amateurs and professionals about to keep things going in a mild, very mild, way; later on, however, it became necessary to make concessions, a display case with the biography of the silkworm furnishing a transition to school supplies, just as in the old days pictures ignominiously composed of sparkling wings had probably been a first step towards lepidopterology.

Now the window contained, apart from penholders, mainly showy insects, popular stars among butterflies, some of them set on plaster and framed — intended merely for ornamenting the home. In the shop itself, permeated with the pungent odor of a strong disinfectant, the real, the precious collections were

kept. The whole place was littered with various cases, cartons, cigar boxes. Tall cabinets contained numerous glass-lidded drawers filled with ordered series of perfect specimens impeccably spread and labeled. A dusty old shield or something (last remnant of the original wares) stood in a dark corner. Now and then livestock would appear: loaded brown pupæ with a symmetrical confluence of delicate lines and grooves on the thorax, showing how the rudimentary wings, feet, antennæ, and proboscis were packed. If one touched such a pupa as it lay on its bed of moss, the tapering end of the segmented abdomen would start jerking this way and that like the swathed limbs of a baby. The pupæ cost a Reichsmark apiece and in due time yielded a limp, bedraggled, miraculously expanding moth. And sometimes other creatures would be temporarily on sale: just then there happened to be a dozen lizards, natives of Majorca, cold, black, blue-bellied things, which Pilgram fed on meal worms for the main course and grapes for dessert.

II

He had spent all his life in Berlin and its suburbs; had never traveled farther than Peacock Island on a neighboring lake. He was a first-class entomologist. Dr. Rebel of Vienna had named a certain rare moth *Agrotis pilgrami*; and Pilgram himself had published several descriptions. His boxes contained most of the countries of the world, but all he had ever seen of it was the dull sand-and-pine scenery of an occasional Sunday trip; and he would be reminded of captures that had seemed to him so miraculous in his boyhood as he melancholically gazed at the familiar fauna about him, limited by a familiar landscape, to which it corresponded as hopelessly as he to his street. From a roadside shrub he would pick up a large turquoise-green caterpillar with a china-blue horn on the last ring; there it lay quite stiff on the palm of his hand, and presently, with a sigh,

he would put it back on its twig as if it were some dead trinket.

Although once or twice he had had the chance to switch to a more profitable business — selling cloth, for instance, instead of moths — he stubbornly held on to his shop as the symbolic link between his dreary existence and the phantom of perfect happiness. What he craved for, with a fierce, almost morbid intensity, was to net *himself* the rarest butterflies of distant countries, to see them in flight with his own eyes, to stand waist-deep in lush grass and feel the follow-through of the swishing net and then the furious throbbing of wings through a clutched fold of the gauze.

Every year it seemed to him stranger that last year he had not managed somehow to lay aside enough money for at least a fortnight's collecting trip abroad, but he had never been thrifty, business had always been slack, there was always a gap somewhere, and, even if luck did come his way now and then, something was sure to go wrong at the last moment. He had married counting heavily on a share in his father-in-law's business, but a month later the man had died, leaving nothing but debts. Just before the war, an unexpected deal brought a journey to Algeria so near that he even acquired a sun helmet. When all travel stopped, he still consoled himself with the hope that he might be sent to some exciting place as a soldier; but he was clumsy, sickly, not very young, and thus saw neither active service nor exotic Lepidoptera. Then, after the war, when he had managed again to save a little money (for a week in Zermatt, this time), the inflation suddenly turned his meagre hoard into something less than the price of a trolley-car ticket.

After that he gave up trying. He grew more and more depressed as his passion grew stronger. When some entomological acquaintance happened to drop in, Pilgram was only annoyed. 'That fellow,' he would think, 'may be as learned as the late Dr. Staudinger, but he has

no more imagination than a stamp collector.' The glass-lidded boxes over which both were bending gradually took up the whole counter, and the pipe in Pilgram's sucking lips kept emitting a wistful squeak. Pensively he gazed at the serried rows of delicate insects, all alike to you or me, and now and then he tapped on the glass with a stubby forefinger, stressing some special rarity. 'That's a curiously dark aberration,' the learned visitor might say. 'Eisner got one like that at an auction in London, but it was not so dark, and it cost him fourteen pounds.' Painfully sniffing with his extinguished pipe, Pilgram would raise the box to the light, which made the shadows of the butterflies slip from beneath them across the papered bottom; then he would put it down again, and, working in his nails under the tight edges of the lid, would shake it loose with a jerk and smoothly remove it. 'And Eisner's female was not so fresh,' the visitor would add, and some eavesdroppers coming in for a copybook or a postage stamp might well wonder what on earth these two were talking about.

Grunting, Pilgram plucked at the gilded head of the black pin upon which the silky little creature was crucified, and took the specimen out of the box. Turning it this way and that, he peered at the label pinned under the body. 'Yes — Tatsienlu, East Tibet,' he read. 'Taken by the native collectors of Father Dejean' (which sounded almost like 'Prester John') — and he would stick the butterfly back again, right into the same pinhole. His motions seemed casual, even careless, but this was the unerring nonchalance of the specialist: the pin, with the precious insect, and Pilgram's fat fingers were the correlated parts of one and the same flawless machine. It might happen, however, that some open box, having been brushed by the elbow of the visitor, would stealthily begin to slide off the counter — to be stopped just in the nick of

time by Pilgram, who would then calmly go on lighting his pipe; only much later, when busy elsewhere, he would suddenly produce a moan of retrospective anguish.

But not only averted crashes made him moan. Father Dejean, stout-hearted missionary climbing among the rhododendrons and snows, how enviable was thy lot! And Pilgram would stare at his boxes and puff and brood and reflect that he need not go so far: that there were thousands of hunting grounds all over Europe. Out of localities cited in entomological works he had built up a special world of his own, to which his science was a most detailed guidebook. In that world there were no casinos, no old churches, nothing that might attract a normal tourist. Digne in Southern France, Ragusa in Dalmatia, Sarepta on the Volga, Abisko in Lapland — those were the famous sites dear to butterfly collectors, and this is where they had poked about, on and off, since the fifties of the last century (always greatly perplexing the local inhabitants). And as clearly as if it were a reminiscence Pilgram saw himself troubling the sleep of a little hotel by stamping and jumping about a room through the wide-open window of which, out of the black generous night, a whitish moth had dashed in and was kissing its shadow all over the ceiling.

In these impossible dreams of his he visited the Islands of the Blessed, where in the hot ravines that cut the lower slopes of the chestnut- and laurel-clad mountains there occurs a weird local race of the Cabbage White; and also that other island, those railway banks near Vizzavona and the pine woods farther up, which are the haunts of the squat and dusky Corsican Swallowtail. He visited the far North, the arctic bogs that produced such delicate downy butterflies. He knew the high Alpine pastures, with those flat stones lying here and there among the slippery matted grass; for there is no greater delight than to lift

such a stone and find beneath it a plump sleepy moth of a still undescribed species. He saw glazed Apollo butterflies, ocellated with red, float in the mountain draft across the mule track that ran between a steep cliff and an abyss of wild white waters. In Italian gardens in the summer dusk, the gravel crunched invitingly underfoot, and Pilgram gazed through the growing darkness at clusters of blossoms in front of which suddenly there appeared an Oleander Hawk, which passed from flower to flower, humming intently and stopping at the corolla, its wings vibrating so rapidly that nothing but a ghostly nimbus was visible about its streamlined body. And best of all, perhaps, were the white heathered hills near Madrid, the valleys of Andalusia, fertile and wooded Albarracin, whither a little bus driven by the forest guard's brother groaned up a twisted road.

He had more difficulty in imagining the tropics, but experienced still keener pangs when he did, for never would he catch the loftily flapping Brazilian Morphos, so ample and radiant that they cast an azure reflection upon one's hand, never come upon those crowds of African butterflies closely stuck like innumerable fancy flags into the rich black mud and rising in a colored cloud when his shadow approached — a long, very long, shadow.

III

'Ja, ja, ja,' he would mutter, nodding his heavy head, and holding the case before him as if it were a beloved portrait. The bell over the door would tinkle, his wife would come in with a wet umbrella and a shopping bag, and slowly he would turn his back to her as he inserted the case into the cabinet. So it went on, that obsession and that despair and that nightmarish impossibility to swindle destiny, until a certain first of April, of all dates. For more than a year he had had in his keeping a cabinet devoted solely to the genus of those small

clear-winged moths that mimic wasps or mosquitoes. The widow of a great authority on that particular group had given Pilgram her husband's collection to sell on commission. He hastened to tell the silly woman that he would not be able to get more than seventy-five marks for it, although he knew very well that, according to catalogue prices, it was worth fifty times more, so that the amateur to whom he would sell the lot for, say, a thousand marks would consider it a good bargain. The amateur, however, did not appear, though Pilgram had written to all the wealthiest collectors. So he had locked up the cabinet, and stopped thinking about it.

That April morning a sunburned, bespectacled man in an old mackintosh and without any hat on his brown bald head sauntered in, and asked for some carbon paper. Pilgram slipped the small coins paid for the sticky violet stuff he so hated to handle into the slit of a small clay money pot, and, sucking on his pipe, fixed his stare into space. The man cast a rapid glance round the shop, and remarked upon the extravagant brilliancy of an iridescent green insect with many tails. Pilgram mumbled something about Madagascar. 'And that — that's not a butterfly, is it?' said the man, indicating another specimen. Pilgram slowly replied that he had a whole collection of that special kind. 'Ach, was!' said the man. Pilgram scratched his bristly chin, and limped into a recess of the shop. He pulled out a case, and laid it on the counter. The man pored over those tiny vitreous creatures with bright orange feet and belted bodies. Pilgram pointed with the stem of his pipe to one of the rows, and simultaneously the man exclaimed: 'Good God — *uralensis!*' and that ejaculation gave him away. Pilgram heaped box after box on the counter as it dawned upon him that the visitor knew perfectly well of the existence of this collection, had come for its sake, was, as a matter of fact, the rich amateur Sommer, to whom he had writ-

ten and who had just returned from a trip to Venezuela; and finally, when the question was carelessly put, — 'Well, and what would the price be?' — Pilgram smiled.

He knew it was madness; he knew he was leaving a helpless Eleanor, debts, unpaid taxes, a store at which only trash was bought; he knew that the nine hundred and fifty marks he might get would permit him to travel for no longer than a few months; and still he accepted it all as a man who felt that tomorrow would bring dreary old age and that the good fortune which now beckoned would never again repeat its invitation.

When finally Sommer said that on the fourth he would give a definite answer, Pilgram decided that the dream of his life was about to break at last from its old crinkly cocoon. He spent several hours examining a map, choosing a route, estimating the time of appearance of this or that species, and suddenly something black and blinding welled before his eyes, and he stumbled about his shop for quite a while before he felt better. The fourth came and Sommer failed to turn up, and, after waiting all day, Pilgram retired to his bedroom and silently lay down. He refused his supper, and for several minutes, with his eyes closed, nagged his wife, thinking she was still standing near; then he heard her sobbing softly in the kitchen, and toyed with the idea of taking an axe and splitting her pale-haired head. Next day he stayed in bed, and Eleanor took his place in the shop and sold a box of water colors. And after still another day, when the whole thing seemed merely delirium, Sommer, a carnation in his buttonhole and his mackintosh on his arm, entered the store. And when he took out a wad, and the banknotes rustled, Pilgram's nose began to bleed violently.

The delivery of the cabinet and a visit to the credulous old woman, to whom he reluctantly gave fifty marks, were his last business in town. The much more

expensive visit to the traveling agency already referred to his new existence, where only butterflies mattered. Eleanor, though not familiar with her husband's transactions, looked happy, feeling that he had made a good profit, but fearing to ask how much. That afternoon a neighbor dropped in to remind them that tomorrow was the wedding of his daughter. So next morning Eleanor busied herself with brightening up her silk dress and pressing her husband's best suit. She would go there about five, she thought, and he would follow later, after closing time. When he looked up at her with a puzzled frown and then flatly refused to go, it did not surprise her, for she had long become used to all sorts of disappointments. 'There might be champagne,' she said, when already standing in the doorway. No answer — only the shuffling of boxes. She looked thoughtfully at the nice clean gloves on her hands, and went out.

Pilgram, having put the more valuable collections in order, looked at his watch and saw it was time to pack: his train left at 8.29. He locked the shop, dragged out of the corridor his father's old checkered suitcase, and packed the hunting implements first: a folding net, killing jars, pillboxes, a lantern for mothing at night on the sierras, and a few packages of pins. As an afterthought he put in a couple of spreading boards and a cork-bottomed box, though in general he intended to keep his captures in papers, as is usually done when going from place to place. Then he took the suitcase into the bedroom and threw in some thick socks and underwear. He added two or three things that might be sold in an extremity, such as, for instance, a silver tumbler and a bronze medal in a velvet case, which had belonged to his father-in-law.

Again he looked at his watch, and then decided it was time to start for the station. 'Eleanor!' he called loudly, getting into his overcoat. As she did not reply, he looked into the kitchen. No, she was

not there; and then vaguely he remembered something about a wedding. Hurriedly he got a scrap of paper and scribbled a few words in pencil. He left the note and the keys in a conspicuous place, and with a chill of excitement, a sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach, verified for the last time whether the money and tickets were in his wallet. '*Also los!*' said Pilgram, and gripped the suitcase.

But, as it was his first journey, he still kept worrying nervously whether there was anything he might have forgotten; then it occurred to him that he had no small change, and he remembered the clay money pot where there might be a few coins. Groaning and knocking the heavy suitcase against corners, he returned to his counter. In the twilight of the strangely still shop, eyed wings stared at him from all sides, and Pilgram perceived something almost appalling in the richness of the huge happiness that was leaning towards him like a mountain. Trying to avoid the knowing looks of those numberless eyes, he drew a deep breath and, catching sight of the hazy money pot, which seemed to hang in mid-air, reached quickly for it. The pot slipped from his moist grasp and broke on the floor with a dizzy spinning of twinkling coins; and Pilgram bent low to pick them up.

IV

Night came; a slippery polished moon sped, without the least friction, in between chinchilla clouds, and Eleanor, returning from the wedding supper, and still all atingle from the wine and the juicy jokes, recalled her own wedding day as she leisurely walked home. Somehow all the thoughts now passing through her brain kept turning so as to show their moon-bright, attractive side; she felt almost light-hearted as she entered the gateway and proceeded to open the door, and she caught herself thinking that it was surely a great thing to have

an apartment of one's own, stuffy and dark though it might be. Smiling, she turned on the light in her bedroom, and saw at once that all the drawers had been pulled open; she hardly had time to imagine burglars, for there were those keys on the night table and a bit of paper propped against the alarm clock. The note was brief: 'Off to Spain. Don't touch anything till I write. Borrow from Sch. or W. Feed the lizards.'

The faucet was dripping in the kitchen. Unconsciously she picked up her silver bag where she had dropped it, and then kept on sitting on the edge of the bed, quite straight and still, with her hands in her lap as if she were having her photograph taken. After a time someone got up, walked across the room, inspected the bolted window, came back again, while she watched with indifference, not realizing that it was she who was moving. The drops of water plopped in slow succession, and suddenly she felt terrified at being alone in the house. The man whom she had loved for

his mute omniscience, stolid coarseness, grim perseverance in work, had stolen away. . . . She felt like howling, running to the police, showing her marriage certificate, insisting, pleading; but still she kept on sitting, her hair slightly ruffled, her hands in white gloves.

Yes, Pilgram had gone far, very far. Most probably he visited Granada and Murcia and Albarracin, and then traveled farther still, to Surinam or Taprobane; and one can hardly doubt that he saw all the glorious bugs he had longed to see — velvety black butterflies soaring over the jungle, and a tiny moth in Tasmania, and that Chinese 'Skipper' said to smell of crushed roses when alive, and the short-clubbed beauty that a Mr. Baron had just discovered in Mexico. So, in a certain sense, it is quite irrelevant that some time later, upon wandering into the shop, Eleanor saw the checkered suitcase, and then her husband, sprawling on the floor with his back to the counter, among scattered coins, his livid face knocked out of shape by death.

THE MISTRESSES

BY MARTHA KELLER

Two things there are, all other things above,
That are most deadly. One of them is love.
However it be brief, or quickly done,
Love is man's mistress. And his other one,
That all men lie with and that few forget,
Is hate. Though man has reason to regret
Alike his love of women and of war;
Between the two, the horror and the whore,
There is a difference. Since if he take
His will of one of them, he will not wake.

THE EXCITEMENTS OF BEING MATURE

BY ROLLO WALTER BROWN

IT is a situation strange beyond belief: the entire unperfected world before us and all about us, yet everywhere human beings of mature years losing heart, losing their minds, dying outright — often at their own hands — because they have nothing to do. Not even the threat of universal war promises them much opportunity. For in the business of killing, as well as in industry and commerce and education, they are treated as of little practical value. And beyond the war — if it should come — they can see for themselves only the same years of progressive emptiness that they shall face if we continue in nervous peace. Yet the mature in years who have grown up as well as grown older never had so many interesting enterprises awaiting them as just now — enterprises that call for new and continuous effort ahead as far as anybody can see.

The essential trouble is that we have gradually been made to think wrongly: we have accepted the assumption that whatever those who pass a certain deadline age take up must of course be without major importance. They must give up the teaching of astronomy or lyric poetry and turn to the growing of a few turkeys; they must quit managing a factory or editing a newspaper and concentrate on building ships in bottles or collecting elephants. A hobby may, of course, be a man's salvation. But for many men in reasonable health who have been accustomed to a responsible day's work among fellow human beings year after year, these stopgap contrivances

designed to fill up the hours are punishment and humiliation. To afford fundamental satisfaction, work must be felt to point in the direction that life in general is taking. And if it is to afford the profoundest satisfaction it must have in it the element of the poetic that quickens the spirit regardless of years.

Here are samples — for the mature of all classes: for those with plenty of energy; for those who possess this or that special skill or insight; for those who have money to spare; for those who have no money but an abundance of time.

I

Let us begin where life begins. Late last summer a woman wrote — in a letter — that in the course of a journey to the Gaspé country she had stopped off to see the Dionne quintuplets. It was possible to see them at a fixed time in the morning or at another in the afternoon. She chose the early hour. The visitors at that period, she reported, were lined up six abreast for a distance of four blocks. To see what? To see five little girls, much advertised because of the style of their arrival, who had been brought along by nourishing food, proper medical attention, and a cheerful environment, from precarious existence to distinguished health and spirit.

Now the mountains and the woods and the plains and the fringes of cities throughout the United States are alive with young children of inheritance just as good or better who would respond to

the same treatment in much the same way if they had a chance. These millions did not happen to make their original appearance in fives. So they do not get the headline. They do not have private audience with any king and queen. But they are full of precisely the eager new life — until it is starved out of them — that might energize democracy up to the point where it could save the democratic ideal for the world.

Then why not give this young energy a chance? Why go on making 'equal opportunity for all' the most terrible of jokes — by having children underfed, scantily clothed, housed less decently than animals, and left without education altogether or else provided only with the barest of rudiments in the least favorable conditions? If we believe our own words about the importance of individual lives, why not take the easy way and save these millions who are coming along in unending procession? When the Surgeon General of the nation, or some other informed person, comes to town and tells us that 40 per cent of the people in the United States are not getting a diet adequate to sustain robust health and high morale, it may be well enough for us to grow eloquent on the dangers of pauperizing adult human beings by giving them food. But no such objection as this can be offered to the helping of small children. All children of whatever social fortune are dependent in the beginning, and must be helped to confidence and independence by somebody.

Nor is it longer possible to justify our indifference to the plight of so many children by saying that they are low-grade and therefore not worth bothering with. The wrong kind of food and a depressing environment will create 'low-grade' children — this we know now better than ever before. And we know also that children taken from a depressing environment to one full of good food and hope cease to be 'low-grade' in their social outlook and show a definite improvement in their 'intelligence' responses.

Imagine, then, what might be brought to pass if the mature rose up with wise concern in behalf of unfortunate children. It would not be necessary to agree strictly on a motive. Those whose long lifetimes had led them to enjoy feeling that they were moved by practical considerations only could smile in quiet to think how much cheaper it might be to salvage children than to go on increasing penal institutions, hospitals for the incurably sick, and taxes for hundred-thousand-dollar trials of young criminals.

Suppose that for a period of twenty years there were no underfed, rickety, tuberculous children in the out-of-the-way places of Kentucky and Tennessee and Georgia, among the share-croppers of the lower Mississippi Valley, among the transient laborers of California, in the congested areas of Boston and Cleveland and Indianapolis and Memphis and Atlanta and Birmingham and New Orleans. Persons who need something sunny to contemplate can try imagining the change in the United States in such a twenty-year period, if all the mature who wish to do something were to go to work — in any manner they individually might choose — to bring the remnants in an entire generation into the freedom of adequate energy.

There are a thousand ways. Here is what one New England woman has been doing. She has gone about among the isolated schools in the mountains of Kentucky for twenty or thirty years and told stories — good stories — to the pupils who have had no opportunity to see what the great world is like. She has become an established part of a community. Every so often she appears at a given schoolhouse to the delight of everybody. She was seventy-three years old in 1940, yet she walks five miles or even farther in one day — and she is a slow walker — over rough rocky roads and paths in order to reach her schools. The day before I last saw her she had walked two miles each way after the school bus had left her by the roadside.

She made a confession to me. Several years ago she knew the most discouraging family she had ever come upon. They had nothing, and they lived as if they never expected to have anything. Despite her great faith, she decided that this family was hopeless. The other day 'a very pretty young woman' with a little girl came to see her. 'Do you remember me?' the young woman asked. 'I am ——' and she mentioned the name of a daughter in the family. She had married a man somewhere up in the flat lands, and was doing well!

Two of my friend's 'boys,' now grown up and living by themselves, had an opportunity to work on a reservoir that was being constructed in the region and make a little real money. In order to get across country and be ready to go to work at six or seven o'clock they had to get up every morning at three-thirty and do the chores. At night they were so tired that they went to sleep trying to listen to the radio. She regards herself as a kind of great-aunt to them, and every two or three days, while they are at work, she goes out and tidies up the house.

But it is not necessary to go to Kentucky. It is not necessary to leave any populous city. In Greater Boston, one evening just before last Christmas, four Italian boys rang the bell at a house near the end of a comfortable street and asked if they might come in and sing carols. After they had sung, their hostess asked them to sit in the warmth — which may have been what they were after, since nobody else on the street had invited them in — and talk. One was of a family of twenty-one, another of seventeen, another of sixteen, and the other of five. They spoke of certain disadvantages of having families so large.

One boy craved the privilege — it ought to be a sacred privilege guaranteed to every boy — of sometimes being by himself. He complained that at his house they were so thick in bed that he had to stick his hand up in the morning

to be sure whether it was himself or somebody else. And it was hard to endure the noisy meals. 'Sometimes I just take my plate of spaghetti and go off and eat in the quiet corner with the dog.' This sensitive boy is on the way to being a voter in the United States and helping to determine the destiny of us all. He may turn out to be a Caruso. He may turn out to be an Al Capone. Why not establish some havens — some Houses of Quiet — where such boys could go and devote themselves to whatever they are interested in, instead of being forced to live continuously in the hubbub of a small collectivist nation?

The most romantic-minded dreamer could not imagine half the fruitful results in a democracy of having a generation of the mature devote their thought to a generation of hapless children.

II

Specially open to the mature of years also is the unending occupation of salvaging creative minds. The greatest tragedy in our contemporary world — we are proving it every day — is that we have not yet learned how to make use of the best energy we have available. We live in an age of miracles, yet we persist in believing that the next one cannot be wrought. Or perhaps we do not wish to bother with finding out.

When the world seems wide and the market is on the up and up, we speak casually about 'impractical' inventors, about poets who eke out incomes of two hundred and fifty dollars a year and get too much at that, about crazy proponents of new abundances who ought to let good enough alone, about all sorts of men and women who have lopsided heads. But when distressful times come, and the easy formulas no longer work, and sleepless neighbors commence going out to the garage with well-loaded pistols, we sneak off in the quiet to see if there might not be sustenance in some half-forgotten poet whose works have

long been idle on the shelf. If our desperation is great enough we may turn to the burning words of some lonely prophet in the Old Testament. We turn to the consideration of other lives — of some starving composer who turned out to be great; of some architect who insisted on building as if he were moved by his own mind and not by some dead hand reaching out of the past; of all sorts of dreamers of new dreams from whom we might now derive a little of the pretty-nearly-everything that we need so desperately.

Thus we arrive at such a state as we are in at the present moment. We begin to move by tens of thousands — as we should — to see an exhibit of Van Gogh, but make wisecracks about the seedy-looking artist who lives above the plumber's shop round the corner — as we would have done had we seen Van Gogh when he struggled — without so much as inquiring whether this young man may not be a Van Gogh in the making. Toastmasters with trembling lips and a few mispronunciations stand and read what they call 'the immortal words of the poet.' And they are right. A poet who is good and dead is one of the few things remembered out of a long past. He has a way, if he can survive life, of surviving death. But a living poet is another matter. When the people on half a continent are ridiculing one another, organizing hatreds, declining into indifference and moroseness, or making ready to throw bricks, a poet rises up and sings. Of course there must be something wrong with him. Or somebody looks at what seems to most people to be only confusion and sees in it a symphony. Or somebody more or less oblivious of the turmoil captures the sun and creates a symphony in stained glass. It is something unbelievable. So we do not believe. 'Why,' we ask, 'do we have no real poets any more?' 'Why has America never produced a great composer?' 'Why is it that nobody in modern times can make glass like that at Chartres?'

We forget the people who seek with a great hungering to extend our freedom as well as their own. We expect their contribution; take it for granted; in truth, prize it. But the contributors themselves we neglect. We pay high tuition fees to have our daughters read the poetry of a young woman who has to go to work in a hospital at five-thirty in the morning, seven days in the week, in order to have so much as a half-chance to contribute her poetry at all.

We are likewise indifferent to the people everywhere about us who originate things of everyday utility. All over the United States for fifteen years I have been asking who designed the bridges and public buildings and monuments of which cities are proud. In Chicago, fifteen business men out of four hundred and fifty were willing to stake a month's income on naming the architects of the Tribune Tower. In another city I tramped the streets for two hours begging people at random to tell me who designed a very unusual bridge there before I happened upon a man who could do it. And in yet another city I did not chance to stop even one person who could tell me the name of the architect of a Memorial Bridge that had recently been opened. In despair I addressed a man abruptly: 'I am interested in bridge architecture. Who designed your Memorial Bridge?' 'Why,' he replied as he pushed on, 'nobody designed it; the city built it.' And when I asked a brisk-looking New Yorker who designed the Holland Tunnel, he regretted very much to say that he did not know.

Now if this is our attitude toward creative minds mature enough to be active in the current of our lives, how much may we be expected to know about the faltering novices not yet themselves sure whether they possess capacity? 'I am twenty-three years old and an invalid — that is, my legs and back are paralyzed, but I get around in a wheel chair and can keep house when Mother is away. I also go out in our car, so you

see I am not so badly off. And I write. . . . But I don't seem to be able to do much with prose. One reason is that I don't know anything about real life. Why, I don't even know how a person goes into a store and buys something. You see, ever since I was four and a half I have been like this, so I don't know much about how the world wags. But poetry is my very life's blood. I couldn't live without it, and inasmuch as it transcends the ordinary routine of life, I feel more at home in it. Do you think I could ever do anything with my poetry?'

What has become of her? What has become of the more than five hundred others from whom I have received equally honest letters within a few years? What is becoming day after day, year after year, of as many potential American composers who cannot complete the first step toward having their work performed because of the expense of preparing scores for conductors? Who has a report on the forty-five-year-old mill worker who discovered that he was a wood carver capable of enriching the environment of scores of people, but who was bound by a large family to a job that deadened him physically and mentally? Where is the man who perfected a relatively inexpensive artificial anthracite that would guarantee clear city skies? Who can report on these — on all the countless natural enemies of hideousness who have resulted from happy cross-fertilizations of blood and of spirit?

They do not require glass-topped desks and boards of trustees. But they profit by some wise person's belief in the legitimacy of what they are trying to do. Any man or woman who has done imaginative work in any field and has not cultivated forgetfulness can look back to a time when one mature friend who spoke both truthfully and sympathetically made the difference between worst work and best. Somebody must stand ready to make a high percentage of investments of time that do not turn out well. Somebody must be ready to engage in prolonged

attempts to understand the imaginative mind and know how it must sometimes work. Somebody must discern, too, that any worker's best creation may be off in the haze still, and because of its elusiveness in a disconcerting world may be in danger of not coming to realization at all.

The thoughtful are constantly pointing the way. A gray-haired professional woman with no family to support shares her income with a poetess who never had money but who possesses a great will to live and to write. They have grown to be inseparable friends who speak of what 'we' are doing, as if neither of them could do it alone — and that is true. Another woman has had friends act as scouts for her. When she learns of this or that aspiring young man or woman who is starting in a field where our perverted notion of values necessitates a long wait for returns, she very anonymously sends checks. A man with a bank balance has purchased good paintings by young contemporaries and made his house a place of animation. Another whose bank balance is slight but whose artistic understanding is very great writes a letter once in a while, or just happens along to let the strugglers know that something is still expected of them. We need a vast crop of his kind to develop into a good-sized American public.

It is work for the mature. For, to begin with, it must be done by looking patiently about without any proclamation of intent that would bring all the lazy, the counterfeit, the neurasthenic running. The chances of missing, moreover, are very great. But so are the chances of finding. In a decade or two, it is perfectly possible to find two or three who have the basic imagination, the fundamental great sincerity, the right balancing of confidence and humility, the heavenly magic of knowing the difference between the important and the unimportant, and the craftsman's willingness to discipline himself. Where could any mature person find anything more exciting to do?

III

There ought, likewise, to be mature persons interested in the important enterprise of making known what we as a democratic people are actually contributing to the long-time resources of the race. Men and women of experience who enjoy traveling ought to cover the United States with thoroughness and make some maps that would tell us something. What good does it do to make maps which show only that the rivers run downhill, or that the mountains are higher than the plains, or that the density of population is greater in Harlem than in western Nebraska? What we need is a map, for instance, that will show the density of sophistication. The strange and agreeable incrustation that brings to normally sensitive human beings a blinding skepticism, or an overboisterousness when somebody does something as if he honestly enjoyed it — where is the density of this greatest? It may not be in New York, after all. And why does not some mature person versed in atmospheres prepare a map that would indicate the social temperature of the different parts of the country? Where is the region in which a man just naturally feels at his best among his fellows? And where is the point of greatest fridity? It is possible that it may be somewhere outside New England. But where? And in the world of more tangible things, where is the greatest density of smoke? The smokiest, dirtiest spot in the United States — is it at the headwaters of the Ohio River, or in the region of Lake Erie, or at the south end of Lake Michigan, or halfway down the Mississippi, or where?

And then in contrast there should be a full series of maps which show the diversified specific things that somewhat free people are doing in order to have what they require. Here is a city that has just completed a great municipal auditorium in which symphony concerts and liberalizing discussions are available

to immense audiences of citizens; here in a region where water in abundance has never been seen is a new lake that would do credit to New England, or to any other region where lakes are to be had for the looking; here an inland city has put itself on the seashore by building a canal for ocean-going ships right up to its front door; here in another city fantastic bridges miles long swing high in the mists; here is the home of a music festival that for weeks each year attracts listeners from a vast region, and musicians from the entire United States; here a woman has reclaimed an interesting historical spot — Fruitlands or Shaker Village — and contributed it to the nation's enjoyment; here a priest has developed an institution devoted to the rehabilitation of all sorts of oddments of men who are down and feel too sure that they are out; here on the prairies in a new agricultural college the student symphony orchestra plays programs of Brahms and Tchaikowsky; here a biologist works at new crops that will outwit the weather; here and there all over the country the 'idealists,' the really practical people, are engaged in making democracy work. These would be maps worth producing and distributing in quantity. They would reveal our true marching strength.

IV

The mature, too, who ought to be somewhat appreciative of what it means to be alive, could establish a community event in honor of the community's heroic. It would not be any nationally advertised day accompanied by national advertisings of chocolate or gin. It would be a day of celebration, among a few understanding friends, of the really heroic in the community who have done much with little, most with least; who have passed through agony and tragedy and ridicule and poverty, yet have not sold out, have not surrendered faith. There are women all over the United

States working over hot stoves in plain-looking houses who are so skillful in financing matters which to them seem worth financing that they make the professional budget balancers seem like spendthrift amateurs. Down in Tennessee I came upon one in a conversation between a colored woman and the wife of a college president.

'Children, Liza?'

'Yes'm, three boys.'

'Do they all have work?'

'Yes'm. One's a lawyer in Knoxville, one's a lawyer in Nashville, and one's a professor.'

'A professor?'

'Yes'm.' She mentioned the university.

'How in the world did you ever do it, Liza?'

'Oh, I jes' took in washin'.'

We need a little of 'the mora equivalent of war.' It is time to get out of the softness of beauty parlors filled with men preparing for the rugged democracy of night-club existence, and see how all sorts of people in the stark world reveal something that we must have in the texture of our life if we are to survive.

It would be wholly safe to express our respect and our gratitude to these quiet ones. They are the kind who will not immediately announce for political office, or sign up for the movies. Some of the discriminating mature should try out the plan — very tactfully. Patiently and informally carried through, it might make such headline enterprises as 'oomph girl' contests seem almost what they are.

V

Thus far I have been negligent of those who can live only when fighting. They can wage war on the tawdriness that is tolerated in a democracy and that constantly threatens the democratic conception. There is, for instance, the billboard in its newest phase. The billboard is no longer just an eyesore. It is a symptom of something that affects our entire na-

tional life. It stands for the defeat of the general will on a technicality that can be turned to financial account. Of course, this does not make it less an eyesore. And it is the most obvious large-scale insult to the race that has yet been devised; for it treats us as if we were idiots who would try to run our automobiles without fuel, or would be in danger of starving to death or going unclean or naked unless every time we looked up there were lurid signs screaming at us about gasoline, about breakfast food, about soap, about clothing. But its fundamental evil has come to be its infringement on the idea of government of the people, by the people, for the people. Wherever the people band together to make the face of the earth more inviting, there you will find the billboard establishing itself to sponge off the people's investment — and, in the process, to nullify much of their effort.

While you hurry to a subway train you are begged to remember that 'your undertaker is no farther away than your telephone.' The river basin, rendered comely by public expenditure and private gift, must be made to reflect flaming commercial winged horses in the sky and similar profanations, when the people wish to enjoy subdued light, and outdoor music, and detachment. To have all this jumble changed back to what the people had in mind in the first place would mark a twofold era in America: the beginning of a more livable out-of-doors, and the end of the confusion of mind forced upon us by the billboard in its insistence that we surrender all fundamental distinction between one motive and another.

Of course the billboard will disappear. When grandchildren of this generation look back to find some special stupidity among us that they can laugh at in order to induce the richest sense of superiority over us, they will exclaim in whatever the late twentieth-century mode happens to be: 'No! Why, I can't believe it! Ideals of democracy and education lifted to the level of a superstitious worship,

hundreds of millions of dollars spent in gathering up art treasures from all over the world where they belonged and burying them here in stuffy museums in the interest of beauty, and other hundreds of millions spent in public buildings and parks and attractive roadways — and then letting the whole of it be smeared over with all that is recorded here in these old photographs! It does not make sense.' And they will be right. But why let them have the opportunity? Why do not those who are looking for something to do today have it understood once and for all that the emotionally appropriate may have value, that it is not to be infringed upon needlessly, and that the billboard therefore is barbarian and antiquated and must give way to decent sorts of advertising that we can take or leave as we wish?

VI

And always for those who have no money, and who fear that they have no distinguished capacities, and who have limited energy, there remains the opportunity to radiate good will. When people have free hate floating about in their minds, it is sure to attach itself to something. If there are no Germans or Russians near enough to give it reality, then it can be applied to people who are nearer — to fellow citizens of some other political party or religious faith or racial extraction or economic rating. Or it may be applied in blanket fashion to all the too numerous fellow beings who are guilty of nothing more than being in the way.

Men who seem much alike look into each other's eyes as if they were not only strangers but predestined enemies. Anybody, therefore, who unpretentiously would express a little of the attitude that we are all here and maybe it is just as well, who would imply belief in a social solidarity of the race, faces a wide-open field, with little competition even distantly in sight.

VII

So it is not necessary for the mature in years to wait idle and hesitant. Late life should be, and may be, the period of most fruitful activity. History is alive with men and women who have proved it — the men and women who have finished great work at eighty or ninety or even a hundred. We begin — anything of importance — by doing some specific thing. It is as Miguel de Unamuno declares: the way to get rid of lying is to get rid of one liar. Just so, the way to lift the level of childhood is to lift the level of one child; the way to foster the creative spirit is to let one creator have his chance; the way to secure recognition for the heroic who have done much with little is to celebrate the life of one of them; the way to get rid of the tawdriness of the countryside is to get rid of one billboard; the way to promote good will in the world is to go without hate for a single day.

Not one of these sample enterprises is a time-killing makeshift. Instead, every one of them provides the valid feel of life. Not one of them is an occupation from which anybody can be excluded by a top-heavy organization or institution. And not one of them will result in any frightening overproduction. Nobody can imagine children with health and spirit too ruddy; nobody can imagine — at least not yet — a world made by the creative-minded into something too interesting for human endurance; nobody can imagine a landscape too free of extraneous matter; nobody can visualize a world in which decent fellow feeling has made the spiritual unity of the race too complete.

Would it not be a pleasant irony worth savoring for many a day if the mature in years — the discard of our scheme of things — should not only find something interesting to do but show the rest of us how to come up to an exhilarating level of life that thus far we have dreamed of only in our rarer lucid intervals?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON BEING WILLIAM

HE is just about to pass out of the stage of trotting freely under the dining table. His blond hair, when slightly fluffed up, brushes the under surface already, and in a matter of days he will be in a position to scrape his head. He won't actually scrape it, though. William is an astoundingly canny fellow when it comes to anticipating his own limitations. I, in middle life, continue to gouge my scalp on things just over seventy-two inches up, but my youngest can be relied upon to take no abrasion from the things just under twenty-eight. He has now turned fourteen. I am talking, you understand, in months.

William's older sister — she has almost attained the ripe age of seventy-five, also in months — lately came back to us from sojourn in a large modern hospital. The essentials of recent history there and here having been suitably covered, one of us thought to ask her: 'And did you see any babies as pretty as William?' The answer was a shock to parental illusions and sensibilities. 'Oh yes,' this young woman of the larger world assured us breezily; 'lots of them.' Perhaps she felt that we were slightly taken aback; perhaps she was merely in the clutch of a feminine instinct to make all disclosures cut both ways, every answer a Yes-and-No answer. Anyway, she added with explosive earnestness: 'But *none* so characteristic!'

We hadn't known she had the word; we never do know she is loaded with any of her new words until she pulls the lanyard. As a rule they explode pretty close to the target, and this one was no exception. You couldn't, in five syllables, draw a sharper bead on the mysterious independence and secrecy of William's everyday process of being William.

Long before he had recognizable words of his own he made some of his fundamental characteristics as clear as they would ever be. One of them is intolerance of all well-meaning help about the problems he knows a man ought to solve for himself. We observed it some weeks before he mastered his ver-

sion of crawling — which turned out to be, not orthodox hands-and-knees crawling, but scampering on all fours, like a bear. He would rear himself into position to begin, on palms and soles, and rock hopefully forward and back in an effort to make himself go; and when it dawned at last that mere vigor and even desperation could make nothing come of it he howled. This disappointment put him into the nearest approach to a rage we had seen in him as yet. But it was nothing to the tantrum that followed when we tried to take hold and show him how to advance his members for getting ahead in the world. He put on, in fact, an exhibition entirely unsuited to one with deep blue eyes behind almost unnaturally long gold lashes. The attempt to assist merely drove him into concealment. Only when our backs were turned would he practise — try and howl, try again and howl again. When one of us came upon him suddenly he would stop short and pretend that crawling was the very last project in his mind. He didn't bring his aspiration into the open again until he could scurry all over the place in his spider's scamper. The implication was that he had always done it as easily as the youngest duckling swims.

He — and we — had the same cycle to go through about his standing alone, and then about his walking alone. His sister and his brother, on the verge of walking, would clutch their mother's skirt or my trousers and shuffle along behind, all around the house and back, and, when we were exhausted, tease for more. Not William: at the first step he would let go, sit down with a thump, and howl. Standing, he would put his weight on one foot and with the other tap, tap, and tap; and when the miracle of locomotion just wouldn't come off, again he would howl. He retired into privacy once more; and we often caught him walking fluently as a secret vice in the two weeks before he made any overt admission that he could do it. Today he can climb up a much higher step than he can back down, but when someone has to help him back down he becomes as frenzied as a kitten at the top of a telephone

pole, and you could hardly conceive then that his temper is prevailingly of the sunniest.

Of speech, too, he makes persistent little games of hide-and-seek, some of them elaborately mysterious inventions. Though he knows the names of most common objects and actions and has a precocious endowment of grammar, — for instance, his answer to 'Are you hungry, William?' is 'I am,' — he likes to make long speeches, with sweeping gestures, in a gobble-gobble or jabber-jabber language devoid of identifiable words. This is his invitation to you to imitate him, and as soon as you begin to do it he goes into paroxysms of delight. He and his mother sat the other day on a five-sided bench built around an elm tree, tossing back and forth to each other the pretense that neither could talk except in monkey gabble. It seemed that he could never tire of it; that he had, in fact, no inkling of another mode of communication. But in the end he laid a hand on the rough bark behind him, looked up with his most deviously roguish expression, and said 'Tree?' — meaning 'Don't you think we have made fools of ourselves long enough for one time?'

There are some words that for reasons of his own — perhaps because he has a passion for them — he has never said and can't be brought to say. One is 'nose.' He will put a forefinger on your nose and ask successively if it is an eye, an ear, a chin, a knee, a button. At some point of the list you are supposed to assure him solemnly: 'Yes, William, it's a button' (or whatever). Whereupon he goes off into a conniption that shows he thinks this is practically the funniest joke ever cracked.

To those who have brought up children with their own hands and wits such a combination of independence with deviosity will perhaps faintly suggest some of the difficulties of getting its possessor creditably housebroken by any of the standard formulæ. Weeks ago, in one of those something-has-got-to-be-done revulsions that clench parental jaws from time to time, we rigged William comfortably but immovably and vowed that, *ruat cælum*, he should sit there until — But there was no outcome whatever except the outcry. We stood it for a solid hour, until all hands were exhausted. When we turned him loose he was immediately sunny again. He toddled off into the

living room. After a moment he came out to the kitchen, where we were helping each other shake off our trauma, and helped himself to a certain cloth from the drying rod behind the stove. He carried it into the living room, and we then heard a distinct betrayal of mopping-up operations. Presently William came marching back and hung up the mussed cloth exactly where he had got it. Up to that point he had not given us a look. His behavior said, indeed, that there was no one else on the premises, no one for miles in any direction. But now he shot a glance at us — a characteristic glance.

His expression can only be described as a leer.

THE SEEKERS

MEN read a valley by its face,
But hills possess a guarded side
And stand as walls to cut off space,
While roads have corners where they hide.

Within men sudden questions burn
At walls that stop them in their tracks,
At roads that bend and sharply turn,
At hills with answers on their backs.

With minds intrigued by things concealed,
As did the ancients, men go still
Unseeing past what lies revealed,
To seek an answer from the hill.

HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL

'BE PUNCTUAL AT BOTH ENDS'

DR. ROBERT B. WHYTE, pastor of venerable Old Stone Church on Cleveland's Public Square, tells this story about his distinguished predecessor, Dr. Meldrum. At a meeting of the teachers of the Sunday School the late Sereno P. Fenn, who was its superintendent, exhorted the teachers to be on time and thus set an example of punctuality to the members of their classes. He then turned for confirmation to Dr. Meldrum, saying, 'Punctuality is a great virtue, isn't it?' 'Indeed it is,' was the reply; 'but one should be punctual at both ends. *You* are very punctual in starting, but not at ending, and so you make teachers and scholars late for church. *You* lack terminal facilities. I maintain it is just as bad to be unpunctual at the end of a meeting as at the start.'

'Be punctual at both ends' might well be one of those maxims which school children are required to write over and over again in their copybooks. The faculty of condensation, of stating essential facts only and going light on the nonessentials, appears to be rather a gift of the gods than an acquired habit.

It would be too broad a generalization, however, to maintain that brevity of speech is invariably an asset. One meets able and successful men who have formed the habit of telling a story, or developing an idea, by beginning at the beginning and then carrying on with a wealth of detail, whereas others, of lesser mental stature, may possess the knack of presenting the same material in half as many words. Nevertheless, verbosity must be classified as a liability. So must the habit of telling funny stories to a busy man. Per contra, a few brief sentences that bring a smile to his face will make a grand approach.

In talking to intelligent and well-informed people it is almost impossible to condense too much, to be too brief. The wise man relies upon the intelligence and imagination of his hearers to supply most of the background. By asking a few questions they can quickly fill in the blanks; and answers to questions make a more definite impression than a connected recital. The elaborate approach has a way of building up sales resistance.

Really great minds waste few words. I once asked Thomas I. Parkinson, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, if he had ever met a man with a better mind than John W. Davis. After a little reflection he said no, and went on to tell about calling in Mr. Davis as special counsel in an important litigation with a group of Russian citizens. Mr. Davis was so absorbed in other matters that he had had almost no time to prepare his case. When he arose to address the court Major Parkinson was apprehensive because of his barrister's lack of preparation. He told me, however, that never in his life had he heard a complicated legal situation stated so effectively and with such simplicity, clarity, and economy of words.

The waste in industry and in all forms of human activity because of lack of punctuality at both ends is enormous. In the New York financial district waste of time by beating about the bush is regarded almost as a

crime. Meetings of directors and committees are organized so that those present can reach decisions quickly and move on to their next appointments. At the Equitable Life we once set the hour for a finance committee meeting at 3.45 P.M. to accommodate Mr. T. DeWitt Cuyler of Philadelphia, who was accustomed to spend two days each week in New York, where his interests and responsibilities were many. He hustled in about three minutes late, looking a bit tired and haggard, and remarked: 'Gentlemen, I may have made a record today. This is the eighteenth meeting that I have attended since I reached town this morning.'

George F. Baker, for many years head of the great First National Bank of New York, was reputed to be the most silent man on 'the Street' and to have made but one speech in all his life. He is credited with having stated the following credo: 'Business men should reduce their talk at least two thirds. Everyone should reduce his talk. There is rarely ever a reason good enough for anyone to talk. Silence uses up much less energy. I don't talk because silence is the secret of success.'

Unfortunately the processes of government in a democracy do not yield gracefully to Dr. Meldrum's maxim, 'Be punctual at both ends.' Notoriously legislators are punctual at neither end. The extended debate which is the rule rather than the exception in legislative halls is based upon the theory that every legislator has the right to be heard. Of course the average Congressman is seldom heard by his fellows; more often than not he is addressing the folks back home rather than those within sound of his voice.

Freedom of speech is one of the foundation stones of our Republic, but it is a privilege that is terribly abused. Calvin Coolidge had this in mind when he left for posterity a priceless example of punctuality at both ends. When the Massachusetts Senate convened in 1915, with Lieutenant Governor Coolidge as its presiding officer, he opened the session with these forty-four immortal words:—

'Honorable Senators: My sincerest thanks I offer you. Conserve the firm foundations of our institutions. Do your work with the spirit of a soldier in the public service. Be loyal to the Commonwealth, and to yourselves. And be brief; above all things, be brief.'

A. R. HORR

THE DOCTORS MAYO

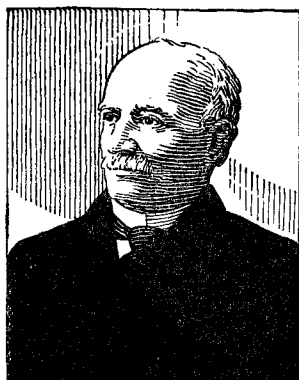
THE BOYS GROW UP

BY *Helen Clapesattle*

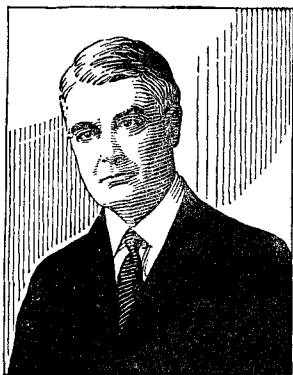


THE NEW ATLANTIC SERIAL

— CHAPTERS XI-XX —



DOCTOR MAYO
(Father)



DOCTOR WILL



DOCTOR CHARLIE

THE DOCTORS MAYO

THE BOYS GROW UP

BY

Helen Clapesattle

In this and the next issue the *Atlantic* is privileged to publish chapters from a splendid American biography, *The Doctors Mayo*, by Helen Clapesattle. That this story would be told sometime was inevitable, but in strict conformity to medical ethics neither the Doctors Mayo nor any of their staff were willing to undertake it during the lifetime of the Mayo brothers. Eventually the source material was turned over to Miss Clapesattle, a trained historian and editor of the University of Minnesota Press. After five years' work she has produced a definitive biography which will take its place on the shelf of American achievement.

The opening chapters which were published in the October *Atlantic* emphasized the fact that there were *three* Doctors Mayo, the father and his two famous sons. William Worrall Mayo — 'the little doctor,' as he was affectionately known by his neighbors — was born on the outskirts of Manchester, England, in 1819. He was brought up in the little town of Salford, then in the tumult of the Industrial Revolution, and what he learned there in his impressionable years made him a defender of the underdog for the rest of his life. He studied chemistry under the great scientist John Dalton; he worked for a time in the hospitals in Glasgow, and when he emigrated to America in his twenty-sixth year he was already far enough advanced to find immediate employment as a pharmacist in the Bellevue Hospital. But New York was not for him. He kept pushing West, studied for a time in the Indiana Medical College, married an American girl, Louisa Wright, and, with his degree in his pocket, set out for the Minnesota frontier. Mrs. Mayo opened a millinery shop in St. Paul while the little doctor explored the Indian country for an ideal home. Their two sons were born, William James on June 29, 1861, and

Charles Horace on July 19, 1865, and eventually the family came to rest in Rochester, Minnesota. There the little doctor established himself as one of the ablest surgeons in the country, and there the two boys were reared in medicine as a farmer boy is reared in farming. They drove out in their father's buggy or cutter, they watched his diagnosis and assisted him in operations, and they learned from his books and his table talk the firm truths of a great pioneer.

THE DOCTORS MAYO

BY HELEN CLAPESATTLE

XI

IT never occurred to us that we could be anything else but doctors.' So Will Mayo insisted again and again in later life, but there was a moment of conscious decision nonetheless. Doctor Mayo asked Father O'Gorman's advice about training his sons for medicine. Will's own final resolve was taken the morning he decided to forsake the plough for the sink and bottle rack of the drugstore. But when medicine had been definitely chosen, the Mayos had a more difficult decision to make: To what medical school should Will go?

The schools, all too plentiful, were on the whole a sorry lot, little changed since William Worrall Mayo's days at Indiana Medical College. They still set no requirements for admission, were still ungraded, and still granted their diplomas at the end of two sessions of five or six months each. The preceptorship that had saved the situation in the earlier day had become only nominal, many a student seeing nothing of his preceptor from the time he registered as his apprentice until he returned with his degree. Ten or twelve months was the total time many a doctor gave to his training. As the advocates of reform pointed out, it took longer than that to learn the trade of a machinist, a printer, or a river-boat pilot.

From the laboratories of Europe new facts in pathology, physiology, chemistry, and physics were popping out like corn in a pan, and in European hospitals great clinicians were adding these to

their own critical observations and careful records to differentiate diseases and describe them for all to recognize. Chemists were laying the foundation of a rational drug therapy, and to accepted diagnostic aids like auscultation and percussion were being added laboratory methods like the blood count and the test meal. Medicine was on the march, but American medical schools were not keeping step. The new medicine could not be adequately taught by the lecture method; it could be learned only by practice and experiment in the laboratory and at the bedside. And of such instruction there was virtually none in the schools.

Even in the New York schools affiliated with metropolitan hospitals and dispensaries, medical students of the seventies and eighties were not taken into the hospital wards or the dispensary examining rooms. They did not record the case histories, group and interpret symptoms, make diagnoses, and suggest treatment under supervision. Instead they sat, a hundred or several hundred strong, upon remote seats in an amphitheatre and looked down upon the feet of the patient and the back of the surgeon while he operated. Or they watched from the heights while the professor of clinical medicine placed his stethoscope upon the chest of a patient, listened gravely, and announced the presence of sounds indicating an unhealthy heart. Most of them received the degree in medicine without ever having felt a

sick man's pulse, listened to the sounds of lungs and heart, or stood at the side of a woman in labor.

Dr. Mayo knew all about this problem. As a member of the committee on medical education of the Minnesota State Medical Society he had helped to prepare a lengthy report setting it forth and commending the example of Harvard College, which had led the way in reform by adopting entrance requirements, — elementary, to be sure, but a beginning, — a three-year graded course, and an annual session of nine months. So the doctor knew what to look for in choosing a school for Will.

In 1880 the medical school of the University of Michigan followed Harvard's example. The moving spirit for science at Michigan was young Victor C. Vaughan, who later became the dean of the medical school and had a remarkable career as practitioner, administrator, and educator in medicine. In 1876 Vaughan, having taken his doctor's degree in the liberal arts college, matriculated in the medical school and at the same time was made the instructor of a new course in physiological chemistry. As far as he could discover, the two microscopes he was using for his classes were the only ones available to students in the entire university. Vaughan persuaded President Angell to authorize him to purchase six new microscopes at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, and he learned the technique of using them from a railroad engineer who was an amateur microscopist in his hobby hours and was glad to exchange his knowledge for the privilege of using the fine, high-powered models his professor friend had bought.

If Dr. Mayo hesitated before choosing the University of Michigan for Will, it was because of a doubt about the clinical facilities at Ann Arbor. The town was so small that from the start the school's chief problem had been to find enough patients to demonstrate to its students, and solving the problem had been the

big task of Moses Gunn, the first professor of surgery.

When the rumor spread that the young University of Michigan might establish a medical department, Gunn was studying medicine in Geneva, New York. As soon as he had his diploma he set out for Michigan — in a particular hurry because he carried in his trunk a body that had arrived too late for use in the Geneva dissecting room that term.

Arriving in Ann Arbor on a snowy February day, Gunn hung out his shingle as a surgeon, laid out the corpse on a table, and let it be known that he would introduce prospective medical students to the mysteries of anatomy in his back room, after night had fallen. The scheme worked well; the anatomy class was soon flourishing and Gunn was in a position to aid in the organization of the university medical school and secure for himself the chair of surgery on its faculty.

Gunn solved the problem of clinical material at Ann Arbor by announcing to the physicians and surgeons of the state that they could bring their difficult cases for free consultation with the experts of the university faculty if the patients were willing to appear before the school classes for demonstration purposes. In a short time the response to his offer was providing patients enough for two demonstration clinics a week.

For many years there was no hospital in the town. The doctors and patients from a distance stayed overnight at some hotel or boardinghouse until, during the seventies, one of the houses on faculty row was turned into a receiving station. It was called the University Hospital, but it had no wards, no dressing rooms, and no operating theatre.

On clinic days the students carried the patients on stretchers across the campus to the college building, and there before the assembled classes each case was examined and the operation, if one was needed, was performed. The results for the patients were good, and

the professors were able to persuade the legislators that they were serving the state sufficiently to warrant the erection of a hospital. So in 1877 the first real university hospital in the United States was built in Ann Arbor. It was a wooden building of the pavilion type developed during the Civil War and large enough to accommodate one hundred and fifty patients as well as a surgical amphitheatre. When it was built, the school assumed that in ten years or so it would be so badly infected it would have to be burned. That was reckoning without Pasteur and Lister.

Naturally the school's prospectus made much of this hospital and the opportunities for clinical teaching it afforded, enough to still any doubts Dr. Mayo had about the clinical courses at Michigan.

XII

So on September 16, 1880, Will Mayo took the noon train from Rochester to the East to enter upon his medical studies at the University of Michigan. He was then nineteen years old, slender and not very tall, but straight and strong. Little is known of his daily life at Michigan, and even the official record of his courses and grades has been lost in the shuffle of the years. His only extra-curricular activity seems to have been boxing, in which he gave a good account of himself, winning the university championship in the 133-pound class.

When Will Mayo reminisced of his medical-school days it was of classmates and teachers at work that he talked. One of his friends was Franklin Paine Mall, a frail lad from Iowa who tried to harden himself physically by defying the winter cold without an overcoat, though he sometimes indulged in a scarf around his neck. 'A choice spirit,' Will found him, first and last a student even then. He became one of the distinguished anatomists of his time and a power for reform in medical education.

Dr. Will never gave a name to another

classmate he described. The boy was the most promising member of the group, won all the honors at graduation, and had an impressive presence and the knack of getting on well with people. Everyone predicted a great career for him. After graduation, he quickly built up a flourishing practice. Then, with details from his own lips, came suspicion. Where did he find so many movable kidneys to be fastened and so many diseased ovaries that ought to come out? For Dr. Will disillusionment was complete when he heard the man boasting one day that there had never been a post-mortem on a patient he had lost. 'We all make mistakes,' he said, 'but I take mighty good care that nobody knows about mine.' One by one he adopted all the persuasive and deceptive methods of the quacks. When Dr. Will spoke of him, with a regretful shake of the head over talents gone to waste, he called him merely X.

Among the professors, Dr. Will remembered chiefly two men whose forte was clinical demonstration — George E. Frothingham, professor of ophthalmology, and Donald Maclean, successor to Moses Gunn in the chair of surgery. Young, handsome, able, and dramatic, these two were the idols of the student body, though they were suspect to most of their colleagues because of their unorthodox religious beliefs.

Frothingham was perhaps the most brilliant man on the staff. He had concentrated on diseases of the eye and ear when that field was almost entirely neglected by the regular profession. Soon he was attracting so many patients that the general surgical clinic could not handle them, and a special one was established for him. The school officials found that his results, spectacular then, in making the blind see and the deaf hear were good arguments to lay before the legislature when seeking an appropriation.

Medical students then were commonly a rough and ready lot, 'lusty, bearded

adults,' who talked, clapped, stamped, and jeered at will, making no outward sign of any respect they felt for the professor, who suffered their lack of manners with Job-like patience. Their playfulness often took the form of seizing some luckless boy in one of the front seats and passing him from row to row of the amphitheatre until the last row received him and set him upright, half afraid to return to his seat lest he be made to take the unpleasant journey all over again. Such a prank disturbed Frothingham's clinic one day during Will's freshman year.

One of the seniors asked to be excused from the next clinic to go into Detroit to hear a lecture by the noted agnostic, Bob Ingersoll. Before giving his permission Frothingham began a little lecture on the bad taste of calling a distinguished man like Ingersoll by the nickname Bob. Why, he asked, should Thomas Paine, one of the great constructive forces in the United States after the Revolution, always be called Tom, while Jefferson is never anything but Thomas?

He got no further. A red-haired, red-whiskered medical missionary of forty years jumped to his feet, protesting against such atheistic teaching. His seat was in the second row: in an instant, his harangue choked to an angry sputter, he was on his way up from hand to hand. The boys at the top failed to stop him and he went head foremost through a window and into a lilac bush, where he collected some bruises and an undeniably bad temper.

The sequel was a furor of publicity that rocked the university community. It smeared Maclean as well as Frothingham, put into their mouths words they had never uttered, and pictured the medical school as a veritable hotbed of atheism. The faculty turned against their two unbelieving brethren, stirring up a storm that threatened to wreck the school. Some of the freshmen were greatly upset by the fuss and fury. They knew Frothingham had not said the

things ascribed to him, nor Maclean either, and they did their best to establish the truth. A small group of them, including Will Mayo, held discussions throughout the next year. They decided that their future profession needed higher scholarship, better teaching, and more loyalty among its members, and there ought to be some 'supporting, protecting fellowship' among doctors, something to make them unite against common foes instead of fighting each other.

So they argued, and to the mind of one of them, Robert Stevens of Mount Clemens, Michigan, came the idea of organizing a medical fraternity dedicated to those ends. He chose five classmates to help him realize his plan: Will Mayo, Benjamin G. Strong of New York, Charles M. Frye of Massachusetts, Frederick C. Bailey of Michigan, and John L. Gish of Indiana. These were the founders of Nu Sigma Nu fraternity, which received its charter and adopted its constitution on March 2, 1882.

Robert Stevens 'supplied most of the sense in the constitution and bylaws,' said Dr. Will, 'and I supplied most of the nonsense.' By fall the group had ten members who rented a house, lived together, and shared expenses throughout their senior year. They elected to honorary membership their two idols, Frothingham and Maclean. And the boys had wrought better than they knew. Within a few years alumni of the Michigan fraternity were asking permission to organize branch chapters in the communities to which they had gone, and the practice spread until today Nu Sigma Nu is recognized as one of the great honorary professional fraternities. It numbers some forty chapters and ten thousand members, including some of the most able men of medicine in the world.

XIII

Each week at Michigan there were two morning clinics in medicine and sur-

gery, and daily diagnostic clinics from twelve to one o'clock. Although only the seniors were required to attend these, Will Mayo did not miss one during his three years. They were held in the low-ceiled amphitheatre of the hospital, which was reached by outside stairs leading up from the campus. The front seats were officially reserved for the senior class, and the juniors enforced their unofficial right to those next highest, so the freshmen sat at the top.

'I can visualize my freshman class sitting on the back seats,' Dr. Will wrote, 'too far away to see the technic of the operation, but inspired by the fact that operations were going on; by seeing the assistants as they performed their duties; by seeing the members of the senior class called down to be quizzed on diagnosis and permitted to take some minor part in the operations.'

When Will had reached the right to a senior seat, he did not need it, for he was among the chosen, an assistant to Dr. Maclean at the operating table.

Canadian born, Donald Maclean was a graduate of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, and of the medical department of the University of Edinburgh, Scotland. He had received his medical degree in 1862 after four years of training, in the course of which he had served as house surgeon and assistant for the great Scottish surgeon, James Syme.

The important question, of course, is where Maclean stood on Listerism when Will Mayo was his student, for surgery was then poised between two eras: before Lister and after Lister.

As Joseph Lister walked through his wards at the Glasgow Infirmary he was often discouraged. There in long rows lay his surgical patients. He had brought them through the operations successfully, but there they lay, nearly all of them tossing restlessly in high fever, fighting for their lives against a seemingly inevitable and commonly fatal

septic infection. Sepsis must be eliminated. But how? By prolonged observation and induction Lister had come to the conclusion that inflammation and suppuration were the result of putrefaction, which in turn was produced by something in the air. But what that something was he had no idea.

Then one day a chemist in Glasgow suggested that he read the published findings of Louis Pasteur. That young French chemist had demonstrated conclusively that putrefaction and infection were wrought by microorganisms, bacteria. Lister seized upon this clue eagerly. Here was hope! If bacteria were the cause of infection and they could be excluded from wounds, healing would take place by first intention, without fever, inflammation, or suppuration. Since the organisms might lodge on any solid, on hands, instruments, dressings, even on dust particles in the air, everything must be kept clean — not just aesthetically clean, but antiseptically clean. Even the air must be made sterile if possible.

On that principle Lister developed a new surgical method, in which he used carbolic acid as an antiseptic — in solutions for cleansing hands and instruments, in plasters and putties for sterile dressings, and in a steam spray for purifying the air.

In 1864 Lister read Pasteur, in 1865 he first applied lint soaked in carbolic acid to an open wound, in 1867 he announced his method and its amazing results. Awareness of his work dawned slowly on the medical world. Surgeons from Continental Europe came to his clinic, gasped at the operations he dared to perform, and marveled, not as of old at the speed of the operation, but at the speed with which his patients recovered. They went home to try antiseptics in their own clinics.

Surely, one might think, with high international acclaim for Lister by 1879, American medical students would be learning Listerian methods and princi-

ples in 1883. Not at all, for Listerism took root slowly in the United States. The body of the profession remained unconvinced or actively unbelieving. Many rejected the theory of antiseptis for the same reason that obstetricians recoiled when Holmes and Semmelweis told them the puerperal fever they so dreaded was carried by their own hands; they could not believe, could not admit, that they who came to heal might bring death. It took time too to educate men to realize the difference between æsthetic and antiseptic cleanliness. They were not quick to understand that though a marine sponge was rinsed clean enough to satisfy a New England housewife it might still be filthy with microbes, and that even if a surgeon's hands were free of surface dirt deadly bacteria might still lie deep in the pores of his skin or under his fingernails.

Because of such difficulties and deficiencies in understanding, many men of the eighties who tried what they thought was Listerism did not obtain the results claimed for it, and so quite sincerely they scorned the practice of antiseptis as a fashion or, worse still, a reprehensible form of self-advertisement.

Apparently Maclean was early in his attempts to give Listerism a trial, for Victor Vaughan recalled 'the old days in the seventies, when, as Maclean's assistant, [he] had spent hours drenched in the poisonous sprays of carbolic acid.' During Will Mayo's junior year in surgery, Maclean was still, or again, 'trying out the merits of the carbolic-acid spray.' Unfortunately, however, he was one in whom absorption of the acid produced a toxic condition, so that he had to discontinue its use, and when Will became the surgeon's assistant he was spared Vaughan's unpleasant experience with the spray.

Neither Vaughan nor Mayo ever recorded whether or not their professor tried out the merit of other parts of antiseptic surgery. Dr. Will did say that Maclean was 'always cleanly in his work,

and one could see that he had early Listerian principles in mind,' but in those words is a note of the faint praise that damns. Most likely Maclean's Listerism was superficial.

Anatomy was taught by Corydon L. Ford, who had followed Gunn to Michigan, and Mayo always considered him the greatest teacher of anatomy he had ever heard. 'I can see him yet as he stood before the class,' he wrote. 'He had a club foot and because of this disability carried an ivory-headed cane on which he swung round as he demonstrated the anatomical details of the cadaver and the drawings on the blackboard. By his forceful personality and his intense love of his subject, he made the too often dull study of general anatomy as interesting as a novel.'

Contrary to custom, Ford preferred to make his own dissections while he talked, and he did them beautifully and rapidly. When he had finished one he would swivel the table around toward the class with a flourish, pointing upward with his cane to emphasize his words, 'Now, gentlemen, forget that if you can.'

Ford did employ a demonstrator to substitute for him in the dissecting room, and for a large class the demonstrator had student assistants to supervise the work of their less able fellows. Both Will Mayo and his friend Frank Mall won the position of under-demonstrator for their junior and senior years. Together they spent long extra hours in the dissecting room, which, like all such rooms then, was a dirty, noisy, foul-smelling place. Modern methods of embalming and of refrigerated storage for bodies were not known, and, unless the weather was very cold, painstaking dissection was a nauseating job. Nor did the habits of the students help matters; while they worked or watched they smoked and chewed and spat, contributing much to the general unpleasantness.

Under those associations Will Mayo

conceived a distaste for smoking that lasted throughout his life. Mall hated it too, and when he came to take charge of the dissecting rooms at the Johns Hopkins Medical School he forbade smoking on the premises. In fact, he instituted a general housecleaning in manners and methods, developing the means of preserving and storing bodies that are in general use in medical schools to-day.

Ford's teaching, which made such an extraordinary impression on most students, even stimulating the janitor of the school to become a proficient dissector, left Mall, the future anatomist, completely cold, but it fired Will Mayo with an enthusiasm for anatomy that he never entirely lost.

Will Mayo's predominant interest in the clinical phases of medicine helps to explain why he never included in his recollections any account of his work in the new laboratories. Only one incident survives. A new chair in physiology was established in 1880-1881, and Dr. Henry Sewall was appointed to fill it — and wisely, for he became one of the country's great clinical physiologists.

He began his work at Michigan in the spring of 1881. It was not possible to start laboratory work at once, so he relied upon lectures and demonstrations for the remainder of the year. When examination time arrived, Sewall wondered how much physiology he might reasonably expect the students to have absorbed in the few months of lectures, and Vaughan suggested that he try an informal conference with a few of the best students to see how much they had learned.

William Mayo, Franklin Mall, and Walter Courtney were chosen. Sewall did not expect much of them, but he got even less. In disgust he told them, and Professor Vaughan too, that not one of those three would ever succeed in medicine, either in science or in practice. When all three had achieved national prominence in their respective fields,

Sewall's pronouncement became a favorite story.

In retrospect the medical course at Michigan is not impressive: no practice in the examination or care of patients, the most meagre demonstration of the new surgery, instruction in only the rudiments of the new medical sciences, the curriculum disorganized and padded. Perhaps, as Mall contended, the work was little beyond the high-school level, the transition to college grade just beginning.

But the school can be depreciated on these grounds only from the viewpoint of today. Will Mayo might have fared better at Harvard, where the new system was of longer standing and so better organized; he might have got better clinical training in one of the New York schools affiliated with the metropolitan hospitals, though they made little enough use of their opportunities in that respect; and he certainly would have profited from a year or two in European clinics. But, failing those, he could have done no better than at Michigan, and he could have done much, much worse.

In any event, on June 28, 1883, in the presence of his sister Phœbe, who came on from Rochester to represent the family at the ceremonies, 'Will James Mayo' received his sheepskin and the right to call himself a doctor.

XIV

In the preceding June the American Medical Association had held its annual convention at St. Paul, and Will Mayo, home from Ann Arbor for the summer, went with his father to attend the sessions. He was excited by this, his first experience at a national society gathering, and by the presence of the great men of the profession, men whose writings he studied in school or read in the professional journals.

Among them was Dr. John Light Atlee, the elder of the two Atlee brothers of Pennsylvania. Washington, the younger

and greater of the brothers, had died, and in the course of the session the president of the section on obstetrics and women's diseases paid high tribute to his memory. He told what a daring operator Washington Atlee had been, so bold and heroic that few had dared to imitate him, so advanced and original that even yet only a few could appreciate the excellence of his teachings. When the venerable, white-haired older brother rose to acknowledge the tribute, he described his long and cherished companionship with his brother, the struggles, failures, and successes they had borne together.

A little later the nominating committee, of which Dr. W. W. Mayo was a member, recommended Dr. Atlee for the association's president in the coming year. The election was unanimous, and the new president was escorted to the platform amid prolonged applause. In a few moving words he accepted the honor — but not only for himself: 'I accept it also with gratitude as a tribute to the memory of a dear brother, who, were he now living, would more deservedly occupy this position.'

Those words will have a familiar ring to anyone who ever heard William J. Mayo accept any of the honors that later came to him. It cannot be stated as fact that the episode awakened or encouraged dreams in young Will's mind, dreams of what he and Charlie might be able to accomplish in their turn working together, but more than forty years later he described the incident vividly and accurately, bearing witness to the impression made upon him by the story of the Atlee brothers.

Certain it is that three years later, when Charlie was ready to enter medical school, the Mayos were already thinking of him and Will as partners in practice. In a family council they decided that Charlie should go to the Chicago Medical College, 'because there he would get a different viewpoint.'

As a student Charlie was only average.

'He was not conspicuous in any way, neither brilliant nor dumb — just one of us,' according to one of his classmates. And the record bears him out by listing neither failures nor honors for Charles Mayo.

In later years, when he had achieved world-wide fame as a surgeon, there were some who asserted in attempted derogation that C. H. Mayo had failed his college course in anatomy. But the official record of his courses and grades is still extant in the files of the Northwestern University Medical School, and, on the numerical rating from one to ten then in use, he was graded 8.5 in descriptive and practical anatomy, 8.0 in surgical anatomy. He received the full 10.0 in dermatology and in 'punctuality'! His lowest grade was 7.0, which he got, strangely enough, in the principles and practice of surgery.

One thing that Charlie's school-day friends recalled almost as with one mind was his uncanny ability to locate the operations he wanted to see and his absorbed interest in them. Night after night during his first two years he would greet his roommate with the same story, 'I saw Dr. Senn [or Dr. Andrews, or Dr. Fenger] do a fine operation today,' and then he would proceed to describe every move the surgeon had made. Surely he carried over something extra from those occasions to his work in surgery, but perhaps it was too much of the 'practice' and too little of the 'principles' to impress the professors.

During his second and third years Charlie's lectures were supplemented by two hours of clinical instruction daily. This was given at the several hospitals to which various members of the staff had appointments, but mainly at Mercy Hospital, within a block of the college and under the exclusive control of its faculty. Cases of the sort that constitute the usual office practice were provided by the South Side Dispensary, maintained by the college in its own building chiefly to supply teaching material. Through its

eight specialty departments passed some ten thousand patients a year.

In small groups of six or seven, the second- and third-year students alternated between hospital and dispensary for their clinical classwork, spending a week at a time in each. The schedule was planned to give every student two weeks of work in each department of the dispensary. These were not full-time weeks, of course, but weeks of the two hours a day that were allotted to clinical courses.

The hospital instruction consisted largely of the customary demonstration of ambulatory patients or of surgical operations in the amphitheatre, but sometimes clinics were held in the wards at the bedside. Then the students were 'allowed' to examine the patients for themselves, and in their third year, in groups of two or three, they were permitted to observe the progress of obstetrical cases under the care of the house physician. However inadequate, this was an advance.

Most of the surgeons whose methods Charles Mayo studied seem to have been converts to Listerism and to have insisted on antiseptic precautions, though of varying sorts and degrees of completeness; and in Chicago hospitals was appearing a new and nobly useful aid, the trained nurse, to facilitate the practice of the system in all its routine details. So it is likely that the younger Mayo graduated — on March 27, 1888 — with a fair understanding of the new method and at least an inclination toward its use.

XV

A doctor's practice is a mortal thing, mortal as the human being at its core. The product of a lifetime's labor in medical practice will perish with its creator unless there is a successor to whom he may transfer, while he is still active and his practice intact, the mantle of custom and confidence he has woven. For Dr. Mayo his two sons

were such successors, and they were ready in time.

They were heirs to one of the largest practices in the Northwest, and, allowing for the brief period necessary for the mantle to settle securely on their shoulders, they could begin at a point it had taken a lifetime to attain. Continuity from father to sons was a fundamental factor in the rapid growth of the Mayo practice.

Shortly after Will graduated and returned to Rochester, there was a social gathering at the Mayo farm, and among the guests was Charles N. Start, district judge in Rochester and an old friend of the family. In the course of the evening he found himself next to his host's elder son. Oh yes, the boy was just out of medical school. And what do you plan to do now? After a year or two in your father's office, what then? Will you be off to Minneapolis, St. Paul, or Chicago?

The questions were casual, the usual sort in such circumstances, but the reply was not. It fairly took the judge's breath, it was so direct, so serious, so sure. 'I expect to remain in Rochester and to become the greatest surgeon in the world.'

A romantic young fool, the judge may have thought. Become a great surgeon in Rochester? It would take a superman to beat the handicap of such a location. But Will Mayo, aged twenty-two, saw nothing incompatible between his ambition and his intention to remain in Rochester; he saw no insuperable obstacle in the Western small-town site. It is just possible that he even saw what an inestimable advantage that particular location would be.

Dr. Will was very young and looked younger. He was boyishly slender still, his face smooth and round. His eyes were wide and blue, and, though their glance could be keenly direct, it was as often dreamily full of the long, long thoughts of youth. His brisk professional manner and the instrument bag of

the physician could not at once convince patients that this boy was a doctor they could trust.

A call would come in from the country, and the old doctor would send his son, but the farmer would send him back, saying that by 'Dr. Mayo' he meant W. W. Mayo. If the father thought he could do so without alienating his patient altogether, he would send the boy back to try again. In one instance he sent Dr. Will four times before the patient finally gave in, saying with a grin that if in Dr. Mayo's opinion this stripling was a doctor it was all right with him, because Dr. Mayo's opinion was what he wanted.

There are a number of such anecdotes from those early days, all telling the same story: the Rochester folk did not want the services of the young Dr. Mayo, while the Mayos were determined they should have them. One woman of a prominent family to which the old doctor had long ministered was again pregnant. As before, she engaged Dr. Mayo to deliver the baby, and, when labor began, sent for him, secure in her confidence in his skill.

But when 'Dr. Mayo' arrived it was Dr. Will, and the woman was furious. She told him to get out, she wouldn't have him, she wanted his father and wanted him right away. Dr. Will was very soothing. Father would be along in a minute or two; he had just come on ahead to make sure that nothing was amiss. Dr. W. W. Mayo did arrive finally, but Dr. Will saw the case through, successfully delivering a daughter, without, however, entirely mollifying the mother.

When the young doctor was given the chance he proved himself worthy of confidence. The lawyer Burt W. Eaton was one of the Mayo clientele, and called the Drs. Mayo to attend his mother when she was taken ill late in May 1884. Dr. Will arrived alone, explaining that his father had gone to Washington to attend a meeting of the American Medical Asso-

ciation. He pronounced Mrs. Eaton very ill indeed, outlined his proposed plan of treatment, and set to work on it, all without question or ado.

But Mr. Eaton was uneasy. Finally he said, 'Look here, Will, you're a young man and a new hand at this game. My mother means everything to me, and I'd like to call in old Dr. Cross.' Will swallowed hard, but he agreed, and Dr. Cross was summoned. He assured Mr. Eaton that the young doctor was entirely right in his diagnosis and was doing all that anyone could do. Then he left and the case was Dr. Will's, without doubt the first serious one he had faced alone.

Throughout the day and evening he stayed with the patient, never leaving her bedside. About three o'clock the next morning he came out of the bedroom, white and weary but smiling. 'She'll be all right now,' he said. And she was. The Eatons did not ever again insist upon having the old doctor.

The story of one less successful treatment is best told in Dr. Will's own words: 'An old Irishman, a friend of Father's, had lumbago. In that day salicylic acid was supposed to be good for rheumatism and I gave him some. He came in ten days later and in a loud voice told Father about it . . . said that he had been in desperate agony, that Will had given him this medicine, and now he was all right. He congratulated Father on his wonderful son. I was feeling pretty good. About an hour afterward I went downstairs to the street, and there directly in front of the building was a traveling medicine wagon, for Wizard Oil, with a ballyhoo man and a Negro to pass out samples of the oil and to take up money. On the wagon, in the seat given to patients, was my old Irishman, telling loudly that he had been to all the doctors for his rheumatism, that none could help him, but that he had used Wizard Oil and now was cured.'

Some who knew Dr. Will Mayo in later years have found it hard to imagine

him driving a horse on country rounds, but he did, facing the floods and wash-outs, heat and dust, snow and freezing cold of the turning seasons. In the wintertime the Mayos always carried a shovel in their cutter in case they encountered snowdrifts. The frontier wildness had not entirely gone from the region they covered. In the very cold January of 1885, Dr. Will made a long drive to answer a call in Mower County. It was getting dark when he approached his destination, and the snow had drifted across the road so high that he decided to leave his team and cut through the woods about a mile afoot. No sooner had he entered the timber than he became aware of two wolves watching him from the shadows. They followed him to the very door of his patient's cottage.

XVI

The Mayos handled their share of the community's childbirths, indigestion, kidney trouble, and typhoid fever, measles, whooping cough, and the dread diphtheria. But it was surgery they wanted, and surgery they got in increasing proportion.

The measure of what the Mayos could show in surgery may be taken from the old doctor's progress in gynecology, especially in ovariectomy. As word of his first successes in removing ovarian tumors spread through the countryside, neighboring doctors, unable to perform this operation themselves, referred their ovarian cases to him. Particularly cooperative was Dr. Ida Clarke, the able successor to Dr. Harriet Preston; she was listed as an assistant in many of his operations on women. In the decade after 1883, Dr. Mayo piled up a record of thirty-six ovariectomies, with twenty-seven recoveries and nine deaths. A mortality of 25 per cent would be disastrously high today, but it was not so when a tabulation of ovariectomies throughout the United States showed a mortality of 20.93 in 86 cases in hospital

practice and 30.4 in 311 cases in private practice. In Minnesota Dr. Mayo's record was unequaled, as far as the reports show, either in total number or in number of successes.

Twenty-seven successful ovariectomies. Twenty-seven times something like this must have happened. A circle of friends and relatives fearfully watched a woman get weaker and weaker while the swelling increased steadily toward the point they knew meant death. Despairingly they turned to their doctor. Could he do nothing to help? He plunged a trocar into the mass and drew off a quart or two of fluid, bringing some relief, but only temporarily. Soon the tumor refilled and went on growing relentlessly. Perhaps the doctor tapped it a second, even a third time before he admitted that he had done all he could. But maybe, he said, Dr. Mayo over in Rochester could do something more. In some cases like this he had cut the abdomen open and removed the tumor at its roots. Of course it was a drastic measure, and might mean the end at once.

The agonizing choice was made, and one day the family and friends watched the woman lie down upon her kitchen table to submit to chloroform and Dr. Mayo's knife. An hour or two later they watched her awake again, and as the days passed saw her recover health and strength, her size restored to normal, her life, so seemingly near its end, prolonged for many years.

They had a story to tell, those who watched from close at hand or from next door; from home to home, neighborhood to neighborhood it passed, till hundreds had heard it, some of them far from the point of origin. And with it spread the name of Dr. Mayo of Rochester, the worker of the miracle. There are women still living who remember having first heard his name when as girls they listened to just such a story told in their homes.

Only by similar reconstruction against the contemporary background can the

effect of news stories like the following be adequately gauged:—

[*November 1884:*] Thos. Mahony of Rochester had his arm terribly mutilated in the gearing to a threshing machine. . . . His coat sleeve was caught and drew his arm into the gear, and took the skin from it from the wrist to the shoulder. It was a frightful-looking spectacle, large patches of the skin being torn completely away, leaving the naked flesh and muscles exposed to sight. Irwin Tolbert brought him into the city and the Doctors Mayo dressed the wound. It is doubtful if he ever recovers the full use of the arm.

[*December*] Young Mahony has so far recovered from his injury as to be able to come into the city last Saturday to have his arm dressed. He says his arm pains him but little now, and he is hopeful of having a good arm yet. He can move it and it has commenced healing. The Doctor has commenced to skin-graft it, as there was so much of the skin destroyed that it would hardly heal over without the assistance of skin-grafting.

[*The following April*] Young Mahony of Rochester was in the city last Saturday. His arm that was so terribly lacerated in the gearing of a threshing machine last fall has entirely healed, and he has the use of it as well as ever.

Immigration to the new land of promise in Dakota Territory, which had begun with the hard times of the late sixties and early seventies, was at high tide in the eighties and brought two new states into the Union in 1889. Wet seasons and good crops had wiped out the momentary doubts aroused by drouth and grasshopper devastation, and once again little boys in the sodhouse homes of northwestern Minnesota could while away the hours watching the lumbering prairie schooners, forty or fifty each day, roll slowly along the old Pembina trail into the newer West.

The railroads were also pushing rapidly westward across Dakota, and to bring population to the hinterlands behind the tracks they joined with territorial officials in singing a siren song of waiting acres. The song was heard and heeded not alone by immigrants from

Europe but by the young men of the settled states, who as always were eager for adventure and more economic elbow-room than the established communities could offer.

Into the stream flowing toward the new Fargo, Flandreau, Wahpeton, Aberdeen, Brookings, Bismarck, Pierre, De Smet, Minot, Sioux Falls, and Devil's Lake, the southeastern counties of Minnesota continued to spill their share of restless men. The new communities were not isolated from the old, for the railroads were strong bridges. Over the tracks of the Chicago and Northwestern, men could move easily between Rochester and Dakota, and the local news columns show that they did so. The Dakota doctors, few, scattered, and untried, might do for minor complaints, had to do for acute illness, but, when a chronic malady allowed time, former residents of Rochester journeyed back to Dr. Mayo, who had always taken care of them and their parents.

A Mrs. Vail of Dakota, nearly blind from wild hairs in her eyes, traveled to Rochester for a series of operations by the Drs. Mayo which gradually restored her sight. David Dyson of Dakota, son of Robert Dyson of Rochester, was ill with a disease of the spinal column which so crippled him that he could not stand erect and finally could not work or even walk. He was taken to the Drs. Mayo, who found and drained an abscess that was causing the trouble and then applied a plaster cast and a supporting iron rod to his back. He was soon straight again, three inches taller, able to walk and to return to his work. Such dramatic successes brought many patients from Dakota to the Mayos.

There was no hospital in Rochester as yet. Plans for one were being made, but meanwhile the Mayos continued to perform most of their operations in the patients' own homes. Of the few women in town who would act as practical nurses, one of the best was a Mrs. Carpenter, who lived in a large square house in north

Rochester, near the present site of the Samaritan Hospital. Her family being small, she had room enough to accommodate eight or nine patients and was willing to make her house into a nursing home. So the Mayos began taking more and more of their surgical cases there. They had no separate operating room, but used a little portable table and operating outfit that they moved from room to room. Mrs. Carpenter was a good nurse on whom they could rely for intelligent care, and Dr. Will credited her competence with a share in keeping their mortality low.

Often a number of their fellow doctors gathered to watch a major operation. They were welcome, and, to make it easier for them to attend, the Mayos soon began to schedule their more important operations for Sunday mornings at Mrs. Carpenter's. When a case of unusual interest was on the docket they tried to let the men in the near-by towns know, so that they could drive over if they wished. At such times Dr. Mayo talked informally as he worked, answered questions from the onlookers, and explained what he was doing and why. Here were the beginnings of the Mayos' surgical clinics.

In all this activity, so far as the patients would permit, young Dr. Will was sharing equally within a year after his graduation from medical school — in all, that is, except ovariectomy. The senior Dr. Mayo had great confidence in his son's surgical ability. On the way home from the first operation he saw Dr. Will perform he bubbled with admiration. He talked of nothing else to the young priest who had been present at the bedside and who was riding back to Rochester in the old doctor's buggy. 'Yes sir,' he told Father Lawler, 'that boy will make a great surgeon; he's going to make his mark in the world.' But his confidence did not extend quite far enough for him to allow the boy to open abdomens and remove ovarian tumors; that was too hazardous an operation for any-

one but a man of experience and proven skill.

Dr. Will did not at once challenge his father's opinion. Instead he set out to develop a field of his own. The old doctor was doing very little ophthalmic surgery, though there was need in the community for a great deal of it. Diseases of the eye were a field exploited in and around Rochester only by the itinerant 'eye specialists,' most of them quacks of varying degree. There, Will decided, was his opportunity; he would concentrate on the surgery of the eye and add another string to the Mayos' bow. But he must know more about the pathology and anatomy of the eye before he ventured to operate.

Dr. Charlie once said of Will that he was 'filled with the genius of finding opportunities.' On the outskirts of Rochester was a slaughterhouse berated by the city officials as a menace to the health of the community. To that unlikely place Dr. Will went for the knowledge he needed, and he spent many hours practising his dissections and operations on the eyes of slaughtered pigs and sheep.

Then, sure of his knowledge, he sought a chance to demonstrate his new skill, and again he 'found' an opportunity. At the county poorhouse were three inmates blind with senile cataracts. Dr. Will volunteered to remove them and did. In two cases he got perfect results and failed in the third only because beneath the cataract was an atrophied optic nerve, revealed by his shiny new ophthalmoscope.

One of the cured patients was an elderly woman who, in Dr. Will's words, 'had sufficient strength to stump the county for me, exhibiting the cure,' and soon the newspapers were telling of private, paying patients from whose eyes Dr. W. J. Mayo had removed cataracts. With continued study and practice at the slaughterhouse, he extended his efforts to other phases of ophthalmic surgery, and beyond a doubt he was the partner re-

sponsible for the following accomplishment:—

The Drs. Mayo performed a very difficult operation upon Mrs. P. M. McDowell of Claremont, this week. A tumor had grown just under her left eye so as to push it nearly out of the socket. They took the eye out, letting it lie on her cheek, and removed the cancerous growth and then replaced it, sewing up the fine muscles that had been cut. The operation was entirely successful, she now being able to see better than before and to move the eye freely.

XVII

One of the most valuable contributions William Worrall Mayo made to his sons' career was his insistence that no matter how busy they might be, or how heavy the calls of duty, they must give at least one hour a day to reading and study. Quick to recognize the good sense of this, Dr. Will formed a habit then that he never broke. To the end of his life he kept scrupulous account of his reading time, with unavoidable debits carefully set down to be paid up in full, though credits in advance were not recorded.

Most of his reading hours he gave to medicine. He bought books by the masters of his craft and searched their contents eagerly. Hilton Fagge's *Practice of Medicine*, Osler's *Practice of Medicine*, Grieg Smith's *Abdominal Surgery*, and Jacobson's *Operations of Surgery* he found especially helpful. To Jacobson's manual he expressed particular debt, calling it 'the greatest work on operative surgery I ever studied. Sound and sane, it covered the salient features of anatomy and physiology, and with wise caution indicated the peculiar procedures which would be best suited to meet individual conditions. I owe Jacobson much.' For several years he depended so much on that book that he practically slept with it under his pillow.

He outgrew dependence on such systems and manuals quickly, though, and came to find more stimulation in the

articles in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, the *Annals of Surgery*, the *Medical Record*, the *London Lancet*, and the *Northwestern Lancet*, to all of which he and his father subscribed.

'With few exceptions,' he came to believe, 'the progress of the surgeon lies in the medical journal. Medical journals are not only a source of information but also a source of news, and surgical news, like other news, is open to correction day by day.'

There is no understanding the young William James Mayo without giving full account to the driving urge to excel that possessed him. It was his determination to get to the top of the ladder that dictated the program of continuing education on which he embarked, with the support and encouragement of his wise father. In getting started he was aided by the circumstance that the first two postgraduate schools in the country had just been organized in New York. They were frankly 'undergraduate repair shops' aiming to teach the young doctor in the quickest manner possible the practical technique his alma mater had failed to impart. For this reason their courses were short and their arrangements very flexible.

They offered for three or four hundred dollars a general ticket that would admit the bearer to any clinical or laboratory course offered by the school during the year, but a man with limited funds and time could enroll for short courses of a month or two in the two or three special fields he was most interested in. That entitled him to 'private instruction' (in small groups, no doubt) and would admit him to the school clinics and hospital services in those fields. His card, with a little aggression on his part, also secured him admission to almost any clinic or hospital in the city.

Dr. Will chose the New York Postgraduate School, which he attended from late September to early November of 1884. Little is known of what he did

there, but from one incident of which he spoke an interesting and significant sequence of events can be traced.

He spent much of his time in learning his way about among the New York hospitals and their surgical clinics, and settled upon those of Dr. Henry B. Sands at the Roosevelt Hospital as his favorites. He had chosen with unerring judgment, for Sands was the outstanding surgeon in New York, if not in the nation, and his surgical service at Roosevelt Hospital was the largest and best-managed in the United States. Sands seemed a more brilliantly original surgeon than he was, for he had to a consummate degree the ability to take up quickly a new technique of promise and develop such a dexterity and perfection in it as to make the originator himself envious. He was a general surgeon, and until very recently had also practised general medicine, but at that time he was especially interested in the malady known as perityphlitis or perityphlitic abscess.

This was not at all a new disease. It had been known to the ancients, who called it colic or iliac passion, but it had been known only in its clinical manifestations — sudden severe pain in the right lower quadrant of the torso, accompanied by fever, nausea, and constipation, and followed, if death did not immediately occur, by the formation of an abscess that caused fatal general peritonitis if it ruptured into the peritoneal cavity.

A long series of anatomic, pathologic, and physiologic studies had shown the trouble to result from inflammation, but exactly where in the body that inflammation originated was still a matter for dispute. While pathologists were arguing about the ailment, a few daring surgeons had made some progress in treating it. First and foremost in America was Willard Parker, who in 1867 announced that he had opened the abdomen and drained the perityphlitic abscess with success in three out of four cases. He advised that this form of surgical

intervention be employed between the fifth and twelfth days of the malady's course, after the abscess had formed but before it reached the point of possible rupture.

While Parker was developing this idea, Henry Sands was his partner and learned from him how to diagnose perityphlitis and when and how to open the abscess. Since then Sands and his assistants had performed this operation nearly a hundred times and had reported their favorable results in the journals. Other surgeons in New York and elsewhere in the country were also beginning to use the procedure, but none of them so often as Sands.

That was how matters stood when Dr. Will Mayo was attending Sands's clinics. They were held in the afternoon beginning at two o'clock, and day after day Dr. Will was on hand at one o'clock to secure a front centre seat in the amphitheatre, from which he watched the operations with absorbed interest until the very end, sometimes until six-thirty or seven in the evening, long after the other spectators had gone.

Late one stormy night, as Dr. Sands was finishing the day's operations, an orderly brought him word that an emergency case had just arrived in the surgical ward. As he turned back toward the table Sands looked up into the amphitheatre and saw its one remaining occupant. 'I see you sitting here through every clinic. You can go away, but I must stay until my work is over. They tell me that there is an interesting case out in the surgical ward. Perhaps you would like to go with me.'

Dr. Will welcomed the chance. In the ward they found the man very ill, vomiting and feverish. After listening to the history of the symptoms Dr. Sands motioned his young companion to feel the swelling in the right iliac region and then said, 'I believe we have here a perityphlitic abscess described by my old teacher, Willard Parker. These abscesses sometimes rupture and cause fatal general

peritonitis. I do not know why this region should be so susceptible to these foul abscesses. We will give the patient a little chloroform and open the abscess here in the ward.'

As he worked, making the Parker incision over the area of swelling, opening the abscess, and putting in a drainage tube, he explained the operation to his keen-eyed companion. Finally he asked Dr. Will whether he had ever seen such an abscess before. Yes, he thought perhaps he had, said Dr. Will. He had just been thinking of a case he had seen when he was his father's office boy. The patient was a tall, thin man, a barber. He had inflammation of the bowels and was thought to be dying. Father introduced an exploring needle into the iliac region, found pus, and, leaving the needle in as a guide, incised an abscess and drew off about a quart of foul fluid.

Dr. Sands chuckled his approval, agreed that that had probably been a case of perityphlitic abscess, and said that Dr. Mayo senior was a wise surgeon to leave the needle in as a guide to the collection of pus. It had taken him a long time to learn that trick, he said, and he had been humiliated more than once by not being able to find the abscess again when he was ready to open it.

XVIII

That experience gave Dr. Will food for thought. He and his father and their colleagues had many cases of abdominal pain with fever and vomiting that they called inflammation of the bowels, or sometimes cholera morbus. But they really knew very little about them, and the cases often ended fatally. How many were actually this perityphlitis in which evacuation of an abscess might bring recovery?

Within a week or two of his return to Rochester, as his memory placed it, a young Swede was brought in from the country with what looked to the alert

young doctor very much like the perityphlitic abscess he had examined at Roosevelt Hospital with Dr. Sands. His father being away, the responsibility was Dr. Will's. With the grooved needle he probed for pus, found it, cut down into the abscess, and drained its contents. The young Swede recovered.

In the late summer of 1885 a young schoolteacher who lived near Rochester was taken suddenly and violently ill. There is reason to believe that the two Drs. Mayo did not agree on the diagnosis, the father thinking the trouble to be the usual inflammation of the bowels and the son insisting it was perityphlitic abscess, which a Parker incision and drainage would relieve. In any case, the girl's parents refused to permit an operation and she died. Then Dr. Will secured permission to do a post-mortem and by it clearly demonstrated the accuracy of his own diagnosis.

One would like to know exactly what he found in that autopsy. In telling of it later he said he had found the trouble to be appendicitis, but was his use of that term merely the retroactive application of later knowledge, or did he at the time actually locate the seat of the disease in the appendix? The question is of interest because the episode occurred in August 1885, and not until the following June did Reginald Fitz read his famous paper on 'Perforating Inflammation of the Vermiform Appendix' before the Association of American Physicians. That paper, published in the *Transactions* of the association and between separate covers as a book, made it convincingly clear to everyone that virtually all cases of perityphlitis actually originated in the appendix and ought therefore to be called appendicitis.

Fitz did a classic job of marshaling and presenting his evidence. He gave a clear picture of the clinical course and diagnostic signs of the disease and stated his positive conviction that if the symptoms did not subside within twenty-four hours after their appearance the surgeon

should remove the appendix. But Fitz was a pathologist, so exclusively associated with the autopsy table in the minds of his clinician friends that once when he was called to the bedside of one of them the man thought he must be dead and Fitz had come to do the post-mortem!

So the surgeons did not immediately follow Fitz's advice. Not until 1889, when Dr. Charles McBurney — successively assistant, associate, and successor to Sands at Roosevelt Hospital — described the famous McBurney's point in the abdomen, at which pressure would reveal a diseased appendix, and came out firmly in favor of early and radical operative interference, did appendectomy begin its march to general use.

Dr. Will was no quicker than others to adopt the radical measures Fitz recommended. He read Fitz's paper soon after it appeared, but it merely made him more sure in diagnosis and less hesitant about opening the abscess when it had formed — which was quite enough to excite the interest of the community.

In the fall of 1885 Dr. Will returned to New York for another postgraduate course, this time at the Polyclinic, where the courses in surgery were taught by Drs. John A. Wyeth and Arpad Gerster, and to Gerster more than anyone else Dr. Will said he owed his understanding and, one may suppose, his acceptance of antiseptis. He certainly would have seen it at its best in Gerster's clinics.

Gerster was of European birth and training, a Hungarian who had learned the new surgery in Volkmann's clinic at Halle. So thoroughly had its discipline become a part of him that he was one of the few who could have been the unnamed surgeon said to have winced at the clapping and stamping his surgical performance elicited and to have turned to say to the amphitheatre, 'Gentlemen, your applause is gratifying, but you have killed the patient.' Gerster considered

the crowded audiences and trooping assistants of the Polyclinic so unsuited to good surgery that he preferred not to operate there but to take his small private classes with him to Mt. Sinai Hospital, where he could keep conditions under better control.

He found that most of the students were interested only in therapy, in precisely what to do for this or that and when to do it. They cared little about the basic whys. 'There was, however,' he recalled, 'among them an "elite" of distinguished intellects, who by evident and gratifying signs showed a preference for fundamental pathological facts, a knowledge of which is the only basis for a sound therapy. One of these was William J. Mayo.'

Gerster's teaching made a deep impression on Dr. Will. 'It was a happy day for me when I came under his influence, and I shall always have for him reverence and respect.' His influence on young Mayo's mastery of the antiseptic method was exercised as much through his book, *The Rules of Aseptic and Antiseptic Surgery*, published in 1887, as through personal contact. Dr. Will said he practically learned that book by heart. It ran quickly through three large editions, was the most talked-of book of its time in medical circles, and may well have been the strongest single factor in promoting the spread of the practice of antiseptis.

For Gerster stated simply, clearly, and convincingly the case for a discipline that might seem irksome until it had been mastered, and, more important still, he described all the steps in the 'handicraft of asepticism.' He told the country doctor exactly what equipment he would need and how he should use it to turn a farmhouse kitchen or bedroom into an aseptic operating room — how many and what size tin dishpans or enamel basins he would need and how he could nest them for convenience in transportation, how to suspend the syringe full of antiseptic solution from

the bedpost or the chandelier above the table, how to fold and arrange towels as a trough to carry the fluid from the wound into buckets placed on the floor below, and so on. The special procedures to be used in each one of the common operations were carefully described, and most of them were illustrated by photographs of Gerster demonstrating them.

The writing of this eminently practical little book was begun and some of the photographs taken during the month of October 1885, when Dr. Will was attending Gerster's clinics, and it always pleased him greatly that he was to be seen among the bystanders in one of the pictures.

XIX

Surgical skill was not W. J. Mayo's only ability to show itself in these beginning years. When he came home from medical school his parents were in debt, in part for the microscope bought years before and for a horse already dead, and perhaps in part for the costs of Will's own schooling. The young man soon put an end to the financial stringency. He was as willing as his father to give his services without charge when it was necessary, but he was methodical in charges and collections and felt no qualms about insisting on payment if the patient could afford it. Moreover, money did not slip so easily and unproductively through his fingers as it did through his father's, and of course, as the double practice grew, there was more and more money coming in.

Improvements in the offices followed each other in rapid succession. Rooms more easily accessible to patients were taken on the first floor of the Cook Block, and much repainting, refurnishing, and recarpeting kept the community agog. Gas lighting and running water were put in, and heat was piped in from the new boilers of the Cook House next door.

Life at home was easier and more

pleasant, too. The Mayos entertained more often, and the old doctor began the frequent and extensive travels that filled much of his later years. From 1884 on he seems not to have missed a single convention of the American Medical Association, no matter where it was held. His wife began to get away too, to spend a winter in Florida, or to visit relatives in Michigan.

Dr. W. J. Mayo allowed himself little time for recreation. There were occasional parties, sometimes a camping trip to Lake Elysian, a wintertime jaunt to the gay ice carnival in St. Paul, or a day spent with young friends 'ruralizing' around the lake at Oronoco. Perhaps he joined his brother and a young man friend or two on some of the occasions when they chipped together and rented a gig and a boat to give their best girls an outing.

Dr. Will's best girl was the chubby, red-cheeked, dark-haired daughter of Eleazer Damon, pioneer resident of Rochester, the town's jeweler, and at intervals one of its aldermen. Quiet, even shy, good-natured, and content with home and its duties, Hattie Damon agreed happily to Will Mayo's proposal of marriage, and the wedding took place on the young doctor's return from New York in 1884.

The young couple bought themselves an 'elegant cherry bedroom set' and moved into the old Mayo house on Franklin Street. In March 1887 they proudly announced the birth of a daughter, Carrie, but their joy in the coming of a son in August 1889 was cut short by the baby's death three months later.

The small cottage home did not satisfy the rising young doctor for very long. He bought the property at the corner of College and Dakota streets, on the site of the present College Apartments, tore down the old brick house, and ordered the construction of a model house and barn. When the building was finished the townsfolk were impressed with the

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Skin cancers are the easiest of all to detect and cure. Most of them, promptly and properly treated, can be cured without causing disfigurement.

Some Dangers To Beware Of

Growths constantly exposed to irritation frequently become cancerous. Amateur razor-blade

surgery or medicine-cabinet doctoring of moles and warts often is followed by the development of true cancer.

Cleanliness is especially important in the prevention of mouth cancer. Bad teeth should be cared for or removed. Jagged edges of teeth should be smoothed. Dental plates and bridges should fit comfortably. Some persons have a mouth condition known as leukoplakia—“white spot disease”—which, if untreated, may develop later into cancer. In these cases particularly, the excessive use of tobacco and sharp condiments should be avoided.

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size and arrangement of the barn, the elegance and spaciousness of the house, the three large fireplaces topped by handsome mantels, the covered driveway, the speaking tube from house to barn, the not yet common conveniences of gas light and city water. Dr. W. J. Mayo believed, as have enterprising business and professional men since the days of the Renaissance, that investment in the appearances of success pays good returns.

By so much accomplishment in professional and personal life was the elder of the Mayo brothers ahead of the younger when Charlie graduated from the Chicago Medical College and in his turn settled into practice at Rochester. By this time the state standards had been raised and the law tightened, so that Charlie's first task was to pass the examination required of every candidate for a license to practise in Minnesota, regardless of what diploma he held. He appeared before the examiners at the capitol in St. Paul. The examination was long and hard, covering nearly a dozen branches, and of the twelve applicants only a few passed, but Charlie was among them and returned to Rochester with license in hand.

He fitted easily and naturally into the partnership, for he had been working in the office during summer vacations at such tasks as blowing the sulphurated gas that doctors were then using to treat tuberculosis. It may have taken a little time for the father and older brother to realize that Charlie need no longer play the assistant, but his surgical ability, quickly recognized by Dr. Will, soon put things right.

With the patients it was his turn to face the toe-in-the-door days that were all but over for Dr. Will, and in his case too the normal skepticism was aggravated by his youthful appearance. So for a while, as he confessed, he wore whiskers 'like an old buffalo robe' to make himself look older. Speaking of those early days, he told how the pa-

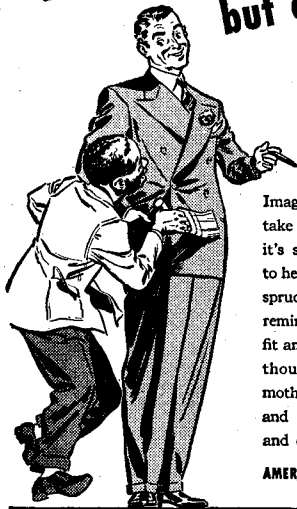
tients 'would talk through a crack in the door, and I would put my foot in it so they couldn't close it, and would explain that Father was busy or called away. Could I do anything for them? I would, when given the chance, give a thorough examination with all my instruments, and it would take me quite a while, whereas Father could detect the trouble offhand, and consequently by the time I had finished they would remark that I had given them the best examination they had ever had.'

Almost immediately Dr. Charlie took over the surgery of the eyes. He was so much better at it, according to Dr. Will, that for the good of all concerned it was turned over to him. And soon he too had a patient to stump the countryside for him. A fighting Irishman living about three miles out from Rochester engaged the Drs. Mayo to remove the cataract from one of his eyes, but he wanted it saved so he could show it to his friends. Accordingly, Dr. Charlie wrapped it up in a little piece of oiled silk for Mike's convenience in carrying it. But, since Mike had not yet got his glasses, he lost the bit of tissue without knowing it and thought the oiled silk was it. He had several fights trying to make his friends believe that piece of silk was what Dr. Charlie had taken out of his eye, and was convinced of his error only in the police court.

Unfortunately Dr. Charlie had barely started his professional activities when they were halted by illness. Probably more exhausted than he knew by the strain of intensive study, he fell a victim to whooping cough and could not get over it. When the racking cough hung on for nearly six months, his parents decided that a vacation and change of scene were in order.

Judge Start was about to leave for Europe on a business trip, and it was arranged for Dr. Charlie to make the crossing with him. They set out in January 1889. When he got to England, Charlie went first to his father's birth-

Daddy's 6 feet-2
but only a kid
at heart



Imagine anyone having to take care of Daddy—but it's so! He needs someone to help him choose his food, spruce-up his clothes, to remind him gently to look fit and keep fit. That's why thousands of wives and mothers say to husbands and sons, "For your sake and ours, stop at a hotel."

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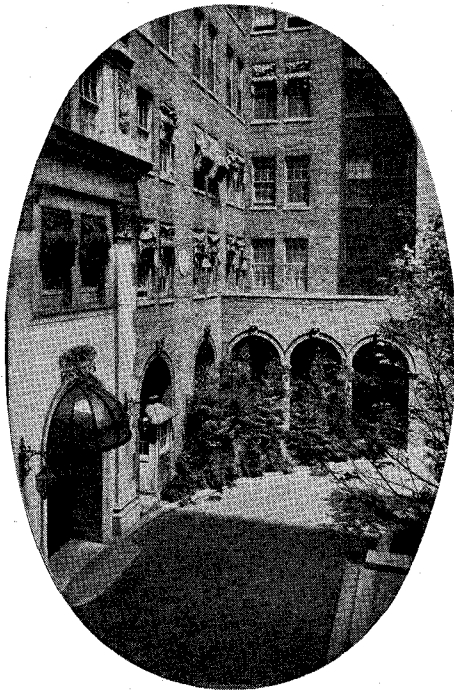
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place, Eccles, to visit his aged uncle and aunt. Then he cut back across England to the Continent for a tour of the hospitals there. Lister was at work in London at the time, but for some reason Dr. Charlie missed seeing him. He did, however, attend a lecture by Pasteur in Paris.

‘Of course he spoke in French and I did not understand it, but I saw this great man. He had had a mild stroke, and he came in with a little drag to his left leg. He was gray, and wore a tightly fitting skull cap. His face was covered with a short beard. The hall would seat one hundred and fifty, and there were about sixty students present. He sat at a desk while he lectured, and spoke from notes, and most of the time his head was bent forward and down, which greatly muffled his voice and seemed to make it difficult for those present to hear him, for they all listened intently. I felt that to see this man was a great privilege.’

In the Continental hospitals, especially those of Germany, Dr. Charlie made special note of the forms of antiseptics in use. The walls of the rooms were lined with large jars full of many different kinds of antiseptic solutions, each a different color; the bigger and better the hospital, the more such jars it seemed to display. The operating tables, designed for use in the extremely wet operations then in vogue, were covered with rubber and flanked all around with drain pans to catch the pailfuls of plain boiled water, sometimes warm, sometimes cold, that were sloshed generously over everything in sight. The surgical staff all wore rubber boots. Much emphasis was being placed on the careful scrubbing of the surgeon’s hands and the cleaning of his nails, and a few men were already using gloves, white cotton ones that were boiled after each wearing. Asepsis in its present-day form was beginning to appear.

Refreshed in mind and well again in body, Dr. Charlie returned home, to

make good use of what he had seen abroad in the small hospital under construction in Rochester, as a delayed but direct result of the best-known incident in the whole Mayo story, the tornado.

XX

Tuesday, August 21, 1883, was a very hot day in Rochester. Weary and restless in the stifling heat, the residents hopefully watched black storm clouds pile up in the west late in the afternoon.

About six o’clock Will and Charlie Mayo, their day’s work done, hitched a fast little mare to the light buggy and started for the slaughterhouse to get a sheep’s head upon which to practise eye operations that night. As they drove along the narrow road through the woods north of town they watched the rolling clouds and remarked on their peculiar formation: they seemed to ray upward in three directions from a very black centre.

When the young men reached their destination they found the slaughterhouse closed and the butchers starting for home. They were leaving early because of the impending storm, they said, and they advised Will and Charlie to make for their own home to escape it.

Turning around to start back, the two brothers saw the huge whirling cloud, funnel-shaped now, moving toward them, saw buildings sucked into its maw like wheat into a thresher, and the pieces blow out in all directions like chaff. In alarm they whipped the mare to a gallop across the path of the storm — just in time, too, for they got barely a block past the Zumbro River bridge when it was torn from its moorings by the wind and smashed to bits. As they crossed the railroad tracks on Broadway a grain elevator toppled and cars careened crazily down the rails. The din was terrible as planks, shingles, bricks, and tree limbs went flying helter-skelter in the gale.



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the 1941-1942

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THE ATLANTIC SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

8 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts

As they passed the intersection of Broadway and Zumbro Street the heavy cornice was ripped off the Cook House opposite and hurtled down upon the dashboard at their feet, bouncing off and breaking the wheels and shafts of the buggy. The terrified horse, loosed from the carriage, bolted down Zumbro Street and into an alley, and when the brothers jumped out to follow they were literally blown along the way. They took shelter in a blacksmith's shop just as its tin roof whirled away over their heads. They hugged the wall with the horse and watched until the wind subsided. Then they started for home, but turned back to run with other people when they heard there were dead and injured in north Rochester.

As in a detective story, the time of the tornado can be fixed by a stopped clock: the whirl of wind had picked up a little desk clock in some home west of town and set it down a block away, unbroken, but with its hands stopped at twenty-four minutes to seven.

Considerable damage had been done in many parts of town, but north Rochester, called Lower Town, was a shambles. Scarcely a house was left standing, and the slaughterhouse was in ruins. The work of rescue began at once. With lanterns men searched out the dead and wounded and carried them into hotels or offices and some forty of them into the convent of the Sisters of St. Francis, where they were laid on the parlor floors until cots could be set up.

The doctors were quickly on the job, in the private homes to which they had been called, in their own offices, or in the hotels used as first-aid depots. Dr. W. W. Mayo, assisted by George Weber, the druggist, took charge at the Buck Hotel, near the Chicago and Northwestern station on the edge of Lower Town, while Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie worked with those brought into the Mayo office. All night long the work went on, women helping by preparing beds, bandages, medicine, and food.

Early the next morning at a mass meeting held in one of the town halls the mayor put the management of the relief work into the hands of a citizens' committee headed by Judge Start. The most pressing need was a suitable place for the care of the wounded, so Rommel's dance hall on Broadway near Center Street and the near-by lodge rooms of the German Library Association were turned into hospital quarters. Perhaps to avoid offending the physicians by singling out one of them, Dr. David Berkman, the veterinary son-in-law of Dr. Mayo, was named steward of the hospital to take charge of supplies and nurses.

Under his supervision wires were strung and curtains hung to divide the floor space into rooms, beds and bedding were moved in and made up by the women who had volunteered as nurses, and then the wounded were brought in from the scattered quarters they had occupied during the night. By eleven o'clock thirty-four patients were established in the improvised hospital, and the doctors went to work on their gashes and fractures.

But before long there was friction. The doctors could not agree on what should be done for the patients. One of them who had heard somewhere that an emetic should be given the first thing in case of accident ordered that treatment for all the injured. Dr. Mayo was outraged by the idea — and also no doubt by the man's crass assumption of authority. When the fellow stubbornly persisted, the old doctor issued an ultimatum, 'Either he gets out or I do.' Clearly someone must be put in command, and the city council named Dr. Mayo to take charge of the hospital, with Dr. Berkman continuing as steward.

At once Dr. Mayo saw the need for a better organization of the nursing staff. The volunteers were willing enough, but they could not be depended on because they had homes and families to

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look after. It was urgently necessary to find nurses who could give their entire time to the job. He thought of the one hundred or so teaching Sisters of St. Francis who were at home in the Motherhouse for the summer vacation; some of them ought to be available.

Next morning Dr. Mayo appeared early at the convent and said to the Mother Superior in his offhand way, 'There ought to be a Sister down there to look after those fellows,' meaning the injured or perhaps the nurses, it is not clear which. Agreeing at once, Mother Alfred appointed two Sisters to the task, and from then on until the hospital was closed Sisters supervised the nursing.

Meanwhile the dead and the destitute were receiving attention elsewhere. Mass obsequies had been held for a score of dead buried in a single day; three or four more died later from their injuries. To take care of those whose homes had been destroyed a storeroom near Lower Town was made into a public mess hall, where generous housewives, grocers, and bakers provided food, and public halls downtown were turned into temporary sleeping quarters.

The response was generous to the call sent out for relief funds. Minneapolis and St. Paul each subscribed \$5000, Chicago \$10,000, Winona and St. Cloud each \$3000. Communities in Dakota to which Rochester had sent help when grasshoppers stripped their fields a few years before now gave socials and entertainments to raise funds to return the kindness.

All told, the relief committee collected \$60,441.51. With this they furnished clothing for 253 families, rebuilt 119

houses, and gave to each family about \$78 toward new furniture. Thus gradually, through the fall and winter, Rochester life returned to normal.

But the act of God had left an idea in the mind of the Mother Superior of the Sisters of St. Francis. Sometime after the temporary hospital was closed, Mother Alfred paid a visit to Dr. W. W. Mayo. Did he not think it would be well to build a hospital in Rochester? His reply was quick and positive: The city was too small to support a hospital, it would cost a great deal, and there was not much likelihood of its success.

But Mother Alfred had made up her mind. Quietly she overruled the old doctor's objections and said that if he would promise to take charge of a hospital the Sisters would finance it. When he insisted that it might cost as much as \$40,000, she replied that they would spend that and more if necessary. Then, asking him to begin drawing up plans for the building, she went away.

So, according to the best evidence available, was St. Mary's Hospital conceived. The misconception that the Mayos were originally responsible for the venture got started early, and efforts to correct it have been unavailing. In an address at the hospital in 1894, Dr. W. W. Mayo made a special point of telling the story of Mother Alfred's visit and their conversation, and in 1904 he addressed a letter to the general public through the newspaper, hoping to establish the truth, once and for all, that 'the Sisters of St. Francis are to be credited with the inception [of the hospital] and the funds for its building' and that he acted merely as an agent to carry out their wishes.

(To be continued)

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